

What are you talking about? by Confettibites

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Jonathan Byers, Mrs. Henderson, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-10-31

Updated: 2018-10-07

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:47:34

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 100

Words: 220,218

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Disclaimer: This work is not currently updating and I don't know when it will be.

Also: I edited out hopefully all of the italics that happened between chapter 50 and 100. They felt very ooc to me. I hope nobody minds.

I think at this point nobody is denying that there is some kind of electricity going on between Steve Harrington and Billy Hargrove. That excludes the boys themselves of course who are way too worked-up with delivering sassy word-fights and fighting on every occasion. Actually, it comes to Nancy Wheeler to push Steve in the right direction, but he is not sure what he wants or why he seems to be pulled in Billy's direction.

1. Steve needs a break

Author's Note:

We are probably all going to hell for shipping these two idiots, but I just can't help myself. One could say I got the taste of it. This is my second fic and I am planning on letting this get a little longer, but do not despair, smut will come eventually. If you are looking for something short and trashy, try my other Billy/Steve fic. Enjoy! :)
(Not betaed.)

„Are you sure, you don't mind?“

„Nancy, how many times do I actually have to repeat myself?“, Steve Harrington tilted his head and looked a little annoyed by now. He thought that after about a month of Nancy dating Jonathan, she would stop with being extra careful with him. He was not having a hard time in the first place. She was giving him one.

„Okay. I'm sorry. You should really go there, you know?“ Nancy gave him a half smile, obviously not being sure how realistic her request was.

„Yeah, I don't think so. I can imagine at least twenty better things to spend my time and not be pitied.“

„Nobody pities you!“, Nancy said, maybe a little too fast.

Steve raised a brow.

„Okay, but maybe it's because you just never go out if it isn't school.“

„I thought, you liked that about guys.“, Steve said. He did not mean to make it hard for her but by now she almost made him do it.

Nancy pressed her lips together and nodded slowly.

Steve sighed. „Okay, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that. I go but stop that look on your face.“

Nancy's face lit up in the glow of victory. „It's going to be great!“ She touched Steve's shoulder for a second, but pulled her hand back soon, remembering how things had changed and her smile shrunk down. „We can take you.“

„I have a car, Nancy.“

„Of course. I just thought, you maybe did not want to show up alone.“

„Who says, I'm going there alone?“, Steve asked. The doubtful look in Nancy's face made him immediately regret his choice of words. „Anyway, I am definitely not showing up with my ex and her new boyfriend.“

„Sure.“, Nancy nodded. „I just wanted to offer it.“

„You should go. Jonathan is probably looking for you and I am already late for practice.“

Nancy just kept nodding, twitched her arm as if she was planning to wave or touch him again and then she just left.

If he was totally honest, Steve was relieved, she left. Every time he showed just the slightest bit of discontent, she was all over him, trying to make him smile and giving unwanted life advice. It even made Jonathan uncomfortable from time to time. Not that Steve minded. He wanted her, now he could have his fair try of handling her. Steve wished him good luck, he most certainly needed it.

It was no lie, Steve was late for practice and he knew at least one person that would give him a hard time. He was surprised when he turned and actually found Billy Hargrove standing in earshot and sporting this annoying half-smile.

„Give me a break.“, Steve groaned and rolled his eyes. He did not stop his walk when he saw Billy. Of course, that would not get Billy to stop annoying him. This guy had almost Nancy's level and that said a lot.

„Like a commercial break?“ Steve could hear a little laughter coming from Billy and turned his head to face the other one, walking right by

him.

„What are you talking about?“

„Sure, it's entertaining to watch, don't you think. This little soap opera of your?. But I must say, I am not quite digging depressed-you. You need to work on that character, Harrington.“

Steve's expression hardened. „Very funny.“

„Sadly not so much“ Billy smirked. „But I am looking forward to the next season.“

„The one, where I kick your ass?“

„I was actually thinking about an emotional breakdown, but sure, that sounds like fun.“

Steve fastened his steps to reach the gym. The bell had already rung and the coach was not going to be easy on them when they were too late for practice.

„Am I annoying you, Harrington?“ Billy Hargrove sounded mostly amused but for a second Steve thought he heard a slightly different undertone.

„I actually don't care.“, said Steve.

„Ouch! Still going after that girl? Maybe if you keep sucking at basketball, she will start getting those nerdy vibes she's obviously after.“

„Oh, shut up.“

„Make me.“, Billy laughed. „But if you asked me, I think you could do a little better than that bitch. Have you seen her mom?“

„You're disgusting.“, Steve rolled his eyes.

„She would totally do you. Anyone actually. You should see the look she gave me.“

„When were you seeing Mrs. Wheeler?“

„Jealous?“

They walked around the corner and found themselves confronted with their coach who was right then looking at his wrist-watch before giving the two of them an annoyed look. „You have to be kidding me.“

„Sorry coach.“, Steve said.

„We were just discussing the game.“, Billy added. „Teaching Harrington some of my moves.“

Steve's eyebrows rose when he looked to Billy beside him, but obviously, the coach was buying the lie.

„Just get inside.“, the coach growled. He held the door open to let the two boys pass in the already empty locker room.

„You owe me one.“, Billy said, quieter this time and making sure, the coach could not hear them while they switched to sports-clothes.

„For lying?“

„For saving your ass, Harrington.“, Billy snarled. „How long do you think he will tolerate your shitty game with that attitude? I can't even remember the time you were real competition.“

Steve sighed. „I don't want to discuss this right now.“

„Then act like it. By now I am kind of desperate to see this guy everyone told me about when I arrived in Hawkins. If he even existed in the first place.“ With these words, Billy was leaving the locker room, leaving Steve behind.

Steve ran his hand through his hair and sighed. If these two would continue with this, he was for sure quitting. He was not sure what, but this was pure torture by now. Gladly after practice, he could go home and possibly come up with some excuse for not having to go to that party. Although on the other hand, a little drink would not hurt.

Practice itself, of course, was terrible. It did not help that Billy actually went easy on Steve because it did not take that long for everyone to notice and for Steve to hear the first comments on that. After missing yet another ball, the coach called him to the side and tried to talk to him. Sure it was not on the coach that this was not the first time this day, someone tried to talk sense into him, but by now Steve was just not able to return anything than sighs, nods and looks to the side. At last, the coach threatened to give Steves position to another player if he kept messing up. At this point, Steve could not care less about it.

Practice ended, Steve avoided conversations in the shower and left as one of the first, probably to not end up in yet another talk with Billy Hargrove. There was only so much one could handle in a day. On his way to the parking spot, he could already see that hurrying was probably not the best of choices he could have made. Not only could he feel the still wet hair on his head behaving crazy, but he saw whose car was parking right next to his and who was standing there.

Of course, Steve was still unnoticed by them, Nancy was standing with her back in his direction and Jonathan just had eyes for her. Steve hoped, that maybe he would be able to sneak into his car without them making a fuss, but, of course, he was bullshitting him.

„Steve“, Nancy turned around and smiled in his direction. Her face was a little read just as if she had just laugh full-heartedly. Steve was just unable to be really mad at her. „How was practice.“

„Shit.“, Steve said because he found this word to be best describing the time he just had.

„Sorry, man.“, Jonathan said. In Steves opinion, the worst thing was, that Jonathan was probably actually sorry for him. This must have been the actual cherry on top of this fantastic day.

„Yeah, sure.“ Steve looked at his car and asked himself if it would be appropriate to just get inside and away without saying a single additional word.

„I saw you going to practice with Billy.“, Nancy said.

Steve furrowed his forehead and turned his head slightly to face the shorter girl. „I guess.“

„So...“, Nancy's gaze shifted to the side. „He's coming, too?“

„What are you talking about?“, Steve was actually puzzled.

„To the party.“, Nancy said as if it were obvious.

Jonathan made a face as if he was working hard to not burst into laughter.

„Am I missing something?“, Steve lifted an eyebrow.

„No, not at all.“, Nancy said. She was talking faster than usual and gave Jonathan a face that erased every expression on his.

Steve sighed. „Fine. But I have no idea if he shows up there.“

„You should ask Billy, you know“

This request just surprised Steve and his face went blank. „Sure.“ He shrugged his shoulders. He bet, if Nancy knew what Hargrove just said about her mom or even her, she would not be that interested in that idiot.

„Okay.“, Nancy smiled. „See you tomorrow, right?“

Steve nodded and pulled out the key of his car, while Jonathan opened the door for Nancy. This guy made it really hard to hate him, not that Steve was that eager to achieve it. At this moment he just wanted to return home and have a break from everyone.

2. Steve has a question

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve needs to ask Billy a question but the nature of this question is still confusing the heck out of him. Why does Nancy even care if Billy was showing up on that party and why did she bother Steve with this?

Notes for the Chapter:

Here a brief summary of the first chapter, if someone can't quite remember: Everyone is annoying the shit out of Steve who is craving some peace and quiet. The story started out by Nancy asking him to go to a party with her and Jonathan, continues with Billy being an asshole and Nancy with suggesting Steve ask Billy if he wants to go to the party. Steve, of course, does not at all get, what she is implying. Let's see where this takes us.

I hope you enjoy this chapter :)

„You should ask Billy, you know“

Nancy's suggestion or, even more, request stuck with Steve for even longer than it took him to drive home. He asked himself not only why Nancy wanted to know whether this douchebag would show up but mainly why she asked him about it. It was not that they were hanging out so much. And even if they were, it was not that Steve was actually happy about that fact.

Steve found some cold lunch in the refrigerator and ate alone in front of the TV since nobody was home now. How enjoyable this time actually would be, if he would not be hearing Nancy's high-pitched voice inside his head as if she were sitting right next to him. So much for breaking up, if this girl was haunting him even more now. She shook his head and shut the TV down, imagining, probably the silence would help a little. The sound of the telephone ringing almost

threw him from the couch.

Steve sighed, thought for a moment to pretend he was not home, but he was almost certain, it was his father with a question.

„Hello?“ , Steve answered.

„Steve, dear, is that you?“ Steve immediately recognized that middle-aged woman's name to be Mrs. Henderson. Since spending so much time with Dustin, she had asked him from time to time, to drive him to appointments or to watch over him when she had to go somewhere. Steve didn't mind. He loved hanging out with Dustin.

„Yeah, it's me.“

„I fear, I have to ask you a favor...“

A smile crawled onto Steve's face. „What time?“

„In half an hour?“ Mrs. Henderson sounded slightly doubtful, but Steve would certainly not leave her hanging.

„I will be over on time.“

„Oh, you're a lifesaver. See you then.“

Steve chuckled when he hung up the phone. So much for the peace of quiet, he was looking for.

One and a half hours later the sun had already set and Dustin and Steve were sharing Pizza and watching cartoons.

Steve was rolling his eyes more than actually watching these acid trips of shows but Dustin was really into it, so he did not complain. It did not take Dustin a long time to notice that Steve was fiddling around and watching the pizza more than looking on the TV.

„Dude, could you just... chill? You really make me nervous.“

„You sure it's me and not that?“ Steve pointed on the TV that was right now showing a big explosion in nearly every color he could imagine.

„Yes, I am.“, Dustin's brows drew together. „You just have no appreciation for the fine arts.“

„That must be it.“, Steve chuckled.

„You're going to that party on Friday?“, Dustin said while returning his gaze to the TV.

Steve almost choked on that piece of pizza he was eating. „What do you know about any party?!“, he asked.

Dustin muted the television and turned around, so he could actually face Steve as this was some serious talking he was planning to do. Steve raised a brow.

„So Lucas told me that Mike and Will were talking about how Nancy and Jonathan would go to that party.“, Dustin talked so fast, he was almost combining all those words to just one. „So I thought about if you were going.“ The boy shrugged.

Steve's brows drew together. This child was definitely acting suspiciously.

„Okay, okay!“, Dustin threw his arms in the air, not being able to keep his acting up. „Nancy was talking to me the other night. About you and stuff.“

„Me and stuff.“, Steve repeated not at all being able to keep up his poker face.

„Yeah, you know... stuff. How is Steve? What is he doing? Do you know, what's going on between him and that boy?“, Dustin imitated Nancy's voice. He was not getting any close but Steve had to hand it to him, that he sounded nearly as annoying. Hearing this last question, Steve actually choked and had to cough to get it together again.

„You okay?“, Dustin asked, worrying about how the color of Steve's face had almost turned into lobster-red.

„She did ask WHAT?“, Steve finally said.

„Did I mumble or something?“ , Dustin rolled his eyes.

„What boy?“

„Yeah, I asked her the same, dude. She was actually talking about Max‘ brother. I didn‘t believe it either. That dude sucks.“

The way Dustin reacted actually made Steve laugh. „Billy.“ , he said.

„That‘s his name!“ , Dustin said. „I don‘t like him.“

„Me neither.“ , Steve said, slowly shaking his head. Now he really was wondering what Nancy wanted. And why did she not talk to him directly? Was he her messenger now? Maybe she was already sick of Jonathan and was too shy to talk to Billy herself but actually, Steve could not convince himself to believe that. Billy was not her type and she certainly wasn‘t his. However Steve was not sure what Billy‘ s type actually was, he had seen him with different girls, none of them lasting any longer than the others. There really did not seem to be any preferences with this guy.

„So... what did you tell her?“ , Steve asked after a little pause.

„I told her, my boy Steve would certainly not surround himself with such sons of bitches.“ , Dustin said, looking very pleased with himself.

„You said this?“ , Steve raised a brow. „To Nancy?“

Dustin unmuted the TV again, turning his gaze away.

„Something like that.“ , he said almost silently.

„So what did you say?“

„I said, I didn‘t know, right?“ , Dustin admitted. „Why are you so interested in this?“

„I‘m not interested.“ , Steve waved aside. „I just don‘t like you guys talking behind my back.“

„I never bitched about you, dude.“ , Dustin said, making big eyes as if he feared he may have said something wrong.

„You better not.“, Steve said, finally daring to grab another piece of pizza.

Steve considered it to be better to let Dustin watch more of his cartoon and soon after Mrs. Henderson returned and Steve could go home.

The next day in school Steve was particularly alert. He got a good nights sleep but it was already Thursday and he was pretty sure someone would bring up the topic of that damn party. As if they didn't all had better things to do than this bullshit. But he had promised Nancy to ask Billy if he was showing up there and Steve was committed to putting that to practice.

But somehow right on that day, Billy was notably absent until lunch. Usually, that fucking idiot used every opportunity to clash with Steve. When he finally showed up, his appearance almost scared Steve. It was not Billy's expression. That was that half smirk combined with that ominous glare in his eyes, everything just as usual. But Steve noticed right on that Billy must have gotten himself into a fight. His right eye and cheekbone were darkened as if someone had punched him and Steve was fairly certain he could see traces of blood on one of his earlobes under the earring.

„Quit the starring, Harrington, I already know, I'm adorable.“, Billy, of course, walked right by Steve when he noticed the boy was looking at him.

„What happened to you?“

„Your mom.“, Billy grunted, turning around after he had passed Steve.

Steve tilted his head to the side and rolled his eyes. „I mean your face.“

„You have a problem with my face, Harrington?“ Billy froze his moment and Steve started regretting to even touch on that subject.

„What are you doing tomorrow night?“, Steve asked to change the subject and to cross that point of his to-do list.

„What?!“, this question really took Billy by surprise and his battered face went blank.

„You know...“, Steve's gaze drifted off to the side. „There is this party happening. I wondered if you would show up there.“

Billy chuckled. „What do you even care?“

„I don't.“, Steve said. He regretted the fast response when he discovered that bit of hurt in Billy's eyes. „It's going to suck anyway.“

„So you're going?“, Billy asked.

Steve nodded.

„Your girlfriend forcing you?“, Billy's eyebrows rose.

„She's not my girlfriend.“, Steve said, pressing his lips together.

„You think she knows that?“ Billy lifted his chin, pointing in a direction slightly behind Steve. Steve turned around just to look right into Nancy's eyes, who was probably watching him, curious what Billy's answer would be. She really needed to work on being more subtle.

„Looks like she could need a little reminder.“ Billy chuckled while looking slightly bemused. „Guess it wouldn't hurt me to show up there. After all, they probably have some free booze.“ With these words, Billy shrugged and went away while Steve used that opportunity to go to Nancy.

„Why is it, every time I turn around, it's you or that asshole staring at me?!“, Steve asked, being slightly more aggressive than he planned.

Nancy made a step back and her mouth fell open. „I didn't mean to.“, she said. „What did he say?“

„You know, If you are so desperate to find out more about Billy, you could actually try talking to him,“ Steve suggested.

Nancy frowned a little which actually made Steve reconsider withholding that information from her. „He said he probably will be

there.“

„That’s great, isn’t it?“ , Nancy said, yet again smiling.

„If you say so.“

„Don’t be such a grumbler. I’m sure it’s going to be nice.“

Well, Steve was almost certain that it was going to be nice for one of them. He just was fairly sure that this would not be him. At least he got her question answered and did not need to worry about that anymore. And then on Friday after he showed up for a finite amount of time, this would actually be over and everything could go back to normal meaning Steve finally getting some peace and quiet.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you actually enjoy the pacing. I am pretty sure the next chapter will take us to that party and there will definitely be some more tension going on. Stay with me :D

Also, comment if you enjoyed it. It actually increases my motivation to continue writing. If you have any ideas for how things are going to continue, feel free to share them :)

3. Steve is going to that party

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is actually going to that party and of course, it sucks, especially when Nancy and Jonathan arrived. When Billy finally showed up, Steve was willing to leave the party for good. But maybe he could be convinced to do otherwise.

Notes for the Chapter:

Let me recap what happened in the first two chapters: So Steve is annoyed with everyone. He just needs some time to figure things out but Nancy is coming after him, wanting him to go on a party. She insisted he should ask Billy if he was coming, too. Of course, Steve does not get the implication and starts worrying what the heck interest Nancy has in Billy. Steve babysits Dustin which lightened his mood a bit but obviously, Nancy talked with him about Billy as well which makes Steve kind of suspicious. The next day Steve asked Billy whether he was going to that party. And he is. Now get ready for said party.

„Don't be such a grumbler,“ she said. „I'm sure it's going to be nice,“ she said. And now Steve was sitting on a couch in a room full of people. It was not nice. And he was grumbling. Just as he had expected. He even arrived at that party before Nancy and Jonathan showed up, even if it took him a right amount of time to fix his hair and choose an outfit. Steve Harrington was not going to show up on a party looking all pitiful. But he was not going to force a smile on his face while he was bored to death either.

This party was happening in that one girl's house Steve had heard the name of at least fifty times that week but could not remember for shit now. She was one of the preppier girls that hung out with Amy or Becky from time to time but he was definitely over those girls that tried too hard. Or girls in general. He was pretty sure he wasn't in love with Nancy anymore and he was fairly certain he was going to

leave this shithole of a town as soon as he got the chance. Work on that shitty college application he wrote or working out a different plan, but Steve was sure, right now there was not much to hold his ass here.

When Nancy and Jonathan finally arrived, they were holding hands like the perfect couple they were and Steve's face changed even more to a frown.

„Steve!“, Nancy was jumping and ran towards him, awkwardly dragging Jonathan behind her. „You came.“

„Well, yeah I did. You kind of forced me, you know?“, Steve forced himself to at least give her a chuckle. Once she would notice even the slightest bit of bad mood from his direction, he would definitely not get rid of her and quite possibly never get any chance to leave early and head home.

„You want to grab a drink? I could use one.“, Nancy said. She looked at Steve and then turned around to face Jonathan who still looked a little out of place at parties. Just like the way Steve was feeling right about now.

Since this house was actually not that far away and Steve walked over, there was no excuse for being sober. And since he started to get slight flashbacks from that night he and Nancy pretty much broke up and himself being way too sober that night, there was no way he was not drinking right now. So Steve and Jonathan accompanied Nancy into the kitchen.

„I'm guessing someone made that punch again.“, Nancy said as they walked to the kitchen door. This room was not as crowded as the living room, the hallway or the garden outside the house. This was probably caused by the fact that in here you could not hear the music as well. Steve thought that there were worse things than that and actually considered staying in here for way.

„You sure you want to drink this?“ Jonathan looked a little worried. Nancy and drinking wasn't that good of an idea. Steve was glad that now the other boy could worry about that. At least he was experienced in taking her drunk ass home.

„Sure. It's half the fun.“

Jonathan did not seem convinced but he nodded. After that, Nancy took two empty cups and filled them with that red liquid that probably tasted like gasoline and candy. Obviously, Jonathan drove them here. Steve was pretty sure, even if they walked, he wouldn't be as much of a drinker.

„Cheers!“, Nancy said, raising her cup after giving Steve the other one.

„Cheers.“, Steve said not nearly as enthusiastic. He took a big sip out of the cup. Yup. Gasoline and candy indeed. But like every kind of booze it got better the more you actually drank of it.

„I want to dance.“, Nancy decided, looking in Jonathan's direction.

Steve suppressed a chuckle caused by the look Jonathan was giving.

„Farewell.“, Steve said before Nancy could actually come up with the idea of asking him to dance. After their breakup that duty was transferred to that Wheeler guy. „I need another drink.“

While Nancy pulled Jonathan out of the kitchen and back to where they came from, Steve let out a sigh and started refilling that cup since he wasn't joking with what he said. If he actually knew Nancy any good, he had at least half an hour to get wasted and then disappear before she wasted another thought on him.

While Steve was leaning against the kitchen counter, different people in different levels of intoxication entered the room in need of some refill. Some of them were giggling or singing, others even talked to Steve for a second, but this almost silent room did not offer much attraction offside the provided alcohol.

It was when people started yelling in the other room when Steve actually frowned and took his half-full cup back into the living room. Somebody turned a music a little quieter and Steve could immediately see what all the fuss was about. Some idiots arrived with quite the amount of beer cans and they actually started shotgunning. Since this revived some memories, Steve was actually smiling for the

first time that evening. Although this could very well be an effect of the drinks he's been having.

Steve's gaze wandered off to Nancy and Jonathan, she looking amused and he somehow scared. But then Nancy's view turned when a noise brought all their focus to the front door. Billy Hargrove just got inside after a few guys Steve knew from school. They brought more beer with them while the girl who was actually throwing that party tried to send all of their drunk asses out of the house since shotgunning usually meant that a party would result in quite some chaos.

Billy, on the other hand, did not react to her high-pitched bleating. Instead, he raised another can with one hand while reaching into his pocket with the other. He came up with a switchblade, knifed the can and directly placed his lips around that hole, beer was just fizzling out. The knife was still in his hand while drops of beer rolled down his mouth, one even running down his neck and onto his chest, not that Steven was actually looking at that. Or at least he was looking away when Billy finished, slightly crushing that empty beer can with his hand before throwing it over his shoulder, now smirking in Steve's direction.

Steve looked to the side just to see that Nancy was actually staring at Billy as well. And, of course, she smiled. Steve felt a weird feeling in his belly but he blamed it on that stupid punch he's been drinking. He was an idiot for not leaving when he had a chance and now that was happening. Of course, Billy drew the attention of all the girls with the way he was dressed and put in scene his chest and his but. It was like an invitation to stare.

„Who is next?“, Billy asked in the crowd. This girl started yelling again but nobody was actually giving her any attention. A few people came up and requested a can of beer while others, mainly girls, were trying to support that one girl with kicking them all out.

Steve noticed that Billy was looking into his direction again. „How about you, Harrington.“, Billy suggested.

„I think, I'll pass.“, Steve said while furrowing his brows. After saying that, he actually put his almost empty cup of punch right on the TV

next to him. Then he was heading to the door, actually passing Billy who looked a little confused by what just had happened.

The cold night air actually helped Steve to feel a little soberer and clear his head a little. He could smell more alcohol mixed with actual vomit on the entrance way what actually convinced him, he was making the right decision.

„Hey, Harrington! What the hell, huh? First, you’ve been acting all crazy inviting me to this shithouse and then you just take off?!“

„Just give me a break.“, Steve said, after turning. „It’s a pretty shitty party anyway.“

Billy had a six-pack of beers in one hand and his other one in the pockets of his jeans. Although he looked a little pissed, he actually pulled up one corner of his mouth into that half-smile.

„It sure is now.“, Billy said rolling his eyes. For a second Steve thought Billy actually said this because Steve was leaving, but then he added: „She told most people to go outside.“

„Then why stay?“, Steve asked.

„I still have some beer left and as far as I’m concerned we never actually shared a drink, Harrington.“ Billy raised the six-pack he was carrying.

Steve sighed. „Fine. Jesus. Then let’s grab one so I can finally head home.“

„Your not so wild on parties, huh?“, Billy asked while they both approached each other.

„Not anymore, I’m not.“, Steve said shaking his head. They met halfway, standing right were Steve had smelled the vomit before. Not that he cared about that right now.

„Guess, I got in this town a little too late. Now all I got from old you are stories about how you used to be.“, Billy chuckled. „Sounds to me like you lost your fire, Harrington. I hope it’s not still about that girl.“

„It isn't.“, Steve said, looking down to hide a blush because there obviously were some truths in the things Billy just had implied.

„Good.“, Billy grinned. He reached into his pocket for a pack of cigarettes. „I think I have some booze in the trunk of my car. Come on.“, Billy said, leading the way.

Steve still was a little skeptical but he followed Billy anyway, although he told himself, he just wanted to get the taste of nasty punch out of his mouth.

4. Is Steve actually having a good time?

Summary for the Chapter:

After he almost left, Steve somehow managed to have a great time drinking with Billy. Somehow this boys presence still makes him feel and behave a little weird.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Who could have thought a raising level of intoxication actually was pretty good when dealing with initial skepticism? He did only have a few cups of that punch but it had put a stop in any brooding Steve's been doing before. Billy's car parked close to the house and was surrounded by other cars. The two of them were passing a lot of drunks, some just tipsy, others in more serious conditions, already heading home or to the nearest place to sleep.

„Looks like shotgunning was not the best idea. Jesus...“, Steve said frowning.

„Can nobody in this town hold their liquor?!“, Billy asked.

„Well, dude, it's not like we're in fucking California or something.“, Steve said.

„Are you kidding me?“, Billy rolled his eyes. „At least it's not as goddamn hot here all the time.“

Billy went right to the trunk of his car and pulled out a half-emptied bottle of some kind of booze. It looked like Whiskey to Steve.

„You think, it's a good idea to actually drive around with this?“, Steve asked slightly amused.

„I'm a good driver. Don't tell me, you're scared, Harrington.“ Billy looked to the ground actually chuckling. „I asked you to share a drink, not to go for a ride, so what do you even care?“

Billy unscrewed the bottle and took a few sips out of it, before handing it over to Steve.

„Now drink, before I start second-guessing myself and remember how much we actually can't stand each other.“

The way Billy was laughing over his own words almost made Steve spill some of that liquor while drinking. It tasted smoky and pretty high in alcohol content. But anything would have been better than this punch they were serving.

Billy closed his trunk and passed Steve to sit on the hood of his car. He was still carrying that six-pack of beers and placed it right in the middle of that car's hood. After that, he looked at that free spot, for Steve to get up there as well. Steve sighed and climbed onto the hood of the Camaro leaning against the windshield just like Billy was doing.

„Feel free to serve yourself, Harrington.“, Billy said, pointing to those beers. „Drinks on me.“ After that, he leaned over to take the bottle out of Steve's hand and took another big sip.

Steve laid hand on that six-pack of beers, took one and opened it with a hiss, holding it somewhat away from himself in caution to get nothing onto his clothes.

„You're really preppy, huh? Can't handle some beer on your shirt?“, Billy raised a brow while lowering that bottle.

Steve rolled his eyes. „It's just precaution.“, he said.

„I call it losing your fire.“, Billy exclaimed. „Speaking of losing your fire: Isn't she the one that actually castrated you in the first place?“, he raised his chin in the direction of the footpath that led to that house where this party took place.

„Very funny.“, Steve growled. „For what I know, she might be into you.“, Steve said, almost choking on that beer he had brought to his lips again.

„She? You sure? Usually, I can detect this in girls. Besides, I don't think she could handle me, considering she already failed with you.“

„Failed.“, Steve repeated, suppressing laughter.

„Wrong phrasing?“, Billy asked raising a brow.

„Nah, it's pretty accurate, actually.“ Steve shrugged and could not keep himself from smiling. „End better than castrated.“

Billy started laughing. „You still owe me proof on that one to convince me.“, he said. „Careful, I think she might have detected you.“

Steve was pretty glad for the lack of lighting outside here by the cars for the fact that it hid his blush and anything that was noticeable could be easily blamed on the many drinks he's been having. When he looked up, he saw Nancy waving in his direction.

„You think, if I just don't move, she might be unable to see me?“ Steve looked over to Billy.

„Definitely worth a try.“, the boy chuckled. „Now freeze! I think she is approaching us.“

„Shit...“, Steve cursed. He did, in fact, stop all movement while still leaning somewhat over the hood of that car, being so close to Billy he could smell the cologne the other one's wearing.

„Steve!“, Nancy started calling him before she was getting close, giving Steve just the excuse he needed to sit upright. But shortly before he adapted his seat, he locked eyes with Billy for a moment and almost forgot what he actually planned to do.

„Steve...“, Nancy sounded almost out of breath when she was standing next to the car.

„Don't you have a boyfriend to torment?“, Billy sat up and looked at her the way he typically looked at girls: condescending and amused.

„Oh, shut up.“, Nancy said not even looking at Billy. That actually confused the heck out of Steve. She sure did look at that boy before and she sure as hell had asked him to find out, whether he was coming to that party. Either this girl really did not know what she wanted or he had no idea what was going on. Maybe she was just shy

standing so close to Billy. Even Steve could feel the electricity surrounding him.

„Somebody told me she saw you leaving and I wanted to make sure, what is going on.“, Nancy said, laying a hand on the hood of that car right next to Steves upper thigh.

„Well, I’m still here.“, Steve said.

„How about you give that guy a break, huh?“, Billy asked her. „Last time I checked this was a free land and nobody’s owing to you any explanation whatsoever.“ He sounded a little harsh, but that did not seem to affect Nancy that much.

„Maybe you should take a break from being such a dick.“, she suggested.

„Feisty.“, Billy chuckled. „I see why you liked her, Harrington. You wanna share a drink with us?“

„Well... no!“, Nancy looked a little grossed out by the sight of that bottle Billy was holding in her direction.

Steve was not sure what he should say. Nancy did not want anything from him and Billy was not particularly wrong even if Steve himself would have expressed it a little less harsh.

„Alright...“ Nancy looked a little irritated. „I should head back inside. It’s turning cold.“

„Good idea.“, Billy said, acting all nice.

„Jonathan still inside?“

„Yeah.“, Nancy nodded. „We thought about leaving sometime soon. We can take you if you want to.“, she proposed.

„It’s not far. I think I’m going to be fine. Thanks, Nancy.“, Steve said.

Nancy gave him a halfhearted smile before grimacing in Billy’s direction and then simply turning around and leaving.

„Well...“, Billy said, laying back on that windshield. „I am fairly certain, she has no interest in me whatsoever. You on the other hand... she sure is downright mothering you, huh?“

Steve smirked. „She might be a little concerned. I was not so psyched about that party in the first place and she seems to feel the need to resocialise me.“

„Well, good luck with that.“ Billy burst from laughing. „You should be glad you got away before she caused you more trouble.“

„She’s actually not that bad.“, Steve said. He took the last sip of his beer and put it right next to the still full cans between himself and Billy.

„Not by this towns standards at least. Although it's probably the same anywhere else. The few good ones are taken or just unavailable and most of us are probably just too darn stupid to identify them even if they were sitting right next to us.“, Billy chuckled.

„I think you might be onto something.“, Steve agreed while grinning. „On the other hand, most of us are leaving for college next year if everything goes as planned. No need to enforce anything.“

„Well speak for yourself.“, Billy said, raising a brow. „I would get bored shitless in that hellhole if I didn’t get laid every now and then.“

The alcohol was definitely to blame but right in that moment, Steve could not keep himself from imagining how Billy would look like, having sex. How he would sound like. How his face would look like right when he was finally losing all that control he was keeping up all the time. Steve imagined that being quite the sight and wondered why he never thought about this with someone else before. It certainly had to do with this weird aura surrounding Billy causing everyone to behave strangely around him. Causing people to stare into those blue eyes and onto that butt. Steve remembered having girls stare at him just like that but wasn’t even sure he would notice if that still was happening. Either he had really lost his fire or the appearance of Billy moved their desires as well.

„Shit...“, Billy cursed before Steve actually noticed what was

happening. He looked to the other one searching for a reason while Billy looked right into the sky all concerned.

„What's the matter?“, Steve asked. Right then he could feel a big, cold drop of water landing on his head, followed by a lot more, that made tapping sounds hitting the top of the car.

„This looks like more than just a little rain shower.“, Billy said. „We better get inside.“

Steve thought Billy was implying the two of them went back into that house but Billy just jumped off the car, grabbed the still full cans and his bottle and opened the door to the driver's seat. „What are you waiting for?“, he asked Steve while protecting his head from heavy rains.

„Now who is the one being preppy?“, Steve teased. But he actually hurried to get off the hood of the car and sat down in that car next to Billy. His feet were hitting something that sounded like bottles and plastic sheets.

„Damn bitch...“, Billy cursed but not actually being angry. „Max. She leaves wrapping paper in here all the time. I should get her to clean this mess up. Hope you don't mind.“

Steve didn't mind. He immediately liked the smell of that car. It smelled like leather, cologne, and Billy. He was also pretty certain that most of the chaos in that car was caused by Billy rather than his sister. By now there were lots of drops coming down and most of the people that had stood somewhere between Steve and Billy and that house went off searching for cover. All alone it felt kind of intimate all of a sudden.

„I would drive you home, Harrington, but I doubt that would be the best of ideas. Let's have another beer and wait for it to stop.“

„Sounds good to me.“, Steve agreed, taking another can of beer from Steve.

Billy fumbled around his seat and finally got to adjust it into a more comfortable position. He then leaned over to show Steve how to do

the same until they were almost laying side by side. They weren't talking anymore and both of them were watching the window and the raindrops hitting it, while only a bit of light actually got inside that car. Billy sighed from time to time but Steve assumed that was actually his way of relaxing.

When it finally stopped raining both boys had already fallen asleep in the car.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos or a comment. It actually helps me a lot and keeps me to continue writing this story. :)

5. Steve is coming along for a ride

Summary for the Chapter:

After a night of drinking and falling asleep in Billy's car, Billy's in a little rush to pick up his sister. Steve is coming along.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve woke up because he felt a bright light shining on his face. He started blinking and tried to sit up when he began to notice that he wasn't laying in his bed and the warm and cozy thing his head was leaning onto was not a cushion. When he finally got his eyes open, there was no doubt any more of where exactly he was. He and Billy must have fallen asleep inside his car while sharing a drink and hiding from the rain at the party last night. And right now Steve's head was leaning against Billy's shoulder while Billy's hand rested on Steve's upper thigh.

For the first time, Steve noticed Billy was wearing a silver ring on his hand but then said hand started to move slightly showing that Billy was probably waking up as well. Steve thought it was probably for the best for him to sit right up and avoid that weird moment in which Billy would question while Steve was leaning against him. So he sat up, suppressed a yawn and looked at Billy who had stopped moving altogether now.

Steve took in the full sight of Billy sleeping. That boy looked almost dead and Steve would have been worried if there wasn't so much heat coming from his side of the car and especially from his hand still laying on Steve's thigh.

"You're staring at me, aren't you?" The only thing moving on Billy's body was his mouth. To be fair, Steve actually had been staring at him for the last few minutes, studying every inch of his face from the shadow of his beard to the barely noticeable frowning lines on his forehead.

"No?", Steve replied, without actually looking away. "I just woke up."

"Same.", Billy said. He pressed down on Steve's thigh to get himself into a more upright position before taking it away. "Didn't want to wake you last night. Looked downright adorable." Billy smirked and then brushed some hair out of his own face.

"Funny." Steve blinked. "It was not like we could go anywhere while it was pouring rain outside."

"Yeah.", Billy agreed. His nose wrinkled and he frowned. "Smells like..." Billy leaned forward and found a can of beer that had fallen out of his hand and spoiled its content onto the ground of the car. "Shit, shit, shit...", Billy cursed. Then he turned around in his seat to grab a piece of clothing from the backseat. For Steve, it looked like a girl's shirt. He asked himself whether this belonged to Billy's sister or was just one of the remains from his latest hookup. "This might have been a pretty bad idea.", Billy said after he had cleaned some of that beer up. It didn't smell any less like beer or Billy in here. "What time is it?"

Steve leaned forward and looked through the windshield into the sky where the sun was already rising but it still looked somewhat cold outside, even if their bodies had provided them with a nice temperature inside of the car. Even if they had not been kind of cuddling. But even seeing how high the sun had risen above the horizon did not help Steve that much in determining the time. "Around eight...ish.", he said. "Maybe later."

"Fuck.", Billy grumbled. "Bad idea for sure. I need to pick up my pain in the ass sister."

"When?", Steve asked.

"Eight o'clock?", Billy frowned, looking at Steve.

"I can walk home.", Steve suggested. He looked around if there was anything that belonged to him that he should take when leaving.

"Nah, I give you a ride. Looks damn cold outside. Just let me head over to pick her up."

Steve nodded. "Where is she? Sinclair's or Henderson's?", he guessed.

"They were having a sleepover at that Wheeler's kid's house. Playing some stupid game, I suppose." Billy shrugged. "If I don't get her, she'll probably just disappear again and I end up looking for her the rest of the day. And as you can imagine, I would love to avoid that."

Billy fumbled for his keys and finally found them in the back pocket of his jeans. After putting it into the ignition, Billy adjusted his car into his usual driving position. Steve did the same, getting a slightly weird feeling. This night had a lot of resemblances to sharing a bed but Steve thought it was probably best to not think about that right now. When Billy turned the key and started the car's engine, immediately, loud music started to play and Steve feared he could actually turn out deaf. Billy looked over at Steve and saw he was looking slightly discontent so he adjusted the volume to a bearable amount.

Being just loud and not literally sledgehammering his head, Steve actually liked the music. Billy turned down the car's windows so the misted windows would disappear and he could actually see where he was driving.

Billy groaned. "I already have the feeling this girl's not going to be there when we arrive."

"Relax.", Steve said. "There are only so many places in this town these kids like to go. When they aren't at Will's they probably are at the arcade or went to another house."

"You know these kids. If they wanna avoid me, they sure as hell can."

"Well, sometimes I wish for that.", Steve chuckled. "Don't worry, man. She's probably still at Will's. It's too cold to ride a bike anyways. Or even for skating."

"You better be right, Harrington." Billy slowly shook his head.

Since the Byers' house was right on the outer edges of town it took a little while to actually get there. When Billy parked the car Steve could see that they probably would turn out lucky since the kids'

bikes were standing right next to Jonathan's and Mrs. Wheeler's cars.

"See, they're still here.", he said while Billy pulled the handbrake after he parked the car.

"I believe it when I see her.", Billy said. "You're coming?"

Steve thought he would stay inside sitting in that car but when Billy asked him otherwise he didn't hesitate for a second. Also, the thought of meeting the boys and especially Dustin appealed to him.

The ground surrounding the house was soaked with last night's rain. Billy's boots were definitely more suitable for this and Steve already felt wetness inside his sneakers when he put the first foot out of the car.

"Shit...", he mumbled.

"What's up?" Billy looked at him over the car.

"Nothing. This place is a fucking swamp, what the hell?!"

Billy chuckled and headed for the door while Steve tried his best not to make a fuss about how his shoes had turned into a brown and sticky mess. This would only give Billy another excuse for commenting on Steve being preppy.

Billy knocked on the door. When Steve reached the front of the door, he heard children scream on the inside. It was a playful kind of scream so Steve was not getting alarmed. What actually surprised him was that Nancy got to open the door.

The girl looked tired. She wore light pink pajamas and her hair was kind of a mess. She actually blushed when she saw Billy and Steve, so she definitely did not expect to see them.

"Surprise!", Billy said, giving her a broad smile.

Nancy looked at Steve as if he could give her the solution to the obvious questions in her head. Steve just shrugged. "Good morning, Nancy."

"Morning.", she said. "I just got up. Mrs. Byers's still sleeping. What do you want anyway?"

"Pick up my sister. Redhead, approximately this height and a giant pain in the ass." Billy held up his hand to show Nancy the height of Max. "Her Mom requested she should be home early."

It was quite obvious, Nancy was still way too tired to process this amount of information. "Did you even get home last night?", she asked, frowning.

"You really like to get your head up in other people's business, don't you, princess?" Billy raised an eyebrow.

Steve heard some steps from inside and shortly after Jonathan appeared. He squinted his eyes because the outside light was so bright. "You here to pick up Max?", he asked Billy.

"Well, I am not here to spread the word of god, that's for sure.", Billy said, rolling his eyes.

Jonathan just nodded and then reached for Nancy's shoulder to pull her back inside with him. It did not take longer than a minute for Billy and Steve to here the annoyed groan of Max, who obviously did not want to leave already. When she got outside, wearing her backpack, she was pulling a face until she saw Steve.

"What the heck's he doing here?"

"Good morning to you, too.", Billy said, rolling his eyes.

"I'm going shotgun.", Max decided. She picked up her skateboard that had been leaning against the house wall.

"He needs to get out first, so it's backseat or walking home.", Billy said.

Max groaned but she probably knew it wasn't the right time to argue about that. She gave no attention to the wet ground, opened the front door and climbing through to get onto the backseat.

While Billy and Steve got into that car as well, Billy announced:

"Time to get your ass home, Harrington."

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please comment or leave kudos. It really helps me to continue writing this story :)

6. Steve is getting a ride home

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy takes Steve home. Our boy has a lot to think about.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

When Billy announced it was time for Steve to actually get home, he wasn't as excited as he would have been last night when he was standing all alone in that random girl's kitchen. But he guessed it was about time. After all, he could certainly use a shower and was in desperate need to clean his shoes.

"What's up with the funny faces? You got something to say?"

For a moment Steve thought, Billy was talking to him, but he was looking at Max through the driving mirror when he got the car off of the Wheelers' property.

"It stinks in here.", Max stated after crossing her arms in front of her body.

"Well, boohoo.", Billy rolled his eyes. "I'm sure you'll handle it until we get home."

Steve looked out of the window and felt a corner of his mouth twitch. Even more for this girl it probably smelled like booze in here. And like two guys actually ended up sleeping inside.

"You slept in here, didn't you? You wore the same outfit last night when you dropped me off... And why even are you twenty minutes too early?!" After having her brother obviously engaged in that conversation, Max seemingly wanted to use it to clear some things. Steve could see Billy's arms and hands tens up on the wheel and frowned slightly.

"You got a problem with that?", Billy asked. It sounded way

aggressive than anything he said before.

"Nah, forget it. I don't care anyway." Max decided it wasn't worth it to start a fight in the early morning. Perhaps she still was pretty tired. At least Steve felt, he could go to bed for a few more hours.

"You had some fun, last night? Playing board games and stuff?" The way Billy talked to her sounded like a provocation and Steve asked himself whether these two were just so used to fighting all the time that they just couldn't change anymore. After seeing a different side of Billy last night, Steve was actually pretty sure, that there was more to him than this jerky side he showed to everyone. At least if one made the effort to actually find it.

"I did.", Max said.

After that, Billy turned his music back on. For a second, Steve felt that the other boy was looking at him, but then his gaze returned to the street. They did not talk anymore until Billy parked the car in front of Steve's house and the music went quiet.

"That a pool?" Max had gotten up from her seat in the middle and slid to the side to get a better view through the window.

"Nosy little bitch...", Billy commented.

"Yeah.", Steve answered her question. "It's even heated but we don't use it that often anymore." He shrugged.

"Looks like your folks are pretty loaded.", Billy assumed, slightly frowning. "Next time you should pay for the drinks." His face changed into a smirk that caused Steve to grin as well.

Steve saw Max move her lips in silence which looked like she was forming the words 'who's nosy now?'. It caused him to smile.

"Yeah, I owe you one.", Steve said. "See you around, I guess."

"Sure.", Billy nodded.

After Steve got out of the car, he locked eyes with Billy for what seemed to be a pretty long amount of time. It took until Max decided

to climb into the front of the car, getting in between their gaze for them to end this. Billy nodded in Steve's direction, while Steve raised one hand to wave, before crossing both arms in front of his body. He frowned when he watched that Camaro leave and stayed a little longer than he should have been, imagining Billy returning under some pretense but it did not happen.

Steve sighed and then he walked inside. Of course, he got rid of his shoes beforehand but that was not much of use since the dirt had gotten all inside and his socks were soaking wet. He tiptoed to the nearest bathroom, tossed shoes and clothes into the bathtub and got under the shower.

Feeling the hot water run down his skin, Steve came to realize how cold he had gotten. Spending one night pretty much outside was probably not the best idea for not getting sick. On the other hand, Steve could not remember freezing on this morning. That was probably related to Billy's body just sending out rays of heat. Steve could remember how hot the hand on his upper thigh had felt and using his shoulder to lean onto had also felt quite nice. Not that this meant anything. It meant the two of them were less likely to get into a fight the next time they saw each other but what happened could most definitely not be called cuddling or anything like that. But it certainly must have looked like that and Steve hoped, nobody actually saw them sleeping there. He would have enough to explain to Nancy when she would ask about the end of the party. She certainly would not forget their meeting from earlier. Her acting all weird could quite possibly be caused to her not wanting to let Jonathan see that she was jealous it was Steve that had spent some time with Billy. After it had been so important to her to get Billy to that party, they sure had a pretty limited amount of shared moments. Maybe Steve should talk to her about that. Her and Billy, that was not a great idea. Even if he hadn't heard Billy say she wasn't his type, those two just did not match. Thinking further about that, Steve could not imagine anyone that really matched with Billy. Billy showed that kind of attitude to anyone that just kept them at a distance. Last night and this morning were the only times he had ever seemed honest and somewhat approachable to Steve. Perhaps that guy just needed a little more time with this town to warm up and lose his grudge.

Since his parents weren't home for the weekend (or possibly longer), Steve left the dirty footprints he left on his way to the bathroom and abandoned his dirty clothes in the tub, slung a towel around his waist and headed upstairs into his room to catch up on some sleep.

It was actually almost afternoon when he woke up again and started to do some cleaning up. Since he did not have any better or just other plans for this weekend, Steve decided he could just work some more on his college application. He had missed early application and it was kind of late for general application, but even if he missed it, he could use the essay for early application next year.

Even if it was a convenient solution to work with his dad if nothing else should work out, being stuck here without Nancy was not what he had in mind when he came up with the idea. Of course, she was here and they remained friends after all but breaking up changed the status quo for him. Steve hoped, she would take a look at the essay nonetheless. Her skills in this department were way superior to his and maybe he could rewrite it to something that did not suck that much, even if his hopes weren't that high after seeing her last reaction to his writing. So maybe not going to college was something he should consider anyway.

And while Steve was taking all weekend working on that fucking essay, got headaches and felt stupid as ever as he repeatedly threw draft after draft into the trash, he kept thinking how he would prefer to be drinking and talking to Billy right now or even just to sit in silent next to each him in his car that smelt like smoke and this boy. To hear that strange music play and don't feel the need of talking. To fade to sleep next to each other, feeling the other one's heated body, unintendedly touching each other. Steve had butchered a lot more pages than he'd liked to admit by writing 'Billy' or 'Camaro' while drifting away in his mind. For Steve having a hard time to focus and work was nothing out of the ordinary. It was mainly the topic of his daydreams, that confused the heck out of him, drifting of just to imagine looking into a pair of blue eyes... That definitely was new.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please leave kudos or comment if you've enjoyed reading. It really helps me to continue to add to this

story and continue writing :)

7. Steve is getting help with his essay

Summary for the Chapter:

The headline already sums it up. Steve is getting help with his essay. Although one might up this help does not come in the form he'd expected it to come.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

On Monday morning Steve had actually come up with a hand full of pages that could be called an essay. He still doubted that any of the words he'd written had the potential to stay in the final version of this writing, but at least it was a start and maybe if he was really lucky Nancy would agree to read it and give him some notes on this.

Before leaving the house, Steve turned around once more to take a lap through the house. If his parents would return later, there better not be any dirt laying around, just because he had his head in the clouds the whole time. After reassuring himself that he had indeed tidied everything up, he grabbed his backpack and his papers and headed towards his car to drive to school.

When Steve arrived at the school, it was still quite early and not many people were running around here and there. Steve decided since he did not want to stand anywhere all on his own just waiting, to read his essay one more time, which turned out to be a pretty bad idea.

After he'd found a typo in the first paragraph, there was no way of giving that to Nancy before he had reread it himself. Why didn't he find those last night, when he'd been reading this fucking essay for the hundredth time? Not even the loud music playing in some of the arriving cars could stop Steve from marking everything. This way she at least wouldn't think of him as so much of a fuck up. She would probably still be mad at him for spending all the time with Billy and even spending the night in his car...

The sound of something hitting the window of his car right next to his head almost caused Steve to jump out of his own skin and left him slightly panting when he saw a shadow next to him. It took him a second to recognize the silhouette of Billy standing by his car and trying to get his attention to actually calm down. He was having a cigarette in his mouth and grinned for the fact that he had just scared the heck out of Steve. Although Steve rolled his eyes, he couldn't keep himself from smiling.

Billy reached for the door handle and opened it, to lean slightly down to Steve. "Morning. Steve Harrington doing his homework in the parking lot. What a sight!", Billy exclaimed sarcastically.

"Oh, shut up.", Steve said while getting out of the car. "It's an essay. For College application."

"Isn't it a bit late?", Billy raised a brow.

"Or early.", Steve shrugged. "Either way, I better have someone to give notes on that, or else my ass isn't going to college, anyway."

"What a naysayer...", Billy shook his head. "Didn't know you even wanted to go."

"Well, yeah, I'm not even sure.", Steve admitted. "I made some plans when I was still with Nancy and now..." Steve shrugged again.

"You wanna give this to her?", Billy raised a brow which caused his forehead to frown slightly.

"She's the only one I know, that seems to have somewhat college potential and would actually give me notes."

"Ouch!", Billy said while reaching a hand to his heart. "Let me have a look."

"You want to proofread and note my college application essay?", Steve asked not really believing what he just said.

"What?", Billy took a drag of his cigarette. "You don't believe I can do this?"

"Or you just have better things to do...", Steve added. "I mean, you can read it since you already offered. But it is going to suck majorly. I have no talent in writing whatsoever." Steve was still slightly doubtful but since he did not know if Nancy would actually have the time or motivation to work with him on this he better took the opportunity he was getting.

"How soon do you need it back?", Billy asked. He snipped the cigarette ground it with his boot.

"Oh, no need to hurry or anything.", Steve's mouth twitched. "Since I already missed early application anyways."

"Okay.", Billy nodded. "I can write on this, right?"

"Sure. Since I most certainly have to rewrite this whole thing.", Steve said while looking over at the school's entrance. The fact that most of the other students were heading inside by now, probably meant, that they were running out of time.

"Alright.", Billy nodded. "See you around." For a moment the somewhat shorter boy laid a hand on Steve's shoulder and squeezed it slightly. This touch caused Steve to close his eyes before looking right back at Billy. The way the early morning sun shined at his tanned skin almost made him look surreal until that smirk went right back onto his lips. Steve would have loved to know what the other one was thinking right in that second when the school bell made them both turn around and head towards the school's entrance. Billy walked a little faster and Steve wasn't only able to wonder what had gotten into that guy to actually offer to give notes on Steve's essay which he now carried under his arm, it also gave him the opportunity to throw a glance at the backside of Billy's jeans, which happened totally unintentional and by accident of course. And there was no way Steve just kept starrng until Billy had disappeared into the building.

Steve had gotten to class right on time. He was pleased that they weren't doing anything hard and he just had to listen to one of their teacher's usual lectures. He did not have to do much more than keeping his gaze from drifting off too obvious and himself from falling asleep.

After class, Nancy found Steve before he could decide on anything else to do.

"Hey.", Steve greeted her. He asked himself if she would actually be angry with him, although she looked slightly more concerned than angry. "What's up?", he added.

"Could ask you the same, Steve Harrington.", she tilted her head to the side. "I think, you owe me a story. First, you disappear into the night and then, bright and early, you pop up in front of Jonathan's place with Billy Hargrove? How did that even happen?"

This summary of last Friday's story actually caused Steve to chuckle. "It's not good of a story actually.", he admitted. "After you got back inside, it began to rain."

"Yeah, it was pouring. We had to ran to the car.", Nancy said, remembering the night as well. "I was soaked through." The memory brought a smile to her lips.

"Well, since I did not have a car and we had drunk quite a bit, we got into his car. And we missed the time it stopped raining because we fell asleep."

Nancy looked at Steve in disbelief. "You want me to believe, you just happened to fall asleep in Billy Hargrove's car? Sitting right next to him?"

"It was actually more of a laying thing. He showed me how to adjust the seat.", Steve corrected.

There was still a big frown on her face. If she wasn't jealous of him until then, she surely had to be now. Steve should choose his words a little more wisely. "Well, I'm glad you get along so well, I think.", she said. "You probably understand why I'm surprised."

"Yeah, I do.", Steve laughed.

"Well, someone's in a good mood today!", she teased him. "What's the matter with that?"

Well, there was no way these two things, hanging out with Billy and

being in a good mood, actually correlated in any way, that was certain. And even if they did, Nancy most certainly won't want to hear that. "I don't know. I got a lot of shit done this weekend and class wasn't as bad, as it could have been."

"Sure.", Nancy nodded, although she did not look like she was buying his story at all. "You guys are going to hang out some more?"

"Perhaps.", Steve shrugged. "He's giving me some notes on my college application essay." Steve didn't want her to get mad at him for spending more time with Billy. Not after she'd just offered him her help as well. Right now she didn't have to know how well they got along. And helping with school stuff was such a casual thing to do.

"Oh!", that sure had surprised Nancy.

"Yeah, he just offered to and I thought, you'd probably have better things to do anyway." Steve should have taken into consideration, that this behavior wasn't casual at all when it got to Billy.

"Yes, but I can still read it if you want me to.", Nancy offered. "I can't believe, he's helping you with this."

"Yeah.", Steve laughed. "He doesn't look like the type of person that just helps other people."

"Also, he did never appear to me as the reading type...", Nancy's gaze started to slowly drift off. "What were you talking about anyway? You practically sat with him the whole night?"

"Stuff.", Steve said, slightly frowning. "Basketball. Girls."

When he said the word girls, he could practically watch how Nancy raised both of her brows.

"Seriously, I'm just glad when I finally get to finish this essay." Steve thought he'd better change the subject. He did not want to be the one to tell her, Billy said she wasn't his type. This definitely would not be a thing he'd want to hear in her situation, but of course, he wasn't the one with the crush on that blue-eyed boy.

"I'm sure, it's going to be great.", Nancy said, but Steve did not miss

the hint of doubt in her eyes. Then her gaze shifted from looking right at Steve to actually point behind him.

Steve almost got excited, thinking she might have discovered Billy by the way her lips had formed a smile. But then he just saw Jonathan approaching them, causing Steve to sigh slightly. Steve felt disappointment crawling right onto his face and he hoped, Nancy would at least miss that.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope, you enjoyed reading this chapter. If so, please comment and leave kudos. This really helps me to continue writing this story <3

8. Steve is having family dinner

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve's parents are back home. Later on that evening, there is an unexpected visitor.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

What was he even disappointed about? It's not like he and Billy hadn't spent more time than ever together. Why was Steve still wishing it was more?

"Hey, Nancy. Steve.", Jonathan nodded in his direction and positioned himself next to his girlfriend. "What's up?"

"Nothing.", Nancy said. "Steve just told me about the party and him hanging out with Billy and stuff."

The corners of Jonathan's mouth were raising into a half-grin when he heard this. Poor Jonathan. Steve was pretty certain, he wouldn't be smiling right now if he'd know she was already thinking of replacing him with a certain blue-eyed, Camaro-driving kind of person. Steve was totally with her on that, even if he had pity for Jonathan. How was anyone going to compete with Billy with that presence that just surrounded him and obviously with that body? Of course, there was no way Steve just looked at him in the shower after practice, staring at the way his muscles were formed over the course of his back and twitched slightly with every move he was making. That, most certainly, wasn't the case, but one could not argue that this boy wasn't in shape.

"I didn't expect to see you so early on the next morning.", Jonathan said.

"Me neither.", Steve chuckled. "Nothing that night happened as I had it planned."

"I'm sure, Steve wanted to head home, soon after he got there.",

Nancy joked.

"Pretty much.", Steve agreed. "But most of all I planned on spending the night in my own bed."

For whatever reason this statement caused both Jonathan and Nancy to laugh, so Steve just went along with it. "As much as I enjoy hanging out with the both of you, I better get going.", Steve said, waving goodbye.

Steve walked along the hallway without having a certain direction in his mind, ended up at his locker and had to head to his next class before he even noticed.

Somehow the whole school day passed without Steve and Billy meeting again, even if Steve did use some opportunities to look for the other one. He even waited by his car after school but there had been no sight of Billy whatsoever. Since his folks most certainly had returned by now, Steve decided, they would talk again tomorrow and drove home.

And as he expected, his father's car was parking in the driveway and even the front door was open. He did not even have to listen particularly close to hear his folks argue about something. Steve was sure, it was his dad's fault. It somehow always was.

"Hey, I'm home.", Steve announced while walking inside. He closed the door behind him and found his parents in their usual spots, at least if it came to them actually being home. His mom was sitting on a barstool at their kitchen counter and had a glass of prosecco or white wine in her hand. His father was sitting in an armchair on the other side of the room and was holding a newspaper.

"Steve!" His mom put down the alcohol when she saw him and approached him with her heels clicking on the ground. "How was school? Did you get to manage everything, when we were away?"

"Sure.", Steve nodded and hugged her. She smelled more like perfume and hairspray and less like home. "Everything's fine. How long are you staying?"

"You already want to get rid of us, son?", his father lowered the newspaper and looked at him with a raised brow.

"No, I'm glad you're home.", Steve said. "But it's conference season, isn't it?"

"Well, it certainly is.", Steve's father sighed. "We just discussed whether it would actually be a good idea for your mother to stay here when I leave in a few days. Just so you are supervised, you know?"

This asshole. It didn't take much to come after the fact, that he liked to approach other women to the fact that Steve's mom would not let him leave unsupervised.

"I'm sure, Steve's alright with handling things on his own. I haven't seen Sarah in such a long time and your colleague told me, she'd be there."

By the way his father was frowning, Steve could already tell he was thinking hard to come up with something that would cause his wife wanting to stay home. "Don't you need help with that college stuff?"

So, now he was interested in Steve going to college? He certainly wasn't when Steve asked him the last time to give him notes on his essay, that fucking asshole. "No. I mean, I worked on it over the weekend and have some friends to look over. I will probably be finished with everything before you even leave."

Now that was the sight of disappointment in his father's face and Steve could not keep himself from enjoying that. "I'm sure, you'll have a great time together."

His mom who had still been standing next to Steve, petted his shoulder before she got back to her seat by the kitchen counter. They weren't so close either, but having an enemy in common certainly helped their bond.

"Sure." For now, Steve's dad seemed convinced, but Steve was fairly certain he would use every opportunity offered to keep his wife from accompanying him.

"Have you already eaten? I thought about cooking for dinner.",

Steve's mom announced. She wasn't big on cooking but on the rare occasion, she liked to play happy family.

"Sure, sounds great mom. I'll head upstairs.", he said and added "Homework." when she slightly frowned. Since there wasn't any objection Steve put that into action. Of course, he wasn't actually doing his homework, since there was no way on focusing, while his parents kept fighting downstairs.

Dinner was awkwardly silent. Neither did the food taste better than the convenience foods or ordered things Steve's been eating, nor was his father in a better mood now. He didn't make a secret of not liking the food and kept on talking how he actually needed to go out of town to not starve to death. Steve's mother put up a brave front and even made fun of her own lack of cooking skills, saying Steve was better off, when she wasn't there to poison him. Steve faked a laugh and hoped for this dinner to pass soon since he wasn't sure he would be able to just stand his father's behavior without acting on it and starting a fight.

After finishing dinner, Steve was very glad to be able to return to his room, since there probably wouldn't be another obligation to interact with his parents. It sucked a little, that he did not longer have the whole house on his own, but for a few days, he could certainly take it.

It must have been at least half past seven or even later and Steve was laying on his bed and listening to some music when the doorbell caught his attention. Not only was it pretty late for a visitor, since his parents usually weren't home nobody ever came here. And by the way, Steve's father shouted for his wife to head to the door, Steve guessed, they weren't expecting someone either.

Steve stood up and walked to the hallway just by the stairs that led downward, to listen, what was going on downstairs.

"Mrs. Harrington, right? I certainly did not expect you to be that young."

Steve's eyes widened. He didn't expect this familiar voice around here.

"And you are?"

"Billy Hargrove. Steve and I go to school together. I've got some notes for him."

"Isn't it a bit late?" Steve's mom sounded flattered and slightly concerned at the same time. Steve could oh so well imagine the look Billy was giving her right now.

"Oh, I promise, I won't take that long.", Billy said. "Is he upstairs?"

"Well, yes he is." Steve's mom seemed overcharmed by the presence of that boy. There's no way Steve could blame her for that.

"Who's there? Tell 'em we're not buying anything!" That was Steve's Dad shouting from the living room. Steve was rolling his eyes when he saw Billy approaching the stairs making eye contact with Steve and actually winking.

"It's just a friend of Steve's."

Both boys could hear Steve's mom explaining what had just happened which is why Steve showed Billy the way to his room. Probably never in his life had he been gladder his parents were heading home because he had cleaned everything in advance and there weren't any more dirty clothes laying around on the ground like they did just a few days ago.

In Steve's room, the ceiling lamp was turned off and only the bedside lamp was lightening the room. Without Steve making an invitation, Billy just sat down on Steve's bed and looked at Steve as if that just was the most casual thing to do. Steve hesitated for a moment but sat down right next to him shortly after.

"Not that I mind, but what exactly are you doing here?"

Steve could hear his father shout again and stood once more up to turn on the music for a bit, just to keep the two of them from having to hear the argument downstairs.

"Sounds like home.", Billy said and Steve was certain, he wasn't talking about the music. "I didn't expect them to be home, to be

honest."

"Well, you certainly charmed your way past my mom.", Steve grinned.

"Call it a talent.", Billy said and smirked in Steve's direction. "Speaking of talent, I finished reading your essay."

Steve put on a frown. "No need to sugarcoat it.", he said. "Just get it out."

Billy reached behind him and pulled up some folded pieces of paper out of the back pocket of his jeans. Even in this dim lighting, Steve couldn't miss that it had notes all over, even in different colors.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading so far, please consider leaving kudos and commenting. It seriously helps me so much to continue this story <3

9. Steve is making plans

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy explains all his notes to Steve and offers to help him further. When he has to leave, the two boys share a moment outside.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve remembered just too well, how it was sitting in that car with Nancy and her being able to make him doubt his whole essay by simply asking one question. He could feel that she had been trying not to hurt his feelings and to go easy on him. After all, she'd been the nerdy girl, the one who preferred to do her homework and who had to be convinced there could be more interesting alternatives to doing that.

Well, Billy, on the other hand, didn't sugarcoat anything he said.

"That was pretty shitty.", was the first thing. The way he held the paper so the light was hitting it and raised a brow while he followed the wording and his own notes almost made him look somewhat intellectual.

Steve sighed and felt disappointment rising up right from his guts. Right now he'd prefer to just crumple up the paper and never think about college application again. Maybe he should have thought about his inability to take criticism all too well, before literally asking Billy to roast him right here.

"But it's not impossible to save.", Billy added after he followed every movement in Steve's face. "You wanna talk about it?"

"I guess." Steve was still frowning while he tried to decipher the notes, Billy had written all over his papers.

"Well, the first thing to work on is probably the overall lack of structure. And by that I mean, you literally do not have any structure

at all.", Billy chuckled. "I mean it's not totally shitty to read, but it gives the feeling as if it had just been drabbled to paper and I'm sure you want to avoid that."

"Probably.", Steve nodded although he had no idea how he could any structure to this.

"Wait a sec..." Billy was browsing through the papers. "Ah! Here. Look at that." The boy pointed to the end of Steve's writing where Billy had written down a short list of bullet points. "I tried to name down all the topics this was about and structured them so you end up having sort of a guideline, you know?" Billy looked over at Steve who now had tilted his head to read through the bullet points. And indeed, written down he could see points such as 'short introduction', 'basketball practice' and 'grandfather'.

"I don't know what to say...", Steve mumbled. "Thank you for that. I didn't expect you to do any more than to point out some typos to me..." He turned around to see Billy's face brighten up.

"My pleasure."

"How are you so good at this?"

"I don't know.", Steve shrugged. "If I get bored, I tend to read a lot. Maybe I just have an eye for it. And speaking of typos, I fixed them with a red pen. Notes are black. Green is for shitty expression or grammar stuff, I think."

"No, it's really awesome! Nancy... When I gave my latest attempt to her, she'd only point out how it didn't work and... that's fine I guess, I mean, I asked her, but I had no idea how to fix it."

"Well, I don't think, rewriting it once will get this to the quality it needs, but I can help if you want me to."

Steve kept on nodding. "I feel like I owe you.", Steve took the sheets of paper out of Billy's hand to take a closer look.

"You certainly owe me a drink, Harrington. But let's put that off for now. At least until your house is under occupation."

Steve smiled. "They leave in a couple of days. Hopefully both of them.", he added. "You could come over. Sitting by the pool, drinking a beer."

"You'll need more than a beer to make up for that, Harrington.", Billy laughed.

"I will see what I can find in my father's liquor cabinet.", Steve agreed.

"Now we're talking.", Billy nodded and looked rather pleased. "I saw you and the princess talk earlier. Was she displeased with your behavior last Friday?", Billy added after a pause.

Steve rolled his eyes. "She just asked me, what happened that night and why we showed up together at Jonathan's place at the crack of dawn."

"I'm sure, she did.", Billy grinned. "Someone needs to give her the talk on what a breakup usually means, don't you think?" He raised a brow.

"Probably. She's this way with all of her friends, though.", Steve shrugged.

"All I know is if I were that confused looking, pale boyfriend of hers, it would concern the hell outta me, seeing her talk to pretty boy Steve Harrington all the time, especially since you two have a history."

Steve chuckled. "Oh, I think I was more worried about him than he is over me. I still think she's more into you though. Has been asking lots of questions in this direction."

"Like what? I really think, she just can't stand me and is pissed at me for hanging out with you. She probably didn't like the fact that I'm noting your essay, am I right?"

That made Steve pause for a second. "She didn't expect you to be helping me. I don't know if she was mad or something. I don't know, she just asks me about you all the time so she must be up to something."

"Girls.", Billy rolled his eyes. "Can we really ever know for sure what they are thinking."

"Oh, yup. That's a no.", Steve laughed. "Especially when it comes to Nancy."

"You know a lot about her, don't you?", Billy raised a brow.

"Well, we've been dating for a while. As far as I know, I was her first boyfriend and even when I kind of sucked at this, we talked a lot and... yeah, I guess I know her."

"You want this? Dating someone?" Billy turned his gaze to the ground in front of Steve's bed but still looked interested.

Steve expected he probably wanted some dating advice. A few month ago, Steve would probably have been of better help. "No, not really. I mean, I liked being with Nancy but I'm not so much into dating someone you don't actually like. Not anymore at least. And you? Never seen you around a girl for more than a few days at the most."

Billy smirked. "You could be right with that one. Dating someone for real, it was just never really my thing, you know? I'm not what they call boyfriend material." Billy shook his head in amusement.

"And I am?", Steve frowned without losing the smile on his lips.

"You are Steve Harrington.", was Billy's answer as if that just said everything. "You'd have a line of girls waiting for their turn if you wanted to."

"Steve!" Steve had just been looking right into Billy's eyes trying to figure out the right thing to say to help him boost his confidence when he heard his dad screaming from downstairs.

"Shit.", Steve mumbled. "It's late. He'll probably send you home." There was a frown on Steve's face.

"Yeah, it's late.", Billy nodded and stood up while Steve followed him in the direction of the door. "I'm looking forward to that drink you owe me." Before Steve could open the door, Billy gave him a smile that just had to lighten up his mood.

"Thanks again for the notes."

"You're welcome. I better get going."

Steve and Billy went to the top of the stairs just to see Steve's father looking all annoyed and pointing on his watch.

"You have any idea, how late it is?"

"We were working on stuff for school.", Steve said while he accompanied Billy downstairs.

"I don't want people being over that late. Do you understand that?"

"Yes. Sorry, dad.", Steve knew it would be best, just to keep walking right now and not to give his dad the opportunity to deepen this fight.

"It's actually my fault, Mr. Harrington." Steve did not like Billy saying that. Hearing him say the name Harrington always had some kind of feeling to it that was just between him and Steve and therefore he didn't want his father to come into this. Billy now looked over at his father right before they had gotten to the front door. "I was working and I couldn't get here sooner. 't won't happen again."

Steve frowned and looked at the face of his father. He could see his old man thinking about whether it was actually of any use in this situation, to just keep going. But luckily he was probably tired and decided against it. "It better not. Goodnight, boy." After saying that Steve saw him returning to his armchair.

After Billy went through the front door, Steve followed him until they got to his car. "See you tomorrow?"

"We have practice, don't we?", Billy smirked.

Steve nodded. Billy looked at him while he reached into his pocket to pull out a cigarette, a lighter and the keys to his car. After lighting the cigarette, that brought some light back into his face, Billy used his free hand to lay it on Steve's shoulder for a moment. Steve almost reacted to that sudden touch and this intimate moment with closing his eyes, but he was able to restrain himself and just kept on looking

right into Billy's eyes.

"Good night.", Steve said.

"Good night, Harrington." Before Billy took his hands away, his fingers slightly pressed into the muscles on Steve's shoulder which sent some shivers down his spine. Steve was almost certain this was linked to the cold air outside and definitely did not cohere to whatever electricity he felt in between them right now.

Billy blew some smoke into the air that was barely visible. The corner of his mouth slightly twitched before he got into his car, turned on the engine and drove away. Steve kept standing out there for a while until he heard his mom calling him from inside the house. For the rest of the evening and until he was going to sleep, Steve was studying the notes Billy gave him, devouring every word the other one had written down.

There was no way Steve would ever be able to pay back for that favor.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you enjoyed this chapter :) If so, please leave kudos and comment. It helps me to keep this story going and continue writing everyday <3

10. Steve is in defense-mode

Summary for the Chapter:

It's the next day. Let's just say, Steve has a lot of defending to do.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

When Steve got up the next morning, he was in such a great mood, he had almost forgotten his parents were even home and already expected a malfunction in the kitchen when he started smelling coffee while getting ready.

"Morning, son." When Steve came down in the kitchen, the only thing that had changed was that his father was now sitting at the dining table rather than his armchair. But he was again holding a paper in his hand and Steve kept wondering, whether he was really reading this or if it was just part of him by now.

"Morning.", Steve gave him a half-hearted smile.

Steve's mom was standing by the phone and talking to one of her girlfriends guessing based on the high-pitched way she was talking and also on her smile. She didn't greet Steve but she smiled into his direction and waved with her hand that had just been fumbling with the phone cord before.

"How'd the homework go?"

"What?", Steve was reaching for a bowl in one of the cupboards when his dad started talking to him.

"Your homework. Remember your visitor?"

Steve turned around just to see his father with a raised brow and a skeptical look.

"Oh, sure. Yeah, we almost got to finish everything and I took care of

the rest afterward.", Steve lied. He wasn't even sure why he was lying but he was fairly certain that he didn't want his dad to know, Billy was helping him with his college application. It was none of his business anyway.

"I don't like the fact that you're doing your homework that late."

"It wasn't even nine. And you DO know that I'm 18, right?", Steve started filling some cereal into the bowl. "It's better than not doing any work for school." Again, why was he defending doing his homework? He wasn't that much of an advocate for that anytime else...

"Still.", his father said. But he raised the newspapers back up again which probably meant, they weren't going to discuss this further now.

Steve just added some milk to his breakfast and then headed back upstairs to eat and finish up his hair before he had to leave for school.

He was grabbing both his essay with Billy's notes and the new attempt, he'd started last night and put them into his backpack, so he could work on that in between classes. Somehow he felt as if he owed it to Billy and the work he'd put into this, to get his shit together and get this paper as good as he possibly could.

When Steve went back down, after putting a generous amount of hairspray to his hair, his mom just finished her call and stopped him by touching his shoulder. That probably wouldn't have felt that weird if it hadn't reminded Steve of that encounter he and Steve did just have the other night. He obviously showed it as well, because his mom started to look all concerned.

"What's the matter, honey? You don't feel well?"

"I'm good, mom.", Steve managed to give her an honest smile. "Seriously. Just a little late for school."

"You're father already talked to you?", she asked while responding with a heartwarming smile.

"No. What's up?" Steve raised both brows, fully expecting just another disaster with these two.

"I just talked to Sarah on the phone and we agreed, we'll meet up earlier to add a spa-day before the conference."

Steve took a look over his shoulder to find out whether his father would disagree, but he just kept quiet.

"So when are you guys leaving?"

"Tomorrow, we were thinking. Or Thursday morning. I'm sorry we couldn't spend more time with you." She actually looked a little saddened by that thought.

"It's fine mom, really.", Steve said and nodded. "Seriously, I'm just so busy with school right now, I probably won't even notice, you're gone."

It looked like Steve's mom didn't really know what to do with that information, until she decided that this was probably meant to be a good thing and brought up a smile again. "You better get going, honey. Don't want to be late for school, after all, don't you?"

Steve nodded and left the house. He had to hurry now because otherwise, he would definitely be late for his first class.

And even if he hadn't really expected it from himself, during lunchtime he sat on one of the tables on the side of the canteen and kept writing and deciphering Billy's notes in between bites. It took as much as a touch on his upper arm to bring his attention to Nancy who seemingly had appeared next to him all the sudden.

"What the hell?", Steve asked, trying to save the sentence he had just messed up.

"What are you even doing?", Nancy leaned over to take a look at that paper. "Let me guess: Billy Hargrove didn't give you any notes and you had to start from scratch?"

"What?", Steve lowered his brows when he looked at her. "He actually came over later and brought me his notes."

"He came over to your house?", Nancy asked. She still sounded disbelieving.

Steve sighed. He could be indulgent with her for being attracted to him but after what Billy had just done for him, there was no way he wasn't defending him when she obviously wronged him.

"Yeah. Also, his notes are awesome. I think I might actually have a chance to get accepted once I finish."

"Wow, that sounds great.", Nancy gave him a smile. "So I don't have to read it?"

"Let me finish this draft first and then we'll see. I think it'll take a lot more work."

"Wow, I'm pretty sure I've never seen you so determined to something. I must say, I'm impressed."

Steve rolled his eyes but couldn't really keep himself from smiling. "Both of you, though.", Nancy added. "If someone had told me a week ago, you and Billy would be working on your college application... But who am I telling this to.", Nancy chuckled.

"Yeah, wouldn't have believed it either.", Steve said. Why the hell was he imagining that face and especially those blue eyes everytime someone mentioned his name? That turned out to be really distracting.

"Ever been to his house?", Nancy asked.

Steve looked right back at her and raised an eyebrow. Especially after talking to Billy about her, he just didn't know what to think anymore. Was she really into that boy she kept asking questions about? Did she still have feelings for Steve? Were they both totally off with their guesses?

"I just thought about how I don't know anything about him.", Nancy defended her curiosity, not knowing what Steve was talking about. "I mean, I know Max and that he can be a little difficult but, I don't know anything about him besides that."

Steve frowned when it came to him that he knew almost nothing about that boy he was constantly thinking about. "He seems to read a lot." Wow, was that really the only personal fact he could come up with? His frown deepened.

Nancy, on the other hand, seemed pretty satisfied with that info because she started grinning again. "You two have practice today, right?"

Steve nodded. After taking a look at the clock, Steve started to fold together his papers and put them back into his backpack. "Yeah. Hopefully, I won't suck as much as I did last time."

"I'm sure you'll do great. I think I have to go now.", Nancy suddenly became short-spoken. "I told Jonathan we would meet outside before class."

"Sure. Send him my regards.", Steve joked and waved Nancy goodbye. It was pretty late so he headed off as well.

Later that day Steve was actually very much on time when it came to practice. But, of course, Billy had to be late so they only had a brief moment to actually talk in the gym before practice started.

"Hey.", Steve raised his hand when Billy arrived at the gym slightly out of breath and without wearing a shirt.

"Hey.", he smirked in Steve's direction. "Hope, your parents didn't give you much of a hard time, after I went off."

"No." Steve shook his head. "They don't care enough to actually bother, I guess.", he chuckled. "But good news: They're leaving tomorrow or the morning after, so you don't have to wait much longer for that drink I owe you."

"Sounds good."

"Now would everyone please shut up?!" This time the coach raised his voice to bring an end to that conversation. He grouped the boys into two teams and this time Billy and Steve were actually in the same one. Steve didn't like this fact too much though because he was pretty certain this meant, the coach was reacting on the decreasing of his

performance with that. But Steve was motivated to prove him wrong and work his ass off for that.

Playing with Billy instead of against him surely helped with that plan. Obviously, the other one was the better player but Steve could shoot some hoops after all. Later on in the game when their team had the lead and Steve could feel the sweat running down his temples, Steve caught Josh, the top player on the opposite team, throwing a glance over at Billy who had just gotten the ball.

Josh was pretty well known in practice for his mean tackles and the fact that he would do anything to get the ball, especially when he looked like that. Not only did Steve want to show some initiative and help his team, he also saw that Billy wasn't really paying attention and wanted to prevent the two of them from crashing against each other and Billy getting hurt.

Steve didn't think twice and just jumped in front of Billy what he immediately regretted when he felt an elbow crashing against his cheekbone just below his eye. Of course, there was no way Josh had seen him coming and he wasn't able to pause after Steve's face appeared in front of him. After that hit, Steve's sight went black for a moment and he could feel his knees giving in just before he hit the ground.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you enjoyed reading :) If so, please comment or leave kudos. It helps me so much to continue writing this story every day <3

11. Steve's head hurts

Summary for the Chapter:

After being punched in the face, Steve's head hurts.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes were made by me.

Steve was seeing stars and his head hurt. It didn't only hurt right where Josh had just knocked him out. While falling he had also hit it right on the ground what now caused a pulsating pain right underneath the crown of his head. He squeezed his eyes shut trying to numb or at least ignore the pain. It didn't work so well.

The ceiling lamp of the gym shined yellow through his eyelids but allowed him to see shadows pass left and right forming the silhouettes of people. Also, he could hear random noise, not quite able to understand any words yet, before he started to blink.

Once Steve's eyes were able to focus he could see Billy leaning down on him looking at him with a mixture of amusement and worry. He was squatting next to Steve and started to slightly press the bruised skin on Steve's face with his fingers. It didn't hurt so much but still made him frown.

"You okay, Harrington? Shit...", Billy pressed his lips together. "Your eye's turning black."

Steve blinked again and could now very well feel how the skin felt stretched and painful right over his cheekbone. Right now he wasn't really able to do anything but to stare into Billy's eyes though. He nodded to make the other one sure he was okay.

Shortly after the coach showed up, grabbed Billy by the shoulder and pulled the boy away from Steve. "Everything's alright? Do I need to call an ambulance?"

Steve, now that his view wasn't hypnotizing him anymore, shook his head repeatedly and tried to get up. Sighingly the coach leaned

down, grabbed Steve's arm and pulled him right up to his legs. After a brief moment of dizziness and instability, Steve was able to stand on his own and to process what just had happened here. The only thing he was certain about was that the majority of the team was staring at him right now.

"What the hell was that?", Josh asked. "You just ran straight up my fist?!"

"Oh, shut up.", Billy said. He sounded way angrier than he did while talking to Steve.

"You shut up, Hargrove!", Josh replied.

"Both of you! I don't wanna hear any more whining.", the coach added and rolled his eyes. "Harrington, you go get an ice pad or something. The rest of you continue the game, alright?"

Steve was rubbing his forehead and nodded because some ice was probably a great idea right now. Then he started walking out of the gym while the game carried on and someone was dribbling the ball what caused the ground to oscillate a bit.

At first, Steve was only planning on using some paper towels and cool water to put them on his face but one gaze in the mirror was enough to convince him, ice was probably the smarter move. The skin was already turning black underneath his eye, forming a bruise, and Steve was only glad that it was mainly his cheek that was hurt and not really the eye.

After arriving at the nurse's office, Steve got a concerned look out of the elder woman. "Oh, that doesn't look that good." The nurse was up and had walked to the tiny fridge before Steve had even gotten inside the small office. "Here you go." The ice pad she was giving him was blue and filled with gel and it felt good being pressed against his face.

"You need some painkillers, too?", the nurse asked. She was still frowning.

"I'm good, thanks.", Steve said. Even if he had been knocked out for a

moment, now mainly his face hurt and the headache had worn off quite a bit.

"If you start getting nauseous, you should go see a doctor, okay?"

"Okay.", Steve nodded. "I think the ice will do for now."

"It's still going to be bruised for at least a week.", the nurse explained. "It'll heal best when you just leave it and try not to touch it as much."

This recommendation just reminded him of how Billy had been touching his face right before he had to get up. Besides having his hand on Steve's thigh while sleeping in his car on that party or the weird shoulder touching last night, this was probably the closest form of physical contact ever to occur between them.

"Thank you.", Steve said. He had been approaching the door and nodded once more in her direction before heading back to the gym. He still felt a little weird from what just happened although his brain started to function normally again. At least in terms that he wasn't dizzy anymore. He wasn't quite sure whether thinking about that boy all of the time could be considered normal brain function after all... For now, he was busy to worry if Josh could have been right by saying Steve was literally jumping against his arm. All he could remember was that he wanted to try to keep Billy from being tackled right before his head hit the ground. If it had looked as ridiculous as Josh had just made it sound, Steve hoped that at least not anyone saw him acting like that. So much for leaving a good impression and actually being a good player. After that incident, there was probably almost no chance Steve would get his old position back next time they had practice.

Once he returned to the locker room, the other boys were already in the shower. Since he had cooled down by now and was still feeling a little funny, Steve decided to put showering off until he got home. So he just went to his locker and changed into the pair of jeans and shirt he'd been wearing before.

Billy appeared shortly after Steve got dressed looking like he was in a way better mood than before. Steve frowned not quite sure what caused that while he had to concentrate not to let his gaze drifting off

while the other boy only wore a towel around his hips.

"You better now?", Billy's smile turned into a frown once Steve lifted the ice pad and let him see the bruise.

"Yeah.", Steve nodded. "Not the first time I've been knocked out before, to be honest."

Billy laughed. "Stop bragging." He shook his head in disbelief. "What's mommy going to say when her little boy returns with that face?"

Steve frowned. Until now, he hadn't thought about what his parents would say to this. He was pretty sure his father would use that to try to convince his mom of staying home. At least he didn't have to lie about it because it was pretty common in practice that it got somewhat physical.

But Steve wasn't thinking about that for that long because now Josh walked pass the two of them showing the obvious reason for Billy's good mood in form of a bloody nose. He looked really pissed off when his gaze caught them, especially when Josh saw Billy's grin getting even bigger. It was pretty easy to see that although he was mad, he wouldn't dare to get into a fight with Billy. Steve was sure it hadn't even been a fight before because one punch had probably been more than enough. Steve was surprised that Josh even dared to mumble "Fags." while crossing their way.

Of course, there was no way for Billy to have overheard that, even if he hadn't been paying attention to Josh in the first place.

"Excuse me, dipshit, I wasn't quite able to understand.", Billy turned around and Steve could already see the muscles on his back tensing up. The way he was still smiling while obviously threatening Josh made him appear even more frightening. "What did you just say?"

"Did I just stutter?!" Josh asked shirtfronting Billy. Steve was worried the two of them would start an actual fight right there, when another one of their teammates came walking by and literally dragged Josh along with, asking him whether Billy had knocked his head too for acting that stupid. Even if Josh complained about being handled that way, he didn't come back and even if Steve was sure, Billy would

have kicked his stupid ass, he'd rather have them not to fight now.

It took a moment for Billy to relax again and turn around to Steve. The smirk was replaced with an angry and confused face and Steve wasn't sure how to react on that. The name Josh had just called them seemed to be still echoing through the room.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos or comment. It helps me a lot to keep this story alive and continue to update every single day :)

12. Steve's getting angry

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is angry when they leave the gym and it is not caused by his black eye.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"I should get back inside and kick his ass." While Steve and Billy were heading out of the locker room, Billy still had his brows lowered and threw looks back to the door as Josh would just appear to get his ass kicked right about now.

"I thought you already took your fair share of that.", Steve said. "From what I saw, that nose definitely looked broken."

"That I did.", the thought of this incident brought a smirk back to Billy's face. "Not uncalled for, though. And it was before he started talking more shit."

"Listen, I won't keep you from kicking his ass.", Steve laughed. "Not for tackling me though, I think that was mainly my fault."

"Yeah, what was that even about?", Billy raised a brow.

"Don't know.", Steve shrugged. "You had the ball. I saw him running. I wanted to show some initiative to the coach, I guess. Should have overthought that a little longer though."

"Well, I got to make the point before I saw you knocked out, so at least it worked. I think that was what pissed him off most."

"I think the broken nose is what pissed him off most." Steve laughed.

"Yeah.", Billy chuckled. "The coach almost kicked me out but I convinced him it was an accident. He sent all of us to the showers afterward, so..." He shrugged.

"Now I'm a little sad I wasn't there."

"Oh, no problem. I punch him again just for you to watch.", Billy offered jokingly. "I guess there won't be a lack of opportunity or reason in the near future."

"You could be right on that. Definitely not the sharpest knife in the drawer and the nose will probably not have a lasting effect."

"Oh, I'm glad to assist him on that. Keeping his memory fresh.", Billy grinned.

By now they had gotten out of the school building and were walking in between a larger group of people that had all gotten out of class.

Right after Steve spotted Nancy in some distance, obviously waiting for someone, Billy couldn't spare a comment: "Better watch out, Harrington. Your girlfriend's waiting. She won't be pleased with that eye, am I right?" Billy chuckled.

Steve would have preferred to just keep walking to his car alongside Billy but that was probably hard to accomplish with Nancy standing in their way.

Right after Billy made that comment Nancy's gaze caught them and Steve could see the right moment Nancy saw his eye and the judgemental look she gave Billy afterward as if somehow that was just his fault. Especially after Billy had been the one actually throwing punches in his name, it made him almost angry to see her judge him like that. Steve also expected Billy to head away from him now since he wasn't Nancy's biggest fan in the first place but he just kept walking right by his side just until they were both standing in front of Nancy, who was still looking at Steve's slightly swollen and most certainly bruised eye.

"Oh my god, what happened to your face?" She was frowning and looked really concerned.

"Nice, to see you too.", Billy said right before Steve could answer anything. When Steve looked at him, he saw the boy was actually giving Nancy the most handsome smile he probably had to offer even

if there still was a hint of sarcasm to be found. With Billy, there was probably simply no way of losing that trait but Steve started to wonder why the hell he was looking at Nancy this way.

"Was that you?", Nancy's jaw hardened when she faced Billy. Steve didn't hate the fact that Nancy suspected Billy all that much anymore.

"It wasn't.", Billy said, still smiling at her which started to throw her slightly off. She nodded, then swallowed and brought her gaze back to Steve.

"Everything's fine, Nance.", Steve said after he finally got the chance to say something. "It was just practice and I was being stupid. I got what I deserved."

"He ran into another boy's fist.", Billy commented which made Steve's previous statement sound ridiculous.

Nancy's lips now formed a smile and she looked just like she was having a hard time to keep herself from laughing not to upset Steve.

Of course, Billy just made her laugh. Steve wondered why he, all of the sudden, was acting so nice around her and still made that face as if he was flirting and Nancy kept reacting to it by smiling right back at him. Steve wasn't so sure why this was bothering him so much. After Billy had told him before, Nancy wasn't his type, him acting like that just didn't feel right. Also, Steve wasn't really able which thought bothered him more: Billy just acting as if he liked Nancy or him really being attracted to her. He just knew that he didn't want to think further about that right now or he had to punch something as well.

"Maybe you should have practiced your game instead of working on that essay.", Nancy said, still chuckling.

"Since both of them probably won't get me to college, you might actually be right with that.", Steve tried his best to show her a grin. No need for any of them to know he was bothered right now.

"You've been working on that today?", Billy turned around to Steve looking slightly surprised.

"Yeah, during lunch. I want to get it ready as soon as possible.", he shrugged.

"Steve told me, you gave him notes.", Nancy said and immediately got Billy's attention back to her. Steve tensed his jaw still trying not to show his growing anger.

"Oh, you got nothing to worry about, princess. I won't steal him away from you." Billy actually winked at Nancy what made her blush. Steve couldn't help himself but rolled his eyes. When Billy had called her princess around Steve it had always sounded like somewhat of an insult. Then why did it sound like he was complimenting her now?

Steve wasn't sure what that comment was about besides Billy just teasing and flirting with Nancy.

"I wasn't...", Nancy started to defend herself. "I'm actually glad you're helping him."

"Yeah, he definitely needs it.", Billy grinned.

"You both know that I'm standing right here, do you?", Steve asked while frowning.

Billy started laughing again. "Hard to overlook that thing on your face, Harrington."

At least Nancy looked somewhat sympathetic. "Does it hurt?"

"Not a lot.", Steve said. "It's mainly the back of my head for falling on the ground, but I got some ice and it's better now."

"You should be a little more careful."

"Exactly.", Billy nodded. "Listen to her, man."

Getting back-up like that sure made Nancy's smile even wider, while everything Steve wanted to do in that exact moment was to disappear and ignore the way both of them were looking at each every time they weren't looking at him.

Steve felt that frown getting back onto his face. "I should probably

head home. Since my parents are there, they'll only wonder where I am." Steve knew that was nothing more than an awful excuse, but he just wanted to get away by now, and not to think about why this bothered him so much. And after that, Billy and Nancy, both nodded and the girl even waved at him, he just walked past her and get home.

Unfortunately, Steve wasn't walking fast enough to overhear the following. "You're actually quite fun to be around, girl. We should do this more often." Billy just made that statement sound like he was inviting her on a date. Steve didn't even have to hear her answer to picture her face brightening up and her lips forming a smile.

Steve swallowed and lowered his brows right afterward. He turned his head around while he kept walking and caught Billy staring at him right at that exact moment. And, of course, he was smirking which reassured Steve his assumption of Nancy's reaction must have been right. Steve suppressed his need to sigh at that and headed off to his car. He was totally on board when it came to supporting Nancy's relationship with Jonathan but why was the thought of her and Billy driving him almost insane? The thought of Billy touching her, showing her he cared about her?

When Steve got in his car he could see Billy still standing before Nancy. She was holding her hands in front of her body fumbling around while he looked as confident as ever even throwing a gaze over at Steve. Steve waited almost two minutes until Jonathan appeared and got Billy to move to his own car. Steve was really relieved that this was not the time and place to witness a breakup or something. He literally forgot all about his black eye, until he got home and had to face his parents.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos and comment. It really helps me to continue this story every day <3

13. Steve's is getting some advice

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is getting home and having a talk with his mom.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes were made by me.

When Steve was driving his car home he desperately needed to blow off some steam. Instead, every thought seemed to be heating him up even more. His hands were clawing into the material of the car's wheel, veins on his arms were showing and he felt his eye twitching while he tried to focus on the traffic.

Fuck Billy Hargrove and his stupid fucking face. Actually, fuck that whole fucking day. It had given Steve nothing except a pulsating headache and a black eye that would be showing for weeks.

More so than being angry at Billy and Nancy for just behaving like the way they did, Steve was angry at himself for even caring. Why did it even bother him that much when Billy looked at Nancy with heart eyes? Why the hell did he care if the both of them started dating? Well certainly it wasn't because he was still interested in Nancy, that was for sure. It didn't bother him when she started seeing Jonathan and he probably wouldn't be as mad if it was just any other boy. So was this whole thing about Nancy intervening into Steve's and Billy's new friendship? It better be, even if the word friendship didn't quite catch what was going on between them.

When Steve arrived at his home and walked through the door he had successfully forgotten his parents were there. He was painfully reminded by the shrill scream his mom was letting out when she saw him.

"What happened?", she asked right before she pulled Steve into a brief hug and started touching the bruise on his cheekbone.

"Just practice. I'm fine.", Steve said, just wanting to go to his room and smack the door shut.

"Don't talk to your mom in that tone of voice, son.", Steve's father warned. "That's not how we behave in that house."

Yeah, asshole, Steve thought. It's okay if you bully her but I can't sound annoyed after a day of school.

"I'm sorry." Steve even brought up a smile that relieved her mom.

"Come here, let me get some ice for you."

Steve wanted to protest, but following over would be faster so he just went along and watched his mom take out a frozen pack of peas out of the freezer and give it to him.

"Thanks.", Steve pressed the peas against his face and was pleased with the feeling. "I'll be upstairs. Homework and stuff."

His mom looked like she wanted to object that but maybe she had no opportunity to do so because Steve had turned around already, heading towards the stairs.

Of course, homework wasn't what he actually was doing but that wasn't the point of what he just said. Being alone was. He went into the bathroom to take a look at how the bruise had turned out and had to cringe. It really looked as if he had gotten into a fight. Josh's broken nose being additionally present in school would most certainly cause some gossip. But, again, there better be gossip about Steve and Billy fighting with Josh than the boy calling them fags. Even thinking this word made Steve feel uncomfortable and Billy had definitely been feeling the same about it. If Josh hadn't been pulled away, this boy would have gotten his ass kicked pretty bad and Steve was convinced he had it coming.

A sudden knock on his door made Steve jump up and stop thinking about that locker room incident. Before he could answer, the door opened up and his mom appeared behind it. She was holding a steaming hot cup of hot chocolate. What surprised Steve at first, even managed to get a smile on his lips. This was a thing they hadn't done

in what seemed to be an eternity. When he was younger, his mom would always make him hot chocolate when he'd been upset. This just brought back some memories of a time she'd been at home with Steve more often and his asshole father wasn't as bad with her.

"I wanna talk.", she said after giving the cup over to Steve. "Careful. It's hot. Is it okay, if I stay?"

Steve had just been sitting on the side of his bed. He put the hot cocoa on his nightstand, nodded and made some space for his mom to sit down. "What's up?", he asked while raising both brows.

"Could ask you the same.", his mom smiled. "Why are you so angry?"

"I'm not.", Steve said. He recognized just how hastily and probably annoyed that must have come out shortly after, which is why he avoided looking at her and turned his gaze to the ground.

"It's okay." Steve's mom put her arm around his shoulder, rubbing his back in big circles that felt good and soothed him a little. "You've gotten into a fight?"

Steve shook his head and swallowed. Even if this wasn't caused by a fight it sure felt like he'd just been lying to her.

"Then what's the matter? Are you having troubles about a girl?"

Steve chuckled. "Something like that."

He wasn't so angry with Nancy though.

"Do you wanna talk about it?" Steve's mom had stopped to rub his back right now. Instead, she just looked at him like it was totally okay to talk about anything right now. If Steve just had known what was wrong, he might have even tried to talk to her.

"Nah. It's just stupid.", Steve said.

"I'm sure, it's not." Steve's mom was still smiling. "So, she doesn't like you? Or does she like another boy?"

Steve felt himself blushing and brought his hand to his forehead to

conceal it a little. "I don't even know, to be honest."

"Well, have you talked to her?"

"It's complicated."

"It always is.", now she was laughing. "It always is. And most times it doesn't work out. But sometimes it does. Talking always helps."

Steve had to bite his tongue to not make an inappropriate comment about how she and his dad never talked about anything and it obviously didn't work out. This wasn't about her after all and she just wanted to help.

"I think we'll fight and I just can't have that right now.", he said. This should be enough to end this conversation even if he wasn't any closer to having a solution. Talking to Billy about how he just got all angry about him flirting with Nancy would be super weird and Steve could only see two possible outcomes. Either Billy would laugh at him or he would punch him for being stupid. And neither of those would change the way he just had felt. It felt like this was Steve's problem to take care of because it didn't affect the other boy in any way.

"Sometimes fighting is a good thing.", his mom now raised one of her brows. "Better than being mad and sitting somewhere all alone."

This made Steve think about what Billy was doing right now. He'd leave school. By now he should be home if he wasn't driving around somewhere. Steve couldn't keep himself from wishing he would be here now. Just to hang out and talk or stuff. Even if he felt some anger in his chest, there was no denying being around Billy had been pretty awesome although Steve couldn't quite pinpoint why he felt like that. Something about the two of them being around each other just felt right, he guessed.

"I prefer not fighting.", Steve said, after thinking about this.

"Me, too." Now his mom was the one looking away. "Doesn't necessarily make it the best choice though."

"I guess you're right.", Steve admitted. "Thank you for the cacao and

sorry for being... angry and all."

"No need to apologize. It's okay." She stood up and made a few steps in the direction of the door. "Also," she continued "If you think you need me here, I will stay instead of leaving tomorrow. If you want to talk or just need someone to be around?"

Steve could see that she wasn't totally sure about offering this. She had her reasons for wanting to accompany his father and Steve had his reasons for why he needed his parents away.

"That's nice but I don't think it's necessary. You should go and meet Sarah and I'm sure I'll be in a better mood when you and dad return."

Hearing Steve turn down her offer brought a smile back to her face. "Thank you. Drink your cacao as long as it's still hot."

Steve nodded and waved at his mom until she closed the door behind her.

Steve sighed after being left alone. It had been so long since his mom had just talked to him or even tried to give him advice that he felt a little confused by now. It reminded him of different times when he was younger and he and his mom did spend way more time with each other. Back then he would probably have talked to her about the whole Billy thing, even if she probably wouldn't know what advice to give him on that. Now was different. Then again after just talking to her, he wasn't frowning so much now and he stopped being so mad. Maybe this was good advice after all and he should really consider talking to Billy. On the other hand actually knowing that boy made Steve highly doubt that apparent solution.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you enjoyed reading this story. If you did, please leave kudos and comment :) It really helps me to keep this story going and add another chapter every day <3

14. Steve is taking a shower

Summary for the Chapter:

It's the next day and Steve is up early. What a great time to take a shower and not to think about Billy Hargrove for a second.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes were made by me.

On the next morning, it wasn't the alarm that woke Steve but rather the loud noises from downstairs. First, he thought his parents were having another fight, but by listening closer he discovered that they had just started packing and that caused trouble even in functional families so there was nothing to worry about it. But since he was awake now, there would be no point in turning around once more so Steve turned out his alarm and hopped under the shower to get ready early this morning. The thought of his parents leaving sure caused some excitement and he was pretty sure, Billy would be into this, too. Having the house for themselves, drinking a couple of beers and the booze out of his dad's cupboard.

While Steve shampooed his hair under the warm stream of water, his thoughts began to drift off, imagining what would happen tonight. This party had turned out to be a really fun night after all and thinking back Steve still had the smell of leather and smoke in his nose and felt the touch of Billy's hand on his thigh, the other one's darting stare on him. Steve swallowed, trying to ignore the fact that another body part definitely wanted some attention right now. No way imagining touching Billy and looking at him had just given him a hard-on. He was probably still tired or whatever, so this was nothing to worry about. Steve rinsed out his hair and put some soap on his Loofah. Looking down Steve didn't appear to relax or anything and there were still blue eyes spooking around in his mind that made his dick twitch in excitement. Fuck it, Steve thought, he got up early and there was no rush right now or anything else keeping him from making this shower a little nicer than usual.

Steve put the sponge aside, leaned his shoulders against the cold and wet tiles behind him and started teasing himself while he worked hard to think about a girl. He touched and teased his nipples until they were hard and then lowered his hands over his wet body, already feeling an ache and also need spreading from his lower regions. Steve took another look at the door, reassuring himself he had closed it and then closed his eyes while grabbing his dick. Come on, think of anything. Girls. Girly things. Boobs. Boobs were a good start but Steve had never been really keen on them. For him, it was more about the eyes and the aura surrounding someone. Steve was keeping a slow pace and a steady pressure already causing his breaths to come faster. He swallowed again trying to stay in control of his mind and not to imagine that sharky grin on Billy's face sometimes when he looked at Steve. Not to think about the way his chest was always showing no matter what he was wearing. Not to think about the showers after practice. Fuck. Steve let out small choked moans in between gasps and allowed himself to speed up a little. He could feel the pre-come oozing out and get really close. Steve imagined what Billy would do if he was here now. Run his hands over Steve's body, paying attention to that spot on his thigh again. Pressing their bodies together enabling Steve to smell that scent again that smelled better than anything he could imagine. Steve gripped himself a little harder and moved a little faster, causing himself to gasp and sob, biting his own arm to keep himself quiet while he pumped just a few more times until he spilled his seed into the shower seeing it flush away by the constant stream of water, even though his vision was doubling.

Steve used the soap once more just to make sure and felt like it took forever to come down from that high. His legs were still shaking when he turned off the shower and made a step onto the towel in front of it. One gaze in the mirror proved to him just how much of a mess he looked right now, being blushed like a little school girl just after seeing her crush. Steve cringed, trying to erase that fantasy of Billy touching him out of his mind before it would get out of hand.

Instead, he hurried because by now he had almost lost the extra time he had this morning. Steve put on some clothes and took care of his hair that definitely needed some attention right now. He went down to the first floor shortly after.

"You certainly took your time in the shower, son.", Steve's father commented out of the kitchen when Steve got downstairs.

"Give the boy a break. It's still early. We probably woke him up.", Steve's mother added to Steve's relief. That shower already caused him enough troubles even without being surveyed by his father.

"Yeah, just tired.", Steve said and hoped his voice didn't tremble on that. No way he was just jerking off in the shower thinking about Billy Hargrove.

"You know I have to pay for all that water, don't you?"

Yeah, asshole, I'm sure me taking a ten-minute shower is making an actual difference in your bills, Steve thought. "Won't happen again.", was the answer he came up with instead.

Steve could see that his parents had already put most of their suitcases into the van and couldn't keep himself from asking himself why they needed so much stuff when they just went to conferences and stayed in hotels.

"So, we'll leave for at least until the end the weekend." While Steve has made himself some cereal, his father had positioned himself behind him. "You know what that means."

"Sure.", Steve answered. After having had this conversation at least two dozen times his father should really try to believe him on that.

"No parties, no drinking, no anything especially on weekdays.", Steve's father counted on his fingers. "No visitors after eight at night. Do you understand?"

"I do.", Steve suppressed a sigh. "I will probably just work on my essay some more and go to bed early to keep up with school. Anything else?" He ate a spoonful of crunchy cereal.

Steve's gaze drifted past his dad through the big windows of their living room and outside. The weather was really nice and Steve could already picture himself and Billy sitting outside having a nice time even if right now Steve had some troubles imagining all of this with them having their clothes on. Shit, this would definitely cause him

some trouble later on, if he couldn't pull himself together.

"Fine. You know, I'm not joking with that."

"He was doing alright the last time, didn't he?", Steve's mother pleaded.

"He'd better.", Steve's father still looked at the boy like a sniffer dog trying to scent out all the skeletons in his closet to come up with an excuse to keep his wife here while he'd spent the conference with one of his mistresses. But he found none. That even eased Steve a little, believing his poker face was maybe some good after all.

"We'll miss you.", now Steve's mom appeared next to him. "You know you can always call the hotel if you need anything or just want to talk."

Steve had to think about the talk the both of them had last night. She was probably still worried, Steve had some build-up anger inside, not knowing he just found a good way of getting rid of that. Steve bit his own tongue to keep himself from thinking about all of that again.

"I'll miss you, too. But don't worry about me. I'm going to be just fine."

"Good.", Steve's mom smiled right back at him. "You better hurry, don't you? It's pretty late already."

Steve turned his head looking at the kitchen watch and cursed by the time it was showing. There was no time for finishing breakfast now if he didn't want to show up late. He grabbed his backpack and gave his mom another hug before nodding in the direction of his dad and heading off to his car.

Notes for the Chapter:

Oh well... I hope you enjoyed reading this chapter :)
If you did, please leave kudos and comment. It helps me a lot to keep writing this story and to add another chapter every day <3

15. Steve is unable to work on his essay

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is arriving at school after that pretty exciting morning. Things get a little weird once he's meeting Billy later on.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve was standing next to his car after just arriving in the parking lot when someone caught his attention. And maybe the earlier morning had caused him to be in a pretty great mood, smiling and even trying to whistle a tune, at least while he still had been sitting in his car.

"Well, look who's in a great mood today?"

Steve hadn't even seen Nancy next to him until she started talking. "Hey.", he gave her a smile. "What are you even talking about?"

"Dunno. Looks like you got some glow on you or something."

Yeah, no, that wasn't a good topic to address right now. Steve felt that he was blushing and hoped she wouldn't pay that much attention. "Just well rested, I guess.", he shrugged. "And my parents are already leaving so that's a huge plus."

"Well, I'm glad your feeling better. You looked a little sick yesterday when you went off."

Yeah, this was not at all what Steve wanted to talk about now. "Well, I'm sure you and Billy had a good time even without me."

"What?", Nancy frowned.

"I thought you guys got along quite well.", Steve said and hoped she didn't hear the bitter undertone in his voice.

"Oh. I don't know about that.", she shrugged. "I can never quite tell if he's being honest or just mocking me, you know?"

Steve's face turned into a smile although this wasn't caused by Nancy having doubts over Billy but rather picturing this stupid sarcastic grin this boy was always sporting. "Yeah, he's a bit of a tease with that.", Steve said.

"How's your essay going?" This time it was Nancy who wanted to change the subject.

"Stagnant.", Steve said. "Didn't have the head for it yesterday. Or this morning. Maybe I can work a bit on it later."

"I'm really proud of you for taking it that seriously.", Nancy smiled at him. "I'm sure you won't regret applying to college and if it's just to keep your options open."

"Well if the alternative is working with my dad it is more likely I'll regret not applying.", Steve agreed. "Wasn't the best idea in the first place."

"I think so, too.", Nancy nodded. Then there was a frown on her face. "How's your eye feeling? Doesn't look too good, does it?"

"Didn't you just tell me I had a glow going on?"

"Not on that part of yourself.", Nancy rectified. "Does it hurt?"

Steve shook his head. "No, not really. Just when I tried sleeping on it. But it's going to be fine. No swelling or anything and nothing got to my eye itself."

"That's good.", Nancy agreed.

Shortly after Jonathan pulled up the parking lot and Nancy went off to go and see him. Steve used the opportunity to just get inside and head to the bathroom just for checking if the girl had a point with saying he looked different. Apart from the black eye and the smile that crossed his face every time a certain boy was occupying his mind, he didn't detect anything, so he just went to class.

The first lesson was just more of the same and they had spoken so much about that topic that Steve didn't care so much anymore. He more or less just waited for it to be over and headed to the canteen around lunchtime.

Steve was sitting on that same desk during lunch time than he did the day before and although he had planned on working on that essay, even put it in front of him and held a pen in his hand, his thoughts kept drifting off making it impossible for him to get more than half a shitty sentence down in one attempt.

Things were even going south with his ability to focus when someone sat down just a little too close next to him. Steve knew it was Billy before he looked over at him because, to be honest, by now he was able to point out his scent anywhere. He didn't believe it at first, thinking his mind was tricking him just another time this day, when Billy leaned over so now not only their thighs but also their shoulders were touching.

"Hello there!", he greeted Steve. "Being busy?"

"Nah.", Steve said, folding the paper so Billy wouldn't be able to see the shit he had just written down. "I mean, I tried. Probably need to take care of it in quiet."

"Didn't help to have your parents home, huh?", Billy guessed.

"No, not really.", Steve nodded. "But they're probably hitting the road just about now. So if you're still up for that drink, you can come over later tonight. There is going to be no one ranting over however late it's going to get."

Billy chuckled. "Did you ask Nancy to come as well?"

"No.", Steve said. "As far as I remember, I don't owe her a drink. And it's a school day so she won't come anyway." Billy's question sure worried Steve. Did he want her there?

"So it's just you and me, Harrington?"

Steve frowned. Nancy had been so right about him. How could anyone be able to see whether he was serious or just kidding? "I

mean, you don't have to come over. I'm totally fine drinking by myself.", Steve shrugged. If Billy wasn't in the mood, that was fine with Steve. He had more than enough to do with working on that essay.

"Damn, that sounded depressing.", Billy shook his head and looked over at Steve. "Nah, I'll be over tonight. Sounds already better than any fucking party I've attended in this shithole of a town." The boy smirked what managed to lighten Steve's mood. "You have any certain time in mind?"

"Just come over when you feel like it, I guess.", Steve said. He hadn't really thought about that until now because every time he tried to think about something that was somehow related to Billy, that wasn't working all too well. Even now Steve felt a little warmer as usual although this could be caused to Billy sitting particularly close to him. But he also felt his heart racing and there was not so much of a physical explanation about that.

"Let's hope it doesn't rain this time.", Billy joked. Of course, this wasn't particularly helpful for Steve to not think about being close to him right now.

"We could just get inside.", Steve said, trying to suppress the idea of sharing his bed instead of the Camaro.

"I guess, it doesn't look like rain anyway.", Billy said, turning around to look through a window and see the sunny outside of the school.

When Billy turned back to Steve, he laid his hand on Steve's thigh. Even if that almost appeared a casual move, it almost caused Steve to gasp. Seeing Billy grin made Steve raise a brow. "Looks like you're a little jumpy today.", Billy joked not moving his hand away though.

Steve didn't know what to say, just that at this moment it sure felt as if they were leaning eye-catching close even though Steve couldn't bring himself take his gaze off of those blue eyes to see whether anyone was watching them right now. Instead, he just swallowed unintentionally while watching every move and every slight twitch Billy's face was making. Steve held his breath. While before he'd been worried, sitting so close could maybe cause certain parts of him to

want some attention, this staring was just so intimate that it shut down every thought or intention there even could have been. Steve wasn't thinking, he wasn't moving, hell, he was pretty sure he wasn't even breathing until the school bell caused both of them to turn their heads and Billy to pull his hand away. Although Steve still felt the warmth the touch has left, it was a strange feeling to suddenly be apart again.

"I have to go. See you later, right?" Billy jumped up as if the bell and whatever that thing before had been about had caught him by surprise as well.

"Sure.", Steve nodded. "See you tonight."

And then Billy turned around and walked away not without presenting Steve with a great view. Shit. What even was that about? Steve was pretty certain that all of this couldn't be unintentional but on the other hand, probably not even Billy himself knew what he was doing and why he was doing it, most of the time. It could just be him provoking some kind of reaction out of Steve, just to see what will happen. Or it could be anything else. But it sure as hell did not feel like some guys casually sitting next to each other. But again, this could just be Steve's overactive mind today and that should better not be trusted after that shower incident this morning.

If Steve didn't feel like he was malfunctioning before, he sure did now, especially when he went to class. But he also did look forward to the evening even more.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you enjoyed reading :) If so, please leave kudos and comment to help me continue this story
<3

16. Steve is making preparations

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is both mentally and physically preparing himself for the night. Then Billy arrives.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

When Steve got home after school he felt some sort of relief. Not only did this home feel much better without his parents being present, to finally be alone, took some tension off of him because he didn't have to spend quite so much thought on his appearance or to keep his mind from drifting off. Or at least he didn't have to until he thought of tonight's plans again.

So Steve was now leaning against the kitchen counter looking through the big glass windows that were showing the pool and the deck chairs surrounding it. The last time he'd been so excited before having someone over was some time ago now. He started preparing by putting some of the beer of his father in the fridge and looking into the cabinet where his old man hid all the good liquor he'd been gifted by friends and colleges over the years. Steve would fill it up with water or replace it later. He was pretty sure, that man wouldn't even notice anyway because he mainly drank wine and this was not the kind of drink they would be going for tonight.

Having that prepared, Steve went upstairs to make sure, he was looking halfway decent. He even changed the shirt, he was wearing, for something a little comfier. At least that's what he kept telling himself when actually he chose the sweater of which Nancy had once told him, it suited him best. For tonight this couldn't be bad, even if he almost expected a mocking comment from Billy for even changing at all for that casual occasion.

Steve felt a little edgy, running around the house in anticipation, thinking about how after their latest encounter, things could turn out to be a little weird. He asked himself whether it was a good idea to

ask what that had been about or if he'd better be quiet. After running around like a headless chicken, Steve then went upstairs and attempted to work some more on that essay while he very well had the time right now. The sun was setting early and right when Steve thought about whether to get some glasses out or prepare anything else, the bell caused him to jump off the chair and run downstairs literally almost tripping and falling down.

Well, there was probably not going to be a comment about Steve's change of dress since Billy had actually changed, too. While he'd been wearing some kind of shirt and that jean jacket to school before (which Steve remembered very well thanks to that moment in the canteen), he was now in a leather jacket and not even half of his shirt's buttons were closed, exposing a tanned chest and a silver necklace hanging down from that. Steve had to remind himself to close his mouth to not look like a teen girl plainly staring at her crush. The way Billy was almost leaning into the door frame emitted so much confidence. The last time Steve truly felt that way, he had greeted some girls with a casual "Hello ladies" right here at the same spot to another pool party on a weekday. But he didn't want to think about that right now, because that night, by all means, did not end very well.

"Am I too early?", Billy raised a brow.

"Nah.", Steve shook his head. "Come in." He stepped aside to let Billy walk pass.

"This place suits you better. Without your folks home, I mean.", Billy was looking around as if it had been the first time he's been here. "Looks like you got quite some space here. All on your own."

It sounded like Billy was implying something but Steve wasn't really able to come up with what that boy was talking about so he just nodded. "Yeah, it's pretty big."

"You ever had parties in here?", Billy asked. "I heard you used to be more into that, some time ago when I was still in California."

"Not really.", Steve said. "My father is pretty strict on that topic. He wouldn't really allow you coming over. Never had more than a

couple of people here, just to make sure I'm able to clean everything in time."

"So you trust me enough not to totally demolish your home?", Billy smirked.

"I'm pretty sure we'll be sitting outside most of the night, so there's not much you can actually do there.", Steve joked.

"Watch me.", Billy's grin grew broader.

Steve rolled his eyes. "Beer?"

"Sure. What else have you got?"

Billy followed Steve over to the fridge and grabbed the six-pack of beer he was throwing over at him. "My dad has some harder stuff in his cabinet. Gin, Whiskey, Brandy...", Steve counted on his fingers.

"Just get something, Harrington.", Billy said and then carried the beer to the glass door that led to the poolside.

Steve shrugged and grabbed a few bottles that didn't look too expensive, so if they emptied all of it, he would be able to replace them. When Steve got outside, Billy had already made himself comfortable, laying down on one of the deck chairs just opening a can of beer. Steve put all the bottles down on the ground next to Billy and then pulled another one of the chairs closer and sat down himself.

"The weather's actually quite nice to sit outside. And that beer is a lot better than the one last Friday.", Billy said. He used one arm as a headrest while the other one held the beer.

"My father always gets the more expensive stuff. Doesn't drink it though. Just to have it when someone gets over or whatever."

"Now that we're benefiting from that, you probably shouldn't complain about that.", Billy laughed, taking another sip out of his can.

Steve grabbed one of the bottles he'd carried out. Looked like

whiskey, tasted like fuel, but Steve felt that he was behaving a little tense and drinking would hopefully solve that.

"Easy, cowboy.", Billy teased when Steve spoiled a few drops onto that green sweater, wiping his mouth dry with his sleeve.

"This tastes like shit.", Steve said.

"Well, it's not like people really drink it to cherish its taste, don't you think?", Billy asked.

"Probably not.", Steve considered. "Let's see whether it at least got that quality." With that, the slightly older boy took another big sip, this time without spoiling anything or grimacing as much.

"Let me have a try." Billy raised his upper body a bit, leaning over to Steve and taking that bottle out of his hand.

It was probably too early for Steve to excuse his staring with the drink he's had. But the way Billy closed his lips around the neck of the bottle couldn't have looked more obscene if he'd literally been sucking right now. Even the drops running down his chin looked somewhat magical. Steve imagined trailing along those wet lines with his finger, maybe even causing a shiver down Billy's spine the way Steve had gotten them so many times when the other boy touched him. Maybe even using his tongue for that, not to taste the whiskey but the sense the hints of smoke and whatever that awesome smell was that kept surrounding Billy.

Fuck. Steve changed his position, desperately hoping for his dick to stop craving attention now and not to get any more visible through his pants. He was glad that it was pretty dim out here and Billy had to pay really close attention to spot that. Almost as close attention as Steve was paying him right now.

Billy was sitting up again, looking at that pool. "You said it's warm, didn't you?"

While Steve had reached for the bottle of Whiskey again, he nodded. "Sure. You wanna get inside?"

"Oh yes.", Billy grinned. "You don't?" With that question, Billy got up

and grabbed himself another can of beer. After taking a generous sip out of it, he started getting rid of his leather jacket, even stripping off his shirt and boots to walk closer to the edge of the pool.

Steve watched him with curiosity, drinking more of the Whiskey even if just to distract himself from that scene a little. Then he got up as well, put the bottle to the side and got out of his shirt to stand next to Billy, their arms slightly touching what felt strangely warm in the chilly night. This was going to be exciting.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you so much for reading! If you enjoyed this story, please leave kudos and comment. This really helps me to keep continuing this story.

<3

17. Steve is getting into the pool

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy get into the pool.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve wanted to look over at Billy to see when he was about to jump in when suddenly he felt a warm hand, strong and relentlessly pressing against the space between his shoulders, pushing him into the pool. Steve was so much caught by surprise that he wasn't even able to let out a scream or anything before his body hit the surface and the cold water sent a shock through his body. Okay, maybe it wasn't cold, but it wasn't really warm either and not having expected such a soon contact with the wet element, Steve had a hard time, not to breathe in or swallow any of the pool water while he tried to regain his orientation. After all, the pool didn't have any lamps and the water inside was pretty dark. When he finally found the ground under his feet, all in the matter of a few seconds, he pushed himself upwards and got his head out of the water, flipping his wet hair back with his hands. He immediately turned around to look at Billy who was still standing on the edge of the pool, looking at Steve while his chest moved with every breath as if it were him that just had been under water.

Steve felt the water drip in pearls down the side of his face and for a moment he hated the fact that this had probably ruined his hair. The smell of chlorine surrounding him, now a lot stronger than while he'd been sitting outside, took him back into another time, almost obscuring his mind. It didn't help that Billy was staring at him without ever letting his eyes drift off.

Billy swallowed, his mouth was closed, while his expression slowly shifted into a smirk watching Steve swim in the water just a couple of feet away.

"Very funny.", Steve finally said sarcastically, just so the tension

between them wouldn't get any higher.

"Thought this was the only chance I got to get a preppy boy like you into the pool. I guessed you wouldn't like to get water in those pants."

Steve chuckled. "As far as I see, I'm the one in the pool and your still hesitating. And anyway, what would be the alternative to getting my pants wet? Go full commando?" Steve raised a brow.

Billy laughed. "Now that would have been interesting."

Steve swallowed. Billy was probably talking interesting in terms of funny or unusual and Steve was obviously overinterpreting everything right now. He felt as if every move Billy made, pushed him further in a direction he wasn't sure to make out where it lead them. But right now the staring was the same as earlier today in the canteen even if Steve was feeling the distinct lack of contact between them. A thing he would love to change right now.

"What now?", Steve teased. "Are you chickening out? The water too cold?"

Billy snorted. He threw a gaze over a shoulder as if to make sure nobody else was around when he jumped into the water.

Steve didn't only feel the waves that jump just created. Billy, too, had disappeared into the dark water and somehow that changed everything surrounding him, adding an element of danger. Before it was just him in the pool and now there was something else, something he couldn't quite point out but it felt like swimming with a shark.

When Billy finally emerged out of the water, his hair looked a few shades darker, one strand curling on his forehead. "Phew! That's colder than I expected.", he said, wiping the water out of his eyes.

"I didn't reckon you to be that sensitive.", Steve joked while swimming to the side of the pool just so he wouldn't feel vulnerable from every side. He preferred a position from which he could stay in control even if by now he definitely felt the booze he'd been drinking, because his vision wasn't as sharp and started to blur around the

edges, causing the night to appear way darker and that whole scene to seem gloomier even if the inside of the house provided him and Billy with quite enough light. It took him to arrive on the edge, leaning onto it and looking around for Steve to notice Billy was following him or at least following the same idea. He got to the side of the pool soon after, resting his arms on there and looking over at Steve.

"This is nice.", Billy said. "The pool. Reminds me of California." He turned his head to the sky, breathing really calm now.

Steve followed his gaze just to see that there were quite a few stars sparkling in the otherwise totally black night. He wasn't able to name any of them and only knew some of that terminology from his time spent with Dustin. Polestar, Ursa Major, Orion, Steve had no idea how they looked like, but he was pretty sure they were still up there. "You had a pool back then? Back in California?", Steve asked while he found that the longer he kept looking into the sky the more stars appeared and the more things he was able to see that he wasn't before. Maybe because his eyes adapted to the light but maybe it was because sometimes one just needed to pay closer attention to really see something.

"No. Better.", Billy said and smiled. "The ocean."

"Sounds better than some stupid pool.", Steve decided. "Never seen it though. The Pacific."

"It's great.", Billy said and the way he seemed to be able to see it in his memories made Steve believe every word. "I really want to go back sometimes."

"I guess Hawkins sucks in comparison.", Steve chuckled. "It's small, the people are weird, no ocean."

"Could be worse.", Billy decided.

"How?"

"Well, it's got that pool. Has to count for something." Billy grinned.

"Yeah, I guess.", Steve laughed.

"I don't know about you, Harrington, but if we keep talking about shit like that, I need another drink." With that, Billy turned around and pushed himself up to get out of the water. And well, Steve Steve couldn't keep himself from admiring how already tight-fitting jeans had gotten even more tighter in the water. Sadly the lighting wasn't even close to enough to be able to fully enjoy the view.

Billy walked over to their stack of booze, leaving wet footsteps on his way. He first got the rest of the beer and threw it over into the pool in a high arch. It landed quite a few feet away from Steve, splashing water into his direction and floating on the top. While Billy picked up two bottles of liquor Steve swam over to get the beer and put it to the side of the pool so it wouldn't get warm on the water. By the time Steve got back to the edge of the pool, Billy had sitten down there, letting his feet hang into the water and holding the bottle of whiskey to his mouth.

Because sitting so much lower than the other one felt kind of weird, Steve pushed himself out of the water as well and sat down next to Billy waiting for his turn on that bottle, even if he didn't necessarily need any more booze right now.

Being outside of the water was nice for a change. It wasn't windy or anything but every movement of air effected a cold feeling on Steve's skin that wasn't unpleasant but rather exciting. Made him feel more alive, but also that could have been the alcohol.

"I definitely need to use that diving board.", Billy decided after a while. He even got up before Steve could say anything so the other boy was left to follow him with his eyes while somewhat lurched over to the springboard. For a second Steve worried that maybe the combination of that and drinking wouldn't work out that well but Billy got on there rather skillful, causing some bounce and then jumping into the water head first. When he got up, he was laughing. "Your turn, Harrington! Don't make me throw you into the water again!", he teased.

Steve rolled his eyes. But he definitely wasn't going to bitch out so he stood up and walked over to that board as well. Sure walking had been easier before but this was nowhere near the drunkest Steve had ever been. Usually if one was sober enough to worry at least a little,

one couldn't be that drunk, at least that's what he kept telling himself when walking onto the board.

"Let me show you how it's done.", Steve announced, making eye contact with Billy who was swimming in some distance right now. After that, Steve looked down into the dark water. This wasn't high or anything and he'd been jumping down here countless times. He jumped and at least in his eyes accomplished a pretty decent dive. He cut the surface pretty close to Billy who by now had gotten to the side again, maybe to get out and make another jump.

Steve didn't estimate the distance correctly so both of them widened their eyes in surprise once they found themselves standing by the side of the pool so close now. Steve could see Billy open his eyes wider in the shine of the lamp while his pupils were already really large and made those blue-eyes, even more, look like a spawn of Steve's very own imagination. He expected the blonde boy to back off, make a step to the said or even make a douchy comment just to get that electricity away, that was almost physically sensible between them. Instead, the smirk on his lips turned into something more honest, his lips slightly parted and his tongue showing. Steve swallowed unable to look away or ignore what was right in front of him, especially now when no one was disturbing them. While Billy was the first one to move by raising his hand and cupping the side of Steve's face, Steve then was the one to push forward and finally crush their lips together.

It wasn't perfect. It was sloppy and wet, it tasted like booze and smoke. And it was awkward, almost clumsy, both of them trying to get the upper hand, tongues fighting to gain control, rolling against each other almost in a dancing manner. Biting the other one's lips, causing moans, tasting hints of blood unable to part just yet, while fingers were clenching into hair and skin, pulling and holding onto, leaving red marks and even bruised skin behind. Actually, it was perfect. There was no reservation or caution, just a need that had been carried too long by both of them, only sometimes emerging to the surface in the form of a long stare or a touch. In the form of imagination. This was better. This was way better.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you enjoyed this chapter. If you did, please leave kudos and comment. It really helps me to continue this story even further :)

18. Steve is left alone

Summary for the Chapter:

There was this kiss. This is what happened next.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve wasn't able to recall how long they'd been kissing when Billy started to push him back until his back was hitting the edge of the pool. Billy's broader chest was pressing hard and hot against his own seemingly causing the temperature of the water surrounding them to rise. But it wasn't only Billy's chest that was pressed close against Steve. One of his hands had been gliding down Steve's back until he reached his butt, pulling their hips together to create enough friction to cause them both to gasp.

Billy was the first one to break the kiss, leaning his head back without stopping his grip on Steve's butt or shoulder. He clenched his teeth and Steve wasn't sure how to translate that expression because Billy downright looked at him as if he was about to punch him in the face.

"That what you do?", Billy asked with a husky voice. "You won't get any bitches so why not go for the next best thing?"

Steve felt his heart rate go up and he knew this time it wasn't caused by arousal but rather his sense of danger. This was a dangerous question leading away from where they'd just been heading.

Billy leaned forward again, crushing their lips together even harder, this time to bite into Steve's bottom lip until the other boy jerked, trying to move but not being able because there was a wall behind him and Billy was holding him in place.

"What?", Billy hissed as if he hadn't done anything wrong. Steve could taste a drop of blood on his lip. He raised his hand to wipe it away, still not sure how to react. "Tell me how many and maybe I'll

suck your dick. How does that sound for an offer?" Billy looked like he was totally on edge and Steve had no idea what happened right now. Being pretty drunk also didn't help.

"How many what?", he finally brought up, trying to regain some space.

Billy snorted. "How many guys you got here to play this little game."

Steve started frowning. "What the hell? Nobody! Jesus, man, what's wrong with you?", he finally got himself to push Billy off a little. For a moment the other boy seemed surprised by that reaction and so Steve was able to move to the side so he didn't feel trapped there any longer.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!" Billy was still staring at him in anger. "Always staring at me. What are you? Some kind of fag, still somewhat in love with his ex-girlfriend? Get your fucking shit together!"

By now Steve was just staring at Billy with his jaw dropped.

"I'm sorry, let's just... We're both drunk and this was stupid and let's just forget about it, alright?", Steve finally got himself to say.

"Drunk.", Billy repeated in disgust. "Fine. Let's go with drunk. Let's go with nothing happened, for fucking nothing happened anyway." Billy looked away and then moved to the edge of the pool to get out of the water. Steve thought it was probably best just to follow him, but he had no clear intention of what to do when he got out.

When Billy got out, he knocked over the two bottles which shattered creating a small river of booze that flowed into the pool, meandering through bigger and smaller shards of colored and clear glass.

Steve kept standing by the side of the pool right where he'd gotten out of the water, while Billy walked over to his clothes, awkwardly getting dressed while still being wet.

"I can get you a towel.", Steve offered.

"Fuck you.", was the answer.

"I'm sorry.", Steve repeated.

"Already said that, Harrington.", Billy was bending down to put his shoes back on. Billy was now looking at the ground but still, Steve could his disbelieving expression.

"I mean it.", Steve mumbled. Wouldn't change much to discuss this now. He felt tired and dizzy and cold and scared and nothing helped to have a conversation about whatever had just gotten into Billy. The only thing Steve was able to think of right now was how much he feared that the things that just happened between them would change everything. Would make them never hang out again, not being able to bear each other's presence. And whatever was on Billy's mind right now, Steve was at least able to trace some fear there too. He wondered if they both feared the same thing now or if that little bubble they'd been in since last weeks party had just popped and released them back into reality, where there was nothing left anymore.

Billy was fully dressed now so he stood back up, looking over at Steve. Once they were making eye-contact, neither was moving. Steve didn't even breath. He wasn't sure why. Maybe because he could somehow still feel Billy's body pressed against his own. Maybe because the way Billy's lips were all red and swollen reminded him of how just minutes before he had one of the best times in his life. But maybe those blue eyes just were still enough to hypnotize him and make him forget everything else.

"Stay.", was the only thing Steve brought out and it was as if he broke the spell of that last moment by disturbing the shared silence. He wasn't even sure what he was implying there. Billy, staying there to talk this out or him staying to kiss again until things were right again?

"I should have never gotten here.", Billy declared. "Fucking stupid idea to begin with."

Steve made one step forward and immediately regretted it once Billy backed off.

"Stay out of my fucking way, Harrington, or you got way worse

things to worry about than a black eye!", Billy shouted.

Billy looked at Steve once more. Still angry. And bitter. Then he turned around and walked in the direction of the fence gate that led him to his car. Moments later the engine howled. Steve could see the light, the headlights were producing. But they disappeared just as soon as the boy himself.

Steve swallowed, still standing there. He was cold and the way water was still dripping down on the ground next to him made him feel totally vulnerable.

Fuck. FUCK. Steve held his head with both hands staring into the darkness listening to the newly gained silence, that appeared so much louder after the sound of steps broke off. He dropped to his knees and didn't care about the way his skin scraped open on the rough ground because right now he just needed to keep breathing while trying not to hyperventilate. So fucking stupid. Billy was right. Fucking stupid idea to begin with. Turned everything to fucking shit. Steve had crossed his arms over his chest, less for warmth than just to keep himself together while with every thought and with every second that passed he seemed to shatter some more just like those bottles had done before

After what seemed an eternity, Steve managed to get up. He turned his gaze around, seeing the remains of the past in form of alcohol, clothes and most of all shards everywhere on the ground, but still found nothing worth to look at. Steve walked over to the house to get a bucket. With that he walked over to the pool and started to collect all the pieces of glass with his bare hands, cutting himself a few times but nothing a bit of water wouldn't wash away. What was left of the brown whiskey and the blood on his hands, he got rid of by squatting down and splashing some of the pool water over it. Then he took the bucket inside, followed by another walk to take care of the still whole bottles and the untouched cans of beer to bring them back in too. When he got back out again, he then collected all his clothes and looked around once more. It didn't look like a nightmare anymore, but it sure felt like one. The chlorine and the booze burnt everywhere he's cut his hands, reminding him that the cuts were still there. Still, all his mind could think of right now was what wasn't there anymore.

Steve closed the door from the inside, turned off the light and walked upstairs, by now even questioning if all that just really happened. He felt painfully sober right now and still, nothing appeared real. Once he laid down in his bed with the lights off and the somehow still bloody hand bandaged, he kept returning to the pool with his mind. The moment before Billy pushed him in and their shoulders touched. The moment they were sitting next to each other sharing a bottle. The moment they were kissing and it was the greatest thing on this planet. How did this end up with Billy shouting at him and why did it matter so much, he couldn't sleep now?

Notes for the Chapter:

Now that just got angsty... Don't worry though, this is not how this story is going to end!

If you enjoyed this, please leave kudos and comment.

It helps me to continue this story every day. <3

19. Steve is avoiding people

Summary for the Chapter:

Wow, that had been a tough night. Steve is pretty down and lethargic and having to go to school is probably not a great idea.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

By the time he got up, Steve had more or less convinced himself to just forget about last night. After all, that's what they agreed on. That nothing's happened. It took Steve some time to come to this headspace, even if it still felt fragile and like it could crumble any second. But for now, it was there. Steve had spent lots of hours to get himself to be calm and almost lethargic, but this was better than hyperventilating and sobbing, especially when he had to go to school. Finally it was the alarm clock that put a stop to endeavor and got him to go to the bathroom.

Even if he tried to suppress the memories, it was hard denying all of them when Steve's face was such a strong reminder of every single one. For one, he still had a black eye that seemed to belong to a totally different timeline. But the dark circles under his eyes, his puffed cheeks and cloudy gaze almost made it hard to tell where the bruise started and where the effects of insomnia and excessive drinking were showing. Even a hot shower and a good breakfast wouldn't be able to get him presentable. Sadly skipping school was not an option if his plans to go to college were still a topic.

Steve hopped in the shower anyway, felt the water run hot over his body that ached through lack of sleep and hangover. He didn't feel a cleaning effect though. Maybe because he actually felt most filthy in his own head. He stepped outside the shower without using a towel, leaving a wet trace on his way to the mirror where he started to fix his hair. He didn't care he was causing the mess or getting the ground slippery. Once his hair was looking good, he started to feel a little like himself again. By now he was almost dry, walked over to his

room and started to get dressed.

The time was passing faster than he would like it right now. Maybe it was because everything seemed to take him longer because he still felt overall sluggish and miserable and he feared a wrong move would make things bad again. Worse. So bad, he couldn't go on with this day, but he'd better not think about that right now. Instead, he grabbed his bag and walked down. Skipping breakfast was not only a given because of his lack of time. He had no appetite whatsoever and he just didn't care to eat anything now. Maybe later in school.

Walking out to his car meant walking exactly there where Billy had run of yesterday. Although he could avoid going to the poolside, this didn't feel good either. Sitting behind the wheel, he could see all the thin and bigger cuts on his hands. The bandage must have fallen off sometime between last night and now. At least they weren't bleeding anymore or hurting. He hoped noone would notice today. Not the cuts or the undereye circles or the fact that he felt like shit, even though he was pretty sure that Nancy would. She noticed that kind of stuff. He should avoid Nancy today.

Funny how thinking about Nancy brought up another face in his mind he should avoid today. Even funnier that the first thing he felt seeing that blue eyes as if they were looking at him was calm. And it was the good kind of calm, that brought up a smile, not the sad calm he felt right now. Thinking of him still felt mainly good. It was the memory of doing stupid things that hurt. Drinking too much, rushing into that kiss without thinking twice. But most of all the way Billy looked at him last night before he left with that anger and blame. Yup, that's what hurt the most right now. The fear of never seeing that smirk on his lips again when he said something sarcastic or teased him. Steve swallowed and started the car's engine. So much for building a protective layer in his head to stop him from thinking about that.

When Steve arrived at school, of course, the only free spot was next to Billy's Camarro. Must be his fucking lucky day. The only good thing right now was that all the other students were already heading inside and there was no sign of Billy anywhere. Steve couldn't bear looking at him right now. So when he walked to the school building, Steve was staring right on the ground. Maybe this would even have

the effect that no one noticed how shitty he looked right now or at least they wouldn't talk to him if they did.

Good thing was that he was sitting next to Tommy in his first class and that boy just didn't give a shit about anything than himself, especially not the way Steve was looking. Maybe he would have noticed if Steve was late. So he just chattered to him about any girl he found hot and his plans for the weekend, not even caring if Steve was listening. That was a good thing because he didn't. He had a hard time focussing on a certain topic. While that might not have been a new thing for Steve in general, this day he just reached a sad peak on that. But he came up with a plan to avoid certain people as well as people in general during the breaks and lunchtime. He would just get into his car and wait for the time to pass by. Maybe he could work in there on his essay if he was able to bear looking at Billy's handwriting. He could just listen to the radio if everything else failed.

Though Tommy was still talking to him or, at least, producing noises with his mouth, Steve took a flight once the lesson was over. He got through the hallway before it was too full of people or Nancy was able to track him down. Steve then walked the same way back to his car, as he walked to the school beforehand. Looking down on the ground, to avoid seeing anyone or anything. Once he got inside and closed the door behind him, he felt safer and not so vulnerable anymore.

For a brief moment, he reconciled with the idea to just drive home and get back into his bad. Wait for another day and time to pass to make him feel better. But he just put his head down on the wheel. There was more than enough time to close his eyes for a second and stop himself from overthinking.

He must have dozed off for a second, because all of the sudden the start of music playing caused him to jerk, almost releasing a scream. Steve blinked, staring at the school in front of him, trying to regain some orientation. The music was weird and close so he looked at the radio, whether he'd turned it on in his sleep. Shit, how long was he even out of it? He could see people there so it must be some kind of break. Also, he didn't feel as if he got any sleep so was pretty sure, he just missed a couple of minutes.

The loud noise of a door being slammed shut right next to him then caught his attention and made him freeze. Well, at least he did find the origin of the loud music because Billy just got out of his car, starring at Steve in a mix of confusion and anger. The smartest thing to do, especially after being threatened with something worse than a black eye, would probably be to just run off. But Steve Harrington was no one to flee a fight, and not only because he felt like he deserved some sort of punishment this time. But Billy didn't come over to his door to get Steve outside but he pulled open the passenger door instead.

While Steve was still unable to move, Billy got inside and closed the door behind him. He didn't look at Steve anymore, nor did he say a word. Steve could just hear him release a sigh before he started rubbing his forehead with both his hands.

"You're not going to punch me, are you?", Steve asked.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you like this story, please comment and leave kudos. This helps me so much to continue writing this every day.

20. Steve is in a better mood now

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy and Steve talk in the car.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"You're not going to punch me, are you?", Steve asked.

Billy stopped to rub his forehead and slowly turned his head around to look at Steve.

"You want me to punch you?"

"No?"

"Good. I think you've had quite enough of that.", Billy smirked.

Steve didn't trust this behavior. Not only had Billy looked kind of angry a few seconds before, but the memory of last night was still pretty present in his own head.

"Sure.", he just said, looking back at the wheel in front of him.

Billy sighed. "Look, man, can we just talk for a second?"

Steve swallowed and finally brought himself to turn his head while simultaneously leaning it against the headrest. "Yeah. Let's talk.", he said, even if he wasn't totally convinced of that.

"Shit, I mean...", Billy stumbled. He avoided looking directly into Steve's eyes and appeared to have a hard time finding the right words. "I'm sorry for freaking last night. I... I really shouldn't have just left you there."

"It's okay.", Steve nodded, although it obviously was far from okay as far as he was concerned. "I totally understand."

"I mean..." There was an insecure smile on Billy's face as if he tried to convince himself just as much as he tried to with Steve. "We were both pretty shitfaced."

"Yeah.", Steve smirked. He expected accusations. Actually talking about that didn't feel half as bad in comparison.

"It's just so stupid and also really nothing happened and can we just go back to... you know... Before?"

Steve frowned. "What time before? Before last night or before last Friday?"

Billy sighed. "I guess, things changed a lot, huh?" He licked his lips. "Nah, before last night. Us talking and all just... without getting things all weird, you know?", he raised a brow.

Steve nodded. He felt a little torn on the inside. For one, he was really glad to work things out right now. Going back and ignoring that they kissed, especially since he was almost able to taste the other boy's lips on his own right now, just didn't feel like the right thing to do. But, if he had to decide to go back and being just friends or not talking anymore and having that awkward silence between, his choice was pretty obvious. "Yes, that sounds like a decent plan."

Billy looked relieved and even closed his eyes for a second as if he'd feared a separation just as much as Steve did.

For quite some time neither one of them said a word and the only thing both of them were hearing was the other one's breathing. Although it was silent, it didn't feel uncomfortable and strangely was what both of them needed right now. Just things to be okay and not shit. Just being close without anything keeping them apart. Steve was loosening his grip on the wheel and started to work his head upon the fact that things could be okay after all when Billy started talking again.

"Fuck! What happened to your hands?", without a warning, Billy grabbed Steve's right wrist and hold it so he was able to see all the little cuts around the fingers and the palm of his hand. Before Steve could even say a word or explain that, Billy raised his right hand to

trace the red lines with his fingertips. The way he was looking at them all concerned while moving so gentle, almost caused Steve to gasp. He stayed silent until Billy was looking over at him and softened his grip on Steve's wrist.

"You remember knocking over that bottle?", Steve asked.

"Shit, I guess...", Billy said. A line appeared between his brows. "You idiot picked the glass up with bare hands, didn't you?"

Steve sighed and nodded. "Looks like it." His mouth twisted. "I just wasn't myself last night, I guess."

"I should have helped with the mess.", Billy said. "Especially since I caused it."

"It's okay.", Steve nodded. "Didn't take me long."

"Well, it definitely added to your look. You look like a fighter, Harrington.", Billy joked.

"Very funny.", Steve rolled his eyes, although he wasn't able to keep himself from grinning. "I look like an idiot."

"I won't object you on that.", Billy laughed. "Your girl's not going to be happy with you, especially after telling you to be careful."

The way Billy still held his hand up, even if he wasn't gripping that close, felt strangely intimate. "Been avoiding her today."

"You've been avoiding me, too?"

"Kind of.", Steve said. "Didn't want to make things worse." He left a short break. "Or get my nose broken."

Billy's smile slightly faded. "I probably won't punch you anytime soon, okay?"

"At least wait for me to heal up or something.", Steve grinned. "I look bad already."

"You do look like shit today.", Billy said, what sounded more like a

concern than an actual insult. He finally let go of Steve's hand to turn further around and look at his face. The skin on Steve's wrist still felt hot after that and Steve started automatically rubbing it with his other hand.

"I couldn't sleep.", Steve told. This was probably oversharing. This was showing emotional involvement and they already agreed to not do that. The fact that Billy wasn't immediately saying something to that made Steve feel bad. He lowered his gaze and his face started to blush. When he looked back up, Billy was staring out of the window of the car as well.

"Me too.", he said. "Wanted to break stuff or something."

Steve swallowed. He didn't imagine Billy having a hard time after that, but he probably feared for their newly grown friendship. Maybe he worried, Steve would kiss him again or that he would talk to anyone about that. "Well, did you?"

"What?", Billy looked back at him.

"Break something.", Steve clarified.

A smirk returned to Billy's face. "Yeah."

"I'm just glad it wasn't my nose.", Steve chuckled.

"Couldn't hurt that pretty face.", Billy joked. "Even if it looks a little disfigured right now."

"Wow, thanks.", Steve said sarcastically.

"Oh fuck off.", Billy still laughed. "We should better head to class. Everyone's inside already."

Steve turned his head just to see that the space before school that he remembered to be really crowded was totally abandoned right now.

"Shit. Do you know what time it is?"

"Too late?", Billy took a guess.

"Yeah, but it's still like the first break, isn't it? I fell asleep in the car earlier..."

Billy grinned. "Yeah, you're fine.", he said. "Come on, let's go.", with that, he lightly tapped on Steve's thigh with his flat hand, before reaching for the door handle and getting outside.

Steve was way to winded up to pay this gesture too much attention, but he could still somewhat feel just being touched when they walked back to the building. So much that he forgot locking his car's doors because his attention was focussed elsewhere.

Before they actually went inside the building, Billy stopped and made Steve turn around to face him once more.

"Things are good now, right? I mean, we're good to hang out and talk and shit, are we?"

Steve could feel the corners of his mouth lifting. "Sure. We're cool. Maybe we should skip the drinking though."

Billy grinned. "Since your father's booze fell victim to last night, I'm not so worried about that. See you later, Harrington."

With that, Billy walked by Steve but not without their fingers touching for the split of a second. Steve wasn't sure whether this was intentional or not or if Billy or himself had caused that touch, but he also didn't care about those questions when he walked back to class with his mood being uplifted and a smile on his lips. Maybe things were going to turn out alright after all.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos and comment down below. This really makes my day and helps me to keep up with writing and adding another chapter everyday :) Thank you so much! <3

21. Steve is arousing Nancy's suspicions

Summary for the Chapter:

School's over and Steve is about to head home.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

And school did turn out alright after all. At least compared to the shitty first class Steve had earlier. He was still hella tired but he didn't feel like having a mental breakdown anytime soon. That was a huge plus and definitely better than whatever was going on inside his head earlier. He was still pretty bad in focussing on anything because instead of all the images from last night it were now the images of the morning that kept popping up in Steve's head. He couldn't keep himself from thinking that those touches, although they obviously did happen before, definitely felt even more meaningful right now. Steve worried that this was just on him, overinterpreting every casual move. But then again, after making out in the pool what move could be considered casual anymore? But well, they both agreed to ignore that, so that's what Steve was going to do. Except maybe for the rare occasion of him alone in the shower but he shouldn't delve into that thought right now. Especially since his teacher just started to ask all of them to participate and this wouldn't be the best time to accidentally blurt out anything weird because he was daydreaming.

This mental fight with upcoming thoughts that kept trying to get more than just his mind involved, continued for the rest of the school time. When Steve was heading to his car afterward, he was thinking about how maybe he could slow down a little just to have a better chance of meeting Billy again. And since his car was still there, things looked got.

Steve kept staring at that Camaro while approaching his car and when he fumbled with his keys and then the door of his own car seemingly opened himself, Steve literally made a jump backward and dropped his set of keys to the ground.

Nancy came out of the car, laughing at him jumping out of his skin. "Did I scare you?"

"What are you even doing there? How did you get in the car?", Steve blushed because he felt she just caught him with all this daydreaming he was doing.

"Could ask you the same thing.", Nancy chuckled. "I just walked by and saw that your window was slightly open. And then I looked closer and saw that you didn't even lock your car. I thought I better wait here so nobody's stealing anything or getting inside."

"So you got inside my car to make sure nobody else would?", Steve raised a brow. By now at least his heart rate got back to normal again, but he still felt a little jumpy.

Nancy just grimaced back at him and then closed the door she'd just gotten out of. "I didn't see you earlier.", she said.

Steve sighed. "I went here to take a short nap.", he said. "Probably forgot to lock it afterward."

"You do look really tired.", Nancy noticed. "Did anything happen with your parents?"

"No.", Steve shook his head. For a second he had thought about using that excuse but then he decided against it. "They left yesterday for another conference. I just couldn't sleep, that's all."

"You want to talk about it?", Nancy looked concerned.

"What?"

"Steve.", Nancy just said his name, expecting him to know exactly what she was talking about.

Steve frowned. "There is nothing to talk about really.", he said. "Maybe I get sick or something."

"You don't look sick.", Nancy stated, obviously not buying any of this bullshit. "I mean, you look terrible, you don't look sick."

"I'll look better if I get a good night's sleep tonight.", Steve said. He tried not to sound annoying but started looking whether he could see Jonathan waiting for Nancy in the parking lot because this conversation wasn't going that well.

"Billy doesn't look got either.", Nancy said with an ominous voice, looking over Steve's shoulder. Steve looked at her a little shocked until he understood that the boy was approaching them right now and Nancy did not come to the conclusion, both their conditions were somewhat correlating.

Steve turned around and saw Billy walking toward them. Maybe he didn't look close enough before or maybe Billy was looking just more tired right now, but there were definitely some dark circles showing under his eyes, even if he seemingly looked like he was in a good mood.

"Harrington! Being bossed around by your girlfriend again?", he teased once he arrived there.

Nancy didn't comment on that and just rolled her eyes. "What do you want?", she asked.

"Last time I checked this was my car.", Billy said almost a little harsh. He raised his chin to show in the direction of the Camaro and that caused Nancy to look at Steve as if that just had raised a question in here. "Also, no need to act like your not happy to see me." Billy grinned and licked his bottom lip which definitely did not make Steve think about how he had tasted last night.

"I just waited for Steve.", Nancy declared, rolling her eyes for the second time.

"You sure did.", Billy teased. "Who wouldn't?"

Steve bit his tongue.

"Hiding from that weird boyfriend of yours?"

"He isn't weird.", Nancy said, getting more angry with the second. "Whatever." She threw another gaze in Steve's direction and then just went off. Steve raised a hand to wave at her, but she didn't turn

around.

Billy walked closer and now leaned against the hood of Steve's car. He looked rather pleased with himself.

"You like that? Making her angry?", Steve asked. He wasn't blaming but above all curious why Billy always acted the way he did.

Billy sighed. "I mean, I get it, she's cute and all but she isn't the fucking princess of this school. I'm just trying to get her back to earth."

Steve's mouth curved into a grin. "Well, you sure pissed her off." He even felt bad for being a bit amused by that but most of all he was pretty relieved, Nancy wouldn't go deeper into why he and Billy looked like they did just have the worst night in their lives. She was way too smart not to get to conclusions and the chance for them to be the right one was too high.

"At least she could see that your not always on her side.", Billy shook his head.

"Oh, are there sides now?", Steve raised a brow.

"Well, being on her side and not being on her side. Already told you, that you shouldn't let yourself be bossed around by her all the time."

Steve leaned against the hood of his car right next to Billy while the other boy pulled out a pack of cigarettes and lighted one up in his mouth.

"I don't think she really is.", Steve said, looking at the ground.

"Well, she's definitely trying to keep her options open for when that weird one's getting tired of her shit."

"Jonathan.", Steve said. "He's not that weird. Just quiet."

"Fine. Whatever.", Billy rolled his eyes taking a drag from his cigarette.

"Whatever she's doing, she's been really curious on why we both look

like this today.", Steve finally dared to bring that topic up.

Billy turned his gaze around just to face him with a big frown. "Like what?"

"Tired. Different.", Steve took some guesses. "Maybe it's good you got her to run off."

"Shit, that's not good.", Billy decided, before taking another drag. He looked almost frightened, going through a lot of thoughts in his head. "She said anything?"

"No. Just that I look tired. And then later when you showed up, she basically said the same."

"Okay.", Billy swallowed. "Well, people get tired all the time."

Steve nodded.

"It's not like this is super weird or anything. And she doesn't know I was over, right?"

"I don't think so.", Steve said.

"You don't THINK so?", Billy raised a brow, sounding a little angry.

"I didn't tell her. I'm sure, she doesn't know. Well and all she could safely assume is that we are idiots and drinking too much which is basically the whole story."

"Yeah.", Billy took another drag of his cigarette before throwing the butt on the ground. "You're probably right."

"At least it won't help to obsess about it and act weird.", Steve said. "Just like... go on as before, I guess. And we already agreed to that, so once we got some sleep, this is going to be fine."

"Sure, nothing to worry about.", Billy sighed and looked over his shoulder at his car. "I better get going, I need to pick up Max."

"Okay.", Steve said. Billy didn't move for a moment and instead returned his gaze to Steve looking into his eyes. Steve could still see

unease and worry in those blue eyes and tried not to mimic them but rather showing stability with his own face, as hard as that might be right in this moment. He also wanted to hug Billy and that was really weird.

"I might be over later.", was the last thing Billy said before he pushed himself off the hood and went to his car without turning around. Steve wasn't sure what to make of that statement or even if he'd just understood it correctly. If Billy was really coming over later, Steve wasn't sure where this would end up.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you enjoyed reading. If you did, make sure to leave kudos and comment. Your comments always make my day and help me to continue writing more of this story every day <3

22. Friends now, huh?

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is having some thoughts about his new arrangement with Billy.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve was leaning to his car for a little longer, watching Billy drive away with loud music blasting out of the rolled-down window. Billy even put his elbow on there looking really chill this way. He was wearing sunglasses now and Steve did his best not to stare or think about how hot he looked in these because this wasn't what they had agreed to. It didn't work very well and so Steve watched Billy pull out of the parking space and drive away before he even dared to move into his own car. He didn't pay much attention to this before, but the parking space was actually pretty empty right now and they must have sat and talked here for quite a while even if it had felt oh so short for Steve. He sighed and then got into his car to not waste more time by just standing around doing nothing.

When he got home, Steve's body was pretty much just on autopilot. He was really exhausted and was almost surprised when he found himself standing in the kitchen heating up some hot chocolate like his mom would do for him when he had a hard time with anything. Sure those times seemed to become more frequent lately. This should have been worrying but because these low times always were accompanied by quite the opposite, Steve didn't feel that bad about them. Overall the last week was still pretty great and he felt better than he did before. Less depressed and stagnant and more social and active. From time to time he felt awesome and this, indeed, was caused by Billy whether he knew that or not. He felt like actually doing things now, for example writing this essay or talking to people other than Nancy checking up on him. He could bare having some bad days while there were still good times. But right now there was mostly one good time on Steve's mind that he would like to relive. Sadly his hopes weren't that high, even if he was almost willing to

give up everything else just to feel Billy like this one more time.

By now the milk on the stove was boiling over and Steve was cursing when it hit the stovetop, hissed and sizzled and built a black, bubbly layer. Steve poured the hot milk into a cup, careful not to get any of the burnt residues in there. Then he put the pot in the dishwasher and added chocolate into his milk to let it dissolve in there. He turned off the heat on the stove and tried to clean up the mess he made with running the edge of a knife over there and scratching this black layer off, even creating some sparks with that. Afterwards, he wiped a wet towel over there and was pretty pleased with the result. He put a tiny spoon into his cup, stirred the chocolate once more and was presented with the familiar smell. Maybe while he was still daydreaming about hocking up with a certain blue-eyed boy, he should stay away from fire and electronic devices if he just ended up creating chaos. That was embarrassing.

Steve, after taking a first sip of the hot drink, carried his cup upstairs and sat down on the side of his bed just to calm down for a couple of minutes. He finished the cup and put it right next to the cup that was still sitting on his nightstand since his mom had brought it to him. Steve wondered what her advice would be in this situation. Of course, he wouldn't be able to actually tell her what happened, but she would definitely get the situation. Like if Steve just happened to kiss a girl he was friends with but she got mad at him. Of course, this wasn't quite like the whole story, but his mom might have an advice anyway. Or at least she was able to make hot chocolate that didn't taste like burnt milk.

Friends now, huh? Like buddies. Just hanging out, drinking, not touching. Okay, sometimes touching, but definitely not imagining each other naked or sucking on the other one's lips. That was a no. And not staring. Not quite so much staring that the world stopped although Steve might have forgotten how that worked. How was anybody even able to think clearly while looking into these deep blue eyes. That wasn't fair.

And he couldn't ask Nancy either. Not only would she be pretty angry to find out what had happened. With her being attracted to Billy, she probably wouldn't have any viable advice anyway. She would use it if she had and not end up always talking to him or sending Steve like

she did before. Of course, it wasn't like Steve was attracted to him. Not really. Or was it? Steve imagined pretty much nobody could deny that Billy was good-looking so this might just be him admiring something attractive. Like an old painting or something. It was okay to stare at those, wasn't it? Nothing weird about it at all. Well... Jerking off to one might be weird after all, so maybe this resemblance sucked. But there was no way, Steve was attracted to Billy like he would be to... a girl. On the other hand, there was really no girl Steve would say he was attracted to right now and if he closed his eyes for a second, there was only one face that popped up.

But even with thinking about that, frowning and asking uncomfortable questions that didn't get him anywhere, there was one question that Steve was more curious about than anything else: Why did he kiss back in the first place. And boy, did he kiss back. Steve had never kissed like this before. Usually, he had been the more aggressive one, at least with girls. This time it was like a fight but in a good way. Exciting and dangerous and unpredictable. And from what he felt, Steve could tell that the other boy seemed to be pretty into this. At least before he started talking. He was kissing Steve just as much as Steve kissed him, even if he didn't start it. For that to be just the alcohol... Steve wasn't so sure about that. And then the weird talking about Steve supposedly having other boys over like this wasn't special in every way and the best thing Steve's ever felt. But yeah, let's go back to friends again and talking and shit, ignoring that last night happened at all, ignoring all the times Billy grabbed Steve's thigh or starred at him, too. That was totally fine with Steve and he definitely didn't keep obsessing with this every breathing minute it wasn't happening.

With a rolling of his eyes and sick of his own bullshit, Steve got up and sat down on his desk to at least pretend to do something productive this day. This essay wouldn't write itself and after all, it was a good reminder of the friendship part of their relationship before everything went bananas.

Maybe it was because Steve's mind desperately needed that break from overthinking everything and doing boring stuff actually helped, but he managed to work for quite a few hours on his essay, even finishing another draft. Of course, he needed to proofread it once

more but it was definitely way better than the first one and he considered most of the notes Billy gave him. Now Steve would see whether he should give this to Billy again or just switch for Nancy. Maybe it was good to take their friendship back to this but asking Nancy to take a look was way less dangerous.

The doorbell put an end to that and almost had Steve jump out of his chair. It wasn't like Steve actually forgot Billy's statement about coming over but really didn't expect that boy to actually get here. His heart was racing and he felt he was blushing while getting down the stairs. What was he even doing here?

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos and comment. This helps me so much to continue writing this.

Also feel free to write me on [tumblr](#). I always love hearing from all of you <3

23. Not in the mood for fighting

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy is coming over.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve was rubbing his forehead with his left hand while walking down the stairs, probably messing up his hair doing it, but he started feeling tense and nervous all over again. But there was also this hint of excitement and something in him that wanted things to escalate again and that was what worried him most.

He got down to the door, hesitated for a moment but then reached for the handle and pulled it open. Of course, Billy was standing there. He was wearing the same shirt and jeans combo he did to school and looked inevitably just as good as he did when he left in his car before. Just as good as yesterday. As usual, really. Steve suppressed the need for a sigh and stepped to the side to let the other boy get inside. He had no idea what he should be saying and since Billy stayed quiet as well, he felt there was no need to disturb the silence.

Billy walked past Steve almost awkwardly close causing their shoulders brush together. He then waited so Steve could close the door and turn around, still with no idea what to say or to do to keep this weird balance that seemed to balance this situation to not end up being a total mess.

"You have a beer?", Billy finally brought up. This reminded Steve so much of last night, he could feel it almost physical.

"Yeah.", he nodded. He walked into the kitchen hearing steps that followed him. Then he took two cans of beer out and threw one over to Billy who almost didn't catch it because he was staring at the pool that was good to see through the window.

Steve swallowed while he opened his own can and watched Billy do

the same thing.

"What were you doing?", Billy asked, leaning on the counter. Steve could see that he avoided turning his head the way he would be able to see outside.

"Actually working on that essay upstairs. Been sitting there a few hours. You?"

"Brought Max home. Then drove around for a while. Didn't know if it was a smart idea to get here.", a smirk returned to Billy's face.

Steve felt one corner of his mouth raise into a half-smile. "Sure, you can come over.", he shrugged like this was not at all a big deal.

"Good. I'm not good being on my own right now.", Billy sighed.

"What do you mean?", Steve frowned.

"Nothing. Whatever. I don't seem to be good with you either, so this is probably equally bad." Billy put on a smile but it didn't seem honest.

"So you don't want to be here?"

"I really don't want to be at home right now.", Billy corrected him. "And I thought hanging out could be fun. More fun than sitting in my car and waiting for the time to pass. It's okay, right?"

It took Steve a moment to process this, but then he nodded. "Sure. Stay.", he said. "What's wrong with being home?"

"You a fucking therapist now, Harrington?", Billy groaned. "It's Thursday. My dad's home earlier and I'm not in the mood for fighting. Again."

Steve nodded. The way Billy was avoiding to look at him while he was talking made him stop asking more questions in this direction. It was none of his business anyway. The only thing he knew was that Billy, of course, had a place to stay here. He could bare being a little uncomfortable and not knowing what to say. He didn't like seeing Billy upset and there was really not a difference whether Steve had

caused it himself by kissing him or it was his family situation.

"Wanna go upstairs?", Steve finally offered. "It's too cold to sit outside." It wasn't really too cold, but he didn't want to use the word pool in his sentence. It still felt troubling.

Billy then nodded and followed Steve when he headed up the stairs.

"It's quiet in here.", Billy said. Steve didn't quite know what he was talking about, so he didn't say anything and kept going to his room. The first thing he did was turning around the papers of his essay because he didn't want Billy to see them before he was really sure about them. Billy didn't pay much attention to that and just walked by him and let himself sink down on Steve's bed. Steve thought about going over there and sitting down next to him. In the light of the most recent events, he thought it might be better to keep a distance so he turned around his chair and sat down there.

"You mind if I smoke in here?", Billy asked after a moment of silence.

"Not if you stand by the window.", Steve decided. His father didn't like the smell, but when they had friends over they sometimes smoked in here, too. Also his parents never really got in here and until they got back, there wouldn't be anything left to smell.

Billy stood and walked over to the window and opened it before he pulled a pack of cigarettes out of the pocket of his jacket. The only light burning in Steve's room right now was his desk light and because the light beam didn't hit the room in front of the window, Billy's face wasn't visible until the end of his cig was gleaming in a dark orange.

Steve didn't even question the fact that he was staring at him now. The way he just leaned against the wall, blowing smoke into the dark air surrounding him, was dark and fascinating. Steve felt that Billy was looking back at him but he couldn't tell what that was about. Annoyance, attraction, anger, apathy - could be anything really. He didn't last longer than a minute watching before he got up and walked over to ask Billy for a cigarette. Instead of lighting up another one, Billy gave the cigarette over to Steve to take a pull. Steve wasn't really one for smoking but right now being a little

calmer sounded pretty nice. He didn't think about sharing a cigarette though, which felt strangely intimate all over again. Steve took a pull on it and gave it over just to watch Billy place his lips where Steve's had been a moment before. And of course there was this habit of Billy to lick his lips or do this weird thing with his tongue and by now Steve didn't know if that was even unintentionally or just to tease him. He didn't care much though, so the cigarette seemed to help. When they finished it, Billy put it out on the windowsill and let the cigarette butt drop down outside.

"Didn't know you were smoking.", Billy said.

"Usually I'm not. Just sometimes on parties, I guess, but... I don't know. I just felt like it."

"I'm having a bad influence on you, don't I. Get you to talk back to your girl, make you smoke...", he counted with his fingers.

"You also read my essay. That should be more than enough to make up for that.", Steve said.

"How is that going?"

"Mediocre.", Steve said. "Better now, but writing is definitely not my strong side."

Billy started chuckling as if Steve had just told a joke so Steve raised an eyebrow waiting for an explanation.

"Nothing.", Billy continued to chuckle. "I just looked at your eye and thought, Basketball is definitely not your strong side either." He laughed again.

Steve rolled his eyes but couldn't keep himself from grinning. This wasn't even all that funny but seeing Billy happy felt good. Not that he was admitting that to himself at this point.

"Yeah, still looking for it.", Steve said.

"Hit me up, when you find it.", Billy placed a hand on Steve's shoulder to give him a casual pat, before hesitantly pulling his hand away again.

Why did Steve always feel so warm inside, when this boy was touching him? It felt like his own skin was radiating heat, even after the touch itself was over. Even when there had been layers of clothing in between. Now Steve was thinking about the way those hands had gripped his shoulder and his hips last night, holding him almost too tight, just the way it felt amazing. Fuck. Bad idea to think about that right now. Steve stopped to look into Billy's eyes and walked over to the desk again, trying to hide the fact that he just started getting hard by crossing his legs.

Billy kept standing there for a moment and then returned to the bed where he'd been sitting before. He wasn't looking at Steve's crotch right now and that had to be considered a good thing. But the way his gaze was pointing directly into Steve's eyes almost had the same unsettling effect. It looked like he could read right through him, hear everything he thought at that moment and somehow that wasn't even intimidating. Maybe because Steve felt like he was doing the same.

Billy broke that eye contact at first to grab his can of beer and finish it like he really needed a drink right now. Steve couldn't blame him and took a huge sip as well, only leaving some rest in the can.

Billy sighed and looked back at Steve once he put his can to the side. "I don't know man...", he mumbled. "Why is it, every time I look at you I keep thinking about last night?"

Notes for the Chapter:

Please leave kudos or comment down below if you enjoyed reading this. All your comments help me so much to keep writing this story. Also feel free to get in touch on Tumblr @confettibites. I always love hearing from you <3

24. If you want to

Summary for the Chapter:

The evening continues and it's getting late.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"Why is it, every time I look at you I keep thinking about last night?"

Steve swallowed, browsing his head for the right thing to say to this. He wasn't even sure, what Billy was referring to by this. Last night had many different elements to it. Jumping into the water and talking, kissing each other like it was the only thing they needed, Billy shouting at him and kicking the bottles. Steve definitely knew what he was thinking about watching the other boy's mouth.

"What part exactly?", Steve asked. He avoided looking into Billy's eyes while he asked this because it felt awkward. Either the answer to this would be too obvious or it would cause even more tension. He asked it anyway and waited for an answer.

"I guess it went a little wild with all the ups and downs.", Billy chuckled.

Steve nodded. "Quite so." He dared to look up again just to see that Billy was now sitting closer to the edge of the bed.

"There's more beer in the fridge isn't it?", he asked and stood up.

"Yeah, sure.", Steve said and got up as well. "You want me to get some more."

"Nah, by now, I know the way." To get to the door, Billy had to walk by very close to Steve. He looked at him and smiled before he turned and got out of the door before Steve could make an objection.

Steve just kept standing there smelling hints of smoke and cologne in the now pretty cold air while he listened to the steps on the stairs and

finally the sound of the fridge being opened. He turned around and faced the now empty bed and then the place by the window where they stood minutes before. He had one hand on his hip and the other one vigorously running through his hair until he could hear Billy return and just sat down on the chair again. He tried to loosen his expression a little to look casual and not like a thousand things were running through his head right now. This was so meant to fail.

Of course, Billy didn't drink one beer but all the beer that was left in the fridge which meant three in the total. He gave one over to Steve who had yet to finish the first one. Then Billy sat down on the bed again, causing it to squeak, a sound that always excited Steve.

Billy didn't miss the change in Steve's eyes and grinned. "That's not very practical.", he said bobbing up and down to make it squeak even more while watching every movement of Steve's face from his dropping jaw to his broadening pupils. "It's probably good your parents are never home."

"It's not like there was anything for them to hear really.", Steve frowned, still watching Billy move up and down.

"That really depressing.", Billy grinned and then rolled his eyes in acted disappointment. He stopped moving now even if the bed still slightly squeaked. "We should work on that."

"What?", Steve raised a brow.

"Getting you laid.", Billy stated before he took another sip of the newly opened beer. "You definitely look like you need that."

"Oh hell no!", Steve said.

"Because Miss Nancy wouldn't approve?", Billy teased. "You should really start thinking of yourself and that girl isn't good for you. Stop waiting for her to leave creepy-dude."

"Jonathan."

"That's what I said. Anyway, what is Steve Harrington into? I mean, I know the selection in this shithole of a town is lousy but I'm sure we find a nice girl that totally has the hots for Steve Harrington, former

keg king of Hawkins.", Billy raised his beer while naming Steve and his previous title.

Steve rolled his eyes but bit his tongue. Now was not the best time to mention his type had changed a little since Nancy broke up with him. Or drastically.

"I don't really have a type."

"How about... Amy?"

Of course, he had to name Amy. Amy had a reputation for, pretty much, doing anything when she drank too much. Including Steve. He'd rather not think about the short time the two of them dated.

"That didn't work out. Also, you can cross Laurie and Becky off your list."

The look on Billy's face changed from a little proud to slightly concerned and Steve wasn't sure what to do with that information.

"And you're sure neither of them would do the same mistake twice?", Billy raised a brow.

Steve shrugged. "I don't know. I don't want them too, really. This was all before Nancy and all."

"You mean when you were still allowed to have fun.", Billy teased.

"I still have fun. Sometimes.", Steve said, a little amused.

"Hit me up when the time has come.", Billy chuckled. "Would love to see that for a change."

"What?", Steve asked and raised an eyebrow. "I'm not entertaining enough for you?"

"Nah, you're a bundle of joy, Harrington.", Billy grinned. "Never let anyone tell you otherwise."

"Oh, thank you.", Steve said sarcastically.

Billy laughed. After a moment he then sighed and let himself sink back onto the bed. Only his feet were planted on the ground. He balanced the beer in his hand but Steve was almost sure, the other boy just closed his eyes for a second, when his head was laying down on Steve's sheets. Steve wondered if he was able to smell Steve the way he could smell Billy right now. Well, actually he wondered whether he liked it as much.

"Maybe the beer isn't the best idea. Always makes me really tired if I'm not partying or anything."

"You can crash here if you don't wanna go home.", Steve said before he could even think about it.

"Shit I might even take you on that offer." Steve could see Billy's chest move up and down while he chuckled. "It's not like you don't have enough space here anyway."

Steve smiled. "Well, we already slept in your car and my bed's bigger than that."

"You let me sleep in your bed?", Billy asked.

The question made Steve's jaw tense up. He didn't really think twice about that offer and the fact that there was literally a whole empty house with places to sleep, yet the only thing he thought of was having Billy sleep next to him. It was good he was lying down now, so he wasn't able to see Steve blush. The real surprise was however that this question didn't sound like he didn't want to. Just like he wanted to make sure if that was okay.

"If you want to.", Steve got himself to say.

"You would have to pull me off here anyway. It may be awfully noisy but this is hella comfortable.", Billy stated. He raised his upper body once more to finish this can of beer and put it on the nightstand. He frowned when he saw the empty cups still having a little rest of hot chocolate in them. "What are you? Literally four years old?", he shook his head.

"You don't like hot chocolate?", Steve asked. "I was just tired when I

got home and ended up making one. It's a thing my mom sometimes does for me, I'm not even sure why I started making it myself, to be honest."

Billy looked back at Steve now and his gaze softened a little. "You are on good terms with her?", he asked. "Your mom?"

Steve thought about it for a second but then he nodded. "I just think she deserves better than having to follow my father anywhere because he's an asshole and a cheater.", he shrugged.

"Yeah, I can tell a thing or two about asshole fathers.", Billy said but he didn't sound like he was going to go further into this now.

"And your mom?"

"She's dead.", Billy said. He was talking quieter now than he did before.

"I'm sorry."

"No, it was a long time ago. It's fine.", he swallowed. It seemed like he was reliving a memory now but it only put a deeper frown on his face.

Steve got up without even thinking about this and sat down next to Billy putting a hand on his back, even if he knew this wouldn't be enough. He could feel the muscles in Billy's back tense and wanted to pull back when the other boy just slightly leaned into the touch, causing Steve to keep his hand right there.

"She was nice, you know?", Billy turned his head to look at Steve. "Nothing like my dad."

"I would have loved to meet her.", Steve said.

"She would have liked you.", a smile crawled back to Billy's face, even if it continued to look a little fragile. "She was good with people."

Steve kept looking at Billy for a moment longer and only took his hand back once he felt sure he was okay.

Billy turned his head to look onto the bed. "You sure you're okay with me staying?"

"Yeah.", Steve nodded.

Steve expected things to be more awkward when they got into bed but it was really okay. Steve got into the bathroom to brush his teeth and change into shorts and another shirt. When he got back, Billy was wearing pretty much the same, his jean jacket and the pants laying on the ground. They were only really looking at each other for a brief moment. Just to make sure the other one was okay with this really. Steve was. He only felt slightly weird once he turned off the light and got into the same bed under the same sheets but that feeling stopped once it became silent in the room and the only thing he could hear was their breathing. It was strange how comfortable this was, mainly because Billy was adding quite the amount of warmth there and also a very pleasant smell. Steve felt weird because this was more than just feeling attracted. At this point he wanted Billy to hold him or to hold the other boy himself and that was new. But it also had the effect that he wasn't that confused when he felt the tips of Billy's fingers just slightly touching his hand after he changed his position. He was sure that this was unintentional. What wasn't unintentional was that neither of them pulled their hand back so they were still connected in some way when they fell asleep.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos and comment. This helps me so much to keep on writing this story. Also feel free to get in touch with me on Tumblr if you like to (@confettibites). <3

25. This is not happening

Summary for the Chapter:

It's the next morning and Billy and Steve are still laying in the same bed.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Being used to sleeping alone in his bed, Steve fully expected to have a light sleep and to wake up sometimes when Billy moved or breathed loudly. It didn't happen though and it was just a little before his usual wake-up time when he woke up because he felt a movement in the sheets.

Steve had been so deeply asleep, it took him a moment to blink his eyes open and see Billy next to him enlightened only by the dim early-morning sunlight that hit his face.

Billy was laying on his side turned in Steve's direction and looked like he had just woken up, probably waking Steve with turning over.

Steve didn't really think about it when he turned to the side as well, bringing his face significantly closer to Billy's. There was now less than a foot in distance between them although it felt more because they weren't touching.

Watching the other boy, Steve wasn't really sure whether Billy was awake really because he was just laying there almost motionless apart from his chest moving up and down. Together with the early morning light, this sight seemed a little surreal. How did they even end up here again? Billy Hargrove in his bed, staring at him. Even if he was still really tired, Steve could feel excitement rise up in him.

With Billy, it seemed to be the same, because a smirk grew on his face. "Fuck.", he said almost silently. "Not a good idea."

"What?", Steve asked, surprised by how husky his own voice sounded.

Billy didn't answer, even when his expression changed into something a little more serious. Steve could see him swallow and lick his lips before his gaze drifted to the side for a moment. He then reached forward with his hand and put it on the side of Steve's face, his thumb moving over the skin and his fingers holding onto Steve's neck and gripping his hair.

Steve breathed in when he felt Billy's warm touch and he then closed his eyes for the blink of the second, fearing he would stop too soon. When he opened his eyes again, he could see that the smile was back on Billy's face and Steve almost couldn't believe his eyes, when the other boy pulled him closer and also leaned forward to kiss him.

Steve was so surprised, his eyes were wide open when the other boy's lips hit his own, now really questioning if he was even awake or this was just another hot dream, Billy played the main part in. But this wasn't a dream. Steve was sure on that because it was better. Like there was no way, his own mind could come up with something that good.

It was impossible for Steve to tell whether this kiss was better than their last one or worse because it was so different. And the most different thing was that it was so slow this time and it felt even closer than in the pool, what might be caused by the warmth of the bed around them. It also didn't start as hard as the last kiss and Billy's lips were soft when they pushed against Steve's. Steve only thought about how this might end in a bad way because all he was thinking about was how good this felt and how desperately he wanted to get closer. Billy rolled his tongue against his and changed the position of his hand, to hold Steve's head tighter. Steve moved his hand to Billy's neck to hold him to, trying so hard to make himself feel everything right now and not to waste a single moment of being that close.

Billy sucked on Steve's bottom lip, releasing it with an obscene sound when he moved his head backward and look back at Steve, his face all blushed just the way Steve's felt right now.

"This is not happening, right?", Billy mumbled. He put on a slight frown before he moved forward again, kissing Steve again.

"No, it's not.", Steve agreed in a short moment the two of them parted

to get some air. He felt Billy's expression shift into a grin once he heard that.

"I mean...", Billy murmured against Steve's mouth. "We're just gonna forget about it afterward, right?" Steve could hear him gasp. "Back to normal?"

"Yeah.", Steve tried to nod but stopped it when the movement got in the way, with them kissing.

Billy was moving his body closer, pushing Steve's shoulder back to place himself a little on top of him to get a better angle for the kiss. Steve moved along with that and let himself being handled. "So we are stopping now?", Billy asked. He had his hand on Steve's chest now, causing Steve's skin to feel all warm underneath. Steve almost started worrying it was over already, but Billy leaned back down. Gravity pushed their upper bodies together like one and Billy moved a leg over, too, creating some friction for Steve that caused him to silently moan against Billy's mouth.

"How about in a minute?", Steve suggested. He couldn't stop now. He couldn't stop in a minute either, but it felt so far away, he could deal with it when it was happening.

"Yeah. Fuck.", Billy let out a quiet groan when he moved his hip again. Steve could feel that the other boy was just as hard as he was. Neither of them dared to go further than kissing right now and their hands stayed almost exclusively above their chests.

It wasn't the passing of time that stopped their making out but Steve's alarm clock that caused them both to almost jump out off the bed. Billy was the first one to pull away and get some distance between them and even if he felt wrong and cold now, Steve was okay with this when he got over to the alarm clock to put it off.

"What time is it?", Billy asked. He was talking in a deep voice and the way his mouth looked almost bruised from all the kissing send shivers down to Steve's crotch area. Damn, he wanted this to continue so badly.

"Seven o'clock.", Steve said, trying to calm himself, while he was still

heavily breathing. He was sitting up now, while Billy got out of the bed and started grabbing his clothes that were laying on the ground.

"Dammit...", Billy mumbled. "I need to get home. Shower. Drive Max to school."

"You can use my shower.", Steve offered. He rubbed his forehead now, trying to get his senses back.

"Not today.", Billy said. It sounded a little harsh, even if the wording itself excited Steve. Not today didn't mean never. "I'm sorry, I..." Billy bent over to put on his jeans before looking back at Steve. "I don't know what to say."

Steve nodded. "It's okay.", he said. "Feels like we're kinda even now." He raised a corner of his mouth into a half smile.

Billy smirked. "We really need to stop with this. This is so weird."

Steve nodded. "Like you said. Didn't happen.", he agreed. "You sure, you don't need anything, before you head off? Maybe eat something?"

Billy looked like he needed to think about it for a second. "Nah, I better be there early or it's going to be stressful. So...", he looked right into Steve's eyes. "We're still cool?"

Steve nodded, trying very hard to keep looking into Billy's eyes and not his swollen lips or the bulge on his pants. Fuck, he just wanted to get up, grab him and get him back into the back, not talk about how they were going back to before now. Again. He felt frustrated and not just because his dick still really wanted attention right now.

"Thank you again, for letting me crash here, even if I fucked it up.", Billy let his gaze drift off, putting on his jacket that was laying on the ground.

"Anytime.", Steve said. "Really. I liked having you over."

"Yeah?", Billy smirked. "I don't know if that is a good thing really. But I didn't have such a good night sleep in a long time. Or wake-up really, but let's not go there right now."

Steve nodded. "So I see you in school?"

"Yeah.", Billy smiled. "I'll find my way out." He looked at Steve for a moment longer, until he got to the door and then disappeared. Once Steve could hear Billy running down the stairs, he sighed and leaned his head forward to rest in his hands. Fuck. He had no idea what was going on, but he knew that he couldn't go on without kissing that boy ever again.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed this chapter, please leave kudos and comment! This really helps me to keep this story going <3

If you want to get in touch, feel free to write me on Tumblr @confettibites

26. You should really not look at me like that

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy are late for school.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

By the time Steve had finally forced himself to get up and head to the shower, he was already really late. On the other hand that was probably a good thing, because this way he didn't end up spending hours in the shower with an overeager imagination. Better he had enough time to take care of his hair because after first having Billy making a total mess of it and then the shower water, it sure needed the attention to look at least halfway decent. He grabbed an untoasted slice of bread on his way out because there was literally no time for anything else if he didn't want to be late for class.

As soon as the hectic of the morning disappeared, Steve couldn't keep himself from thinking about the earlier morning. The way Billy had looked at him right that moment before they kissed. He still couldn't believe that Billy actually kissed him this time. This made the whole first kiss become something totally different in Steve's mind because right now he knew it meant something to Billy. Enough to repeat it. It wasn't Steve that forced himself on the other boy and that made him feel really relieved. Still, he wasn't sure what the best thing to do was. After all, he wasn't really sure if Billy was right for telling them to go back to normal again, whatever normal was at this point. Steve had no idea what exactly he wanted them to be if he had to choose. He just knew that this morning wouldn't have ended this way, because even if it felt great and too good to be true it left him with a hunger for more, that made every touchless moment appear almost painful. If touching Billy, kissing him and just being close felt so good then Steve couldn't see a point in forcing them to stop it. Especially when it's not really what any of them wanted. Yet, even if Steve was fairly certain at this point Billy enjoyed kissing him quite as much as Steve did, he had no idea if that was maybe all there was. That he just wanted them to make out if he felt like it but then chase after

girls in the end. Nancy. There was definitely some chemistry between them that Steve hated. Also, Billy had talked about girls last night, about finding one for Steve, but still. Steve wasn't even sure why that upset him the way it did. Or did it upset him? Maybe this was everything this was. Friends making out sometimes. Steve knew some girls that sometimes made out at a party, usually after drinking too much. There was nothing more to that, so guys doing this shouldn't be that big of a deal. But then, Steve had kissed many girls before, some he had feelings for and probably more he was simply attracted to. Neither of those kisses had made him feel the way kissing Billy does. But he had no idea whether it was the same thing for Billy.

Steve almost drove past the school because he was so winded up in thought. When he pulled over a little too late, another driver, an angry looking middle-aged man, honked at him. Steve raised a hand in apology and continued his drive to one of the few left parking spots, trying to stay focused now and not to actually get into an accident for being an idiot.

Billy's car wasn't there yet which lowkey concerned Steve. Maybe he got into trouble for not coming home last night or he was lingering a little as well and right now he was taking Max to school.

Steve stayed inside the car until the school bell rang a couple of minutes later. He made a few steps towards the entrance before he heard the familiar noise of Billy's Camaro, usually a mixture of loud rock music paired with the almost as loud engine sound of the car itself. Steve stopped right where he was and turned around to watch Billy make an entrance.

The fact that Billy Hargrove was now wearing different clothes than he did when he left Steve's bedroom, somehow made everything appear like it happened way longer ago than it actually did. Billy smirked when he saw Steve standing there what relieved Steve. Somehow he was still expecting Billy to snap at him again, to try to avoid him. But he approached him a little faster until he was standing next to Steve.

"You're late.", Steve said.

"Missed me or what?", Billy raised a brow.

Steve rolled his eyes. "Just saw that your car wasn't there."

"Well, looks like we're both kinda late, Harrington."

Steve turned his head a bit to see that by no the two of them were pretty much the only people left outside. He sighed.

"Yeah, I was a little slow this morning.", Steve admitted.

Billy chuckled and nodded. "Me too. Excited for practice later?"

Steve groaned and unintentionally touched his bruised eye. "It's Friday, isn't it?"

"Yup.", Billy smirked. "Try to not run into another fist this time."

Steve clenched his jaw. "What? Don't you think I should try to go for the symmetrical look?", he raised a brow.

Billy laughed. "That would be hilarious, actually."

Steve grinned.

"By the way...", Billy put a hand on Steve's shoulder, causing his back to tighten up. "As you said, it's Friday. Any plans for tonight?"

Steve turned his head to face Billy. "Not really. What were you thinking of?"

"Well, there must be some kind of party happening in this stupid town. On a Friday."

"Probably.", Steve guessed. "I can ask Nancy. She usually knows what's happening."

Billy looked slightly discontent with that offer but he nodded a second later. "Yeah, let's find out and get shitfaced this weekend. Great plan, huh?"

"Great plan.", Steve approved. That actually sounded like a pretty decent plan. It involved hanging out and this time he didn't mind going to a party at all. If he could go out drinking with Billy instead

of sitting at home all by his own, his choices were pretty clear. And right now Steve was definitely not already picturing the two of them heading outside said party and making out in the Camaro, because that obviously was not what they agreed to. Billy still touching his back didn't help with shutting up his overactive imagination.

"Now we're really late.", Billy pointed out without moving.

"Could have stayed in bed for longer.", Steve mumbled and hoped Billy would only take it as a phrase on how they could use some more sleep instead of implying that they could be sucking faces right now.

Whether it was for the fact that they were late or because Steve had just said this, Billy took his hand away from Steve's shoulder. "We should... get inside, right?"

Steve nodded. "Yeah, we should." He curved his mouth into a half smile that made Billy smirk and then lick his bottom lip.

Damn it, Steve wanted nothing more right now, than to grab this idiot by his stupid and not nearly halfway buttoned shirt and crush their mouth together, to show him what he really should be doing with that tongue right now.

"Fuck, you should really not look at me like that.", Billy said. He was talking almost quietly and somehow this didn't sound like he was meaning any of it. Sure, there was some concern in his voice but what really got to Steve was the excitement.

"Like what?", Steve asked, without bothering to change his expression or look away.

"Like a mistake, I really shouldn't be making yet again."

"Oh really, a mistake?", Steve asked a little bitter.

"Fuck, that look is even worse.", Billy decided, putting a frown on. "You know what I mean, so let's not have that right now, okay?"

Steve swallowed and then nodded. "See you later.", he said and then headed to class. He was almost twenty minutes late and couldn't care

less about it. A fucking mistake? Fine, whatever, they could call it that. Totally fine with Steve. Steve didn't even notice that he was clenching his jaw and holding his pen so forceful, a vein on his arm was showing until the teacher asked him a question and he had no idea what the topic of the lesson was in the first place. No, he was totally fine right now.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos and comment. This really helps me to get this story going :)

Also, feel free to write me on Tumblr @confettibites

27. Do you want her to find out?

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is angry at himself (and Billy) but when he meets Nancy he still asks her about that party.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve was still holding a grudge after class although right now he was mainly angry at himself for caring in the first place and only low-key for Billy for being an asshole about it. Okay, maybe Steve was pissed at him, but he definitely wouldn't show that. Instead, he felt even more of the need for tonight's party, to get shitfaced and stop caring, numbing and shutting up all the stupid thoughts in his head. That appeared to be the exact right thing to do. And who knew? Maybe Steve would find himself a lady-friend for the night, just as Billy suggested last night and that boy could watch the outcome of that.

"In a bad mood again?", Steve turned around in the hallway and faced Nancy.

"What? No!", he exclaimed and lowered both brows.

Nancy chuckled. "Alright, I won't ask you anymore. Relax.", she smiled.

Steve sighed. Why did she have to be that good at reading people?

"Ready for practice?", she asked.

"Why?"

"Your eye?", Nancy frowned.

"Oh. Yeah, I'm ready. This time I should manage to avoid another accident. At least I hope so."

"I hope so, too.", Nancy said. "But your eye looks a little better today."

"Yeah?", Steve touched the bruise. It didn't feel much different than before but if it started to fade that was surely a good sign. "By the way, I was wondering if there is anything happening tonight. You know? Some kind of party?"

"This question coming from you? Maybe I will start asking more questions.", Nancy laughed.

"Very funny.", Steve said sarcastically. "One week ago you were really wild to get me to that party." And Billy, but Steve wouldn't mention that boy to her if he could prevent it. Too dangerous.

Nancy was still chuckling. "Actually there even is another party. Jonathan and I talked about going."

"Meaning you wanted to go and he's gonna come along?", Steve raised a brow.

"Like you don't ask me because Billy Hargrove wanted to know.", Nancy said. Shots fired.

Steve made a step back. "Fine.", he said. "We talked about it this morning. I said I'd ask you."

Nancy's smile widened. "You're a terrible liar.", she pointed out.

"I know.", Steve said with a clenched jaw.

"But I'm glad you guys are having fun. I feel a little better if I don't have to constantly worry about you two getting into another fight."

"Sadly, the effect for my face isn't that big.", Steve commented, again reaching for his black eye.

Nancy chuckled again. "From what I heard, your friendship paid off there as well."

Steve raised a brow.

"Come on!", Nancy said. "It's not like nobody knows Billy punched that idiot."

Steve tensed up a little. "Yeah.", he said. "Anything else, people are talking about?"

Nancy frowned a little. "Not really. Just that those two got into a fight on the field and obviously Billy won. Weren't you there?"

"No, I went to see the nurse.", Steve grimaced.

"Oh.", Nancy said. "Well, if he got you hurt, he probably had it coming.", Nancy shrugged.

Steve felt the tension to disappear a little after that explanation. He was really glad nobody was talking about what happened in the locker room afterward and nobody overinterpreted why Billy fought him. Or was it even overinterpreting, when there was, in fact, something going on between them?

"What are you thinking about?", Nancy asked.

"What? Me?", Steve swallowed, trying to come up with a lie. "Still working on that essay. I was just thinking about when I might get it finished.

Nancy didn't look one bit like she'd just buy this story, but at least she didn't ask again. "Well, about that party..."

"Yeah. When and where?", Steve asked.

Nancy gave him the address and name of a girl he supposedly had some classes together with. Even when he kinda knew the name or had the feeling he heard it before, he just had no face to that.

"The girl with the bangs.", Nancy tried once more to make Steve remember that name.

"Doesn't ring a bell. I'll know her when I see her."

"You mean when you drink her punch and her beer?", Nancy looked at him with a raised brow.

"I'm sure I'm not the only one planning on doing this. It's kind of the point of having a party."

"Some people bring alcohol to help the host out.", Nancy said.

"I don't even know her!", Steve defended himself. Only after he said it, he noticed that this wasn't the best argument in his own behalf. "Whatever. Maybe I bring something along."

Nancy grinned. "That sounds better. We'll probably be there at nine, I think. So you could come see us if you aren't too busy shit-talking with Billy Hargrove."

Steve tilted his head. "That's not what we're doing.", he said.

"I'm not convinced on that one.", Nancy said, shaking her head.

Steve wanted to explain to her what they'd been doing instead, to tell her how they were talking about stuff, but every time he tried to do so in his head, this tended to be really intimate and before he knew he was imagining them again, sharing looks, a cigarette, kisses. Yeah, maybe it was the best she thought they were just talking shit around each other. And after all, after they ended up making out twice after hanging out and talking, the more casual option will probably be where they end up anyway. Especially after Billy called this a mistake.

"Speaking of the devil...", Nancy mumbled looking over Steve's shoulder.

Steve wasn't even able to turn around before he felt a pat on his back and Billy Hargrove appeared next to him.

"Good morning, princess.", Billy said, looking at Nancy with a gorgeous smile. Steve clenched his jaw. This tone of voice reminded him so much of the earlier morning that he almost thought, Billy was talking to him.

Nancy just rolled her eyes and nodded in his direction.

Steve almost intended to excuse himself from this conversation, when he felt Billy's hand, still on his upper back from him patting Steve, slowly moved downward in an almost caressing manner, sending all kinds of shivers through Steve's body and making him a little weak in the knees.

Steve looked at Billy next to him, definitely showing a hint of panic in his eyes, while Billy was still grinning in Nancy's direction as if he had no idea what he was doing right now.

Steve tried his best not to lean into the touch while feeling the movements of Billy's hand. The way Nancy was looking at him right now with a raised brow showed that she knew something was going on. Gladly, the way they were standing neither she nor all the other people in the hallway could see this

"So? Where are we going tonight?"

"We?", Nancy said.

"Sure, if you want to come along.", Billy said, still smirking.

"I already gave Steve the time and direction.", Nancy said. "I better find Jonathan."

"See you, Nancy.", Steve said, raising a hand to wave at her.

Nancy stayed for a moment longer, looking at both of them in suspicion, before she shook her head and walked off.

"Is it me or is she on her period or something?", Billy said, taking his hand off Steve's back.

"Do you want her to find out?", Steve snapped at him, making sure to not raise his voice too much.

"Find out what?", Billy positioned himself in front of Steve, forcing him back against the lockers locking eyes with him.

Steve tilted his head, staring back at him.

Billy did just put on a smirk. "She didn't find out shit.", he then said.

"Yet.", Steve corrected him.

"I intend to keep it that way if that's what you're asking.", Billy said.

"Maybe you should try harder then.", Steve said.

"What even is your problem right now?", Billy asked, sounding angrier than he did before.

"Nothing.", Steve said, biting his tongue. "Everything's great."

"Fine.", Billy said. He was still standing right in front of Steve, staring right into his eyes.

Steve cursed the way their faces were so close right now. He could feel Billy's hot breath on his face and literally, all it would take for him was to lean forward to feel right again, but there were so many people around them, neither of them dared to move closer. It was good, both of them were looking angry now because people would assume they were fighting.

"Fine.", Steve said once more followed by a sigh. He moved to the side to get some distance between them. "See you later for practice then."

"Yeah.", Billy nodded. There was a moment of them still just locking eyes, neither Billy nor Steve moving an inch. Steve was searching for something in those blue eyes, not quite sure what it was. A sign that he cared or didn't care, something to help him move on but all there was was this electricity that was still driving him crazy, tingling in his whole body.

Again it was the school bell that made them stop their eye contact. Steve used the opportunity to run off before he ended up hypnotized by those eyes again. Needless to mention, he somehow still was able to feel Billy's hand on his lower back, even when this had been long over. Why did he even do that? And why the heck did it feel that good, he kept thinking about it?

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos and comment. This helps me so much to continue this story.

If you want to message me about anything, you can also do so on Tumblr (@confettibites).

28. Pure Electricity

Summary for the Chapter:

It's time for practice.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve wasn't looking forward to practice and he had more than only one reason for that. Most of all, right now he felt still angry with Billy for confusing the heck out of him and behaving like totally different people from one moment to the next. But Steve would be lying if he wasn't admitting to himself that he was also worried, anyone would notice what was going on. He was fairly sure, Billy would literally kick anyone's ass if they suggested something was going on between them. But after Josh had already implied something in this direction earlier that week Steve felt that he and Billy probably had some eyes on them. Not the best initial situation for them, especially since the frequency of him and the blue-eyed boy staring at each other and randomly touching hasn't decreased since they also started making out. And then there was showering after the practice of course. Steve was getting half-hard even imagining them being naked in the shower let alone this actually happening. And considering the earlier morning, he was pretty sure, this could be a problem for Billy as well. Or maybe not. Steve was still not really sure what he was dealing with when it came to Billy.

To avoid any unnecessary meetings, Steve got in the locker room early, changed and headed to the gym to warm himself up. He wasn't the first one there but most guys really just got there last minute and that was, even more, the case with Billy, who was probably smoking right now. Damn, that sounded like a good plan, sharing a cigarette with him again, seeing him blow smoke but Steve's mind was drifting off again. He got himself a ball and started practicing a little, getting the ball into the bucket quite often. One time even the coach commented on this and Steve, at least for the moment, got distracted from thinking about certain things.

The gym got more crowded now by the minute and Steve had stopped shooting hoops because he didn't want to waste all energy on that. Billy was one of the last ones to get inside, of course, training in his usual outfit, just wearing those green shorts and some converse. Steve reminded himself to refocus on practice and not the other boy's body right now.

Whether it was because of his just showing skills or any other reason, the coach divided Steve and Billy into different teams this time and Steve actually felt good about this. Like he was back to his old good in this game and damn it was about time for that. Also, he felt enough energy and also anger right now to actually play decent basketball, at least he hoped. Also, it helped to motivate him that Josh was on the other team. His eye was still really dark. Darker than Steve's. The way that boy looked at Steve as if he was holding a grudge against him might be exactly what Steve needed right now.

And, big surprise, this might be the first game in weeks he didn't totally suck in. He was making some points and getting really winded, sweating like he didn't do for quite a while. Being so into the game, he wasn't even thrown off that much when Billy tried to steal the ball from him, appearing behind him with a huge grin and equally as sweaty.

Ten minutes before the end of practice, their teams tied and because all the energy in the room appeared to be contagious, no player seemed to be okay with losing at the point. Even their coach, often sitting on the bench by now, was standing up, excited how this was going to end, cheering at all of them for not losing focus right now.

Steve got the ball again, dribbling towards the bucket, trying to get the other team's players off his ass. Maybe it was the fact that, even if he tried to avoid it, Billy caught his attention once more, but he didn't see that Josh, too, had an eye on him right now. Steve got closer to the goal when he noticed Billy disappearing from his current position, followed by loud noises right when Steve managed to make a point. Steve turned around and the ball just fell on the ground, bobbing a few times before laying still, because nobody was paying attention to it.

"What the fuck?!"

Both Josh and Billy were laying on the ground right now, pretty obviously because Billy tackled the other one. Steve raised a brow while the coach got on the field, expecting yet another accident. Once he saw neither of them was seriously hurt, he just ended the game and told both of them to stay afterward to talk to them.

Steve was still a little out of breath and couldn't enjoy his victory that much once he caught Billy's gaze. That boy looked confused, angry and even a little afraid, an expression Steve had seen there once before. Josh, on the other hand, was still rambling about, how Billy supposedly lost his mind and fucked up their game. He wasn't the only one angry at Billy, but that boy didn't seem to care that much. Steve asked himself why he even did that and if he was still angry at that guy for calling them fags a few days ago.

Anyway, while Billy and Josh stayed behind and the coach was talking to them about being idiots, everyone else headed to the showers and so Steve was going there as well. He got a few high fives from his teammates for earning the crucial points in the end, even if he couldn't be really happy about winning right now.

Steve moved pretty slowly, took his time to get out a towel and shower and was finally one of the only ones left in the locker room, still only wearing a towel around his hips when Billy and Josh came in there, obviously still fighting.

Josh huffed when he saw Steve. "Look who's been waiting for you, Hargrove. It's your girlfriend."

"Fuck off.", Billy mumbled.

"Whatever.", Josh rolled his eyes and headed to the showers.

Steve had tensed up hearing that. He was standing with his back towards them and remembered oh so well how Billy had looked the last time, that idiot commented on this topic. Steve fully expected him to become more distant again over this. When he felt a hand on his naked back, he twitched thinking this might be Josh or another teammate. But Billy appeared next to him, sitting down on a bench there, while Steve was still standing in front of his locker.

"Good game.", Billy said and put on a smirk.

"Thanks.", Steve looked down. He had wanted to get dressed but somehow that felt a little weird right now.

"I should kick his ass, shouldn't I?", Billy asked putting on a frown.

Steve nodded. "Probably. I don't think he'll learn his lesson though.", he shrugged.

"You're probably right. Whatever."

"What happened back there?", Steve asked. Billy appeared to be a bit irritated.

"I guess the coach is tired of us fighting and since I was the one punching him before this week, he thought this was mainly my fault. Which, I guess, it was. But whatever. He said, he would have no problem kicking me out of the team if that happened again. So I probably should avoid going near that guy anytime soon.", Billy said.

"Oh man.", Steve frowned. "You play better than him. He should kick him out."

Billy's mouth curved into a smile. "Whatever.", he just said and stood back up, getting awkwardly close to Steve with that move.

Steve swallowed. Billy's face was not more than a few inches away and since they were alone in the locker room right now because Josh was already in the shower, there was nobody there to watch them. Even if it seemed impossible, Billy changed his position once more, hovering his mouth just so close to Steve's that he could almost taste him. They were both bare-chested and Steve noticed the heat coming from Billy. His chest was glistening with sweat and looked like something, Steve just wanted to touch. Steve felt like his whole body was pure electricity right now and all they needed to do was to touch to make the whole world explode. The slightest movement to archive that.

"I need a shower and you better get dressed. See you tonight, Harrington.", Billy said to break whatever spell had been keeping them in place before. With that, he headed to the shower, leaving

Steve behind in awe and frustration.

Steve remained froze in his position for another moment before really daring to move. Fuck, that had been really intense. Steve ran his fingers through his hair and tried just to breathe. He took his fair time to get dressed but he got out of the locker room before Billy got out of the shower. The main reason for that was that Steve feared, Josh would show up first, commenting on him waiting for Billy. If it were for Steve, being alone with Billy in the locker room, the other boy just wearing a towel, sounded like a fantastic idea. Well, but they had tonight. He had told Billy the address of the party earlier and Billy told him, he would show up sometime between nine and ten tonight. So that's when they were going to meet again. When Steve was back in his car, he wasn't angry at Billy anymore. If anything he was just angry at himself for not using that opportunity to kiss him again, especially when he had been so close.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed this chapter, please leave kudos and comment. It helps me a lot to continue this story.

Also, if you want to leave me a message or talk you can find me on Tumblr (@confettibites).

29. Someone to hold him

Summary for the Chapter:

It's time for the party. But where is Billy?

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Why was he doing that again? When Steve was walking to that girls' house where the party was happening, he really doubted that this was a good idea in the first place. He was not really in the mood for partying. And even if he listened to Nancy and brought along another bottle from his dad's cabinet, he had forgotten the girls' name again. Whatever. She didn't invite him anyway. But her house was within walking distance and since Steve planned on getting shitfaced, it was good to not have a car here. He did wish on Billy to have his car there though, even if he couldn't see it until now. That boy would probably show up later. Steve had a very fond memory of the smell of that car. Beer and leather and Billy. That night felt so good, close really. Steve asked himself whether this was really an option though. Him and Billy getting in that car. This held way more danger now than it did before. But it was also more exciting.

The street and the gateway to that girl's house was pretty crowded. There was loud music, people were chatting and Steve could smell booze and cold air. And even when he wasn't able to see a certain Camaro anywhere near, he could see Jonathan's car. Finding him and Nancy sounded at least a little better than standing there and waiting for someone else to arrive.

Steve shoved himself through the crowd and got inside the house. Damn, this was the perfect example of why he would never throw a party at his home, even if his parents were away. Even Tommy and Carol sometimes were too much and left him with a total mess, let alone having almost fifty people there. The wooden floor was already wet at some spots and sticky in others. Steve saw cigarette butts and tissue papers there, along with lots of dirt. This would take hours to clean up but it wasn't his business to worry about now.

Nancy and Jonathan were standing in the hallway, holding a paper cup each and they were talking to another girl. With Bangs. Steve frowned. Was she the host of this party? He definitely saw her face before, maybe even in class like Nancy said him. Being here and not knowing her name would be awkward. But before Steve could come up with a plan to go around them and find some punch or something, Nancy had spotted him and waved in his direction, calling him over.

Steve sighed and tried to remember the name, Nancy gave him before. She was probably the host. She had that concerned look on her face that definitely belonged to the person that had to clean up afterward.

"Hey, Steve.", Nancy greeted him. "Looking for Ally?"

Ally! That was the name she said earlier. In this moment, Steve was thankful for Nancy being as observant. Of course, she could tell by his face, Steve had no idea what was going on.

"Quite crowded here.", Steve commented, standing between Nancy and Ally while Jonathan just nodded in his direction.

"I definitely need to drink more, to not start kicking people out immediately.", Ally said with a frown in Steve's direction.

Steve smiled. He had never really talked to this girl before but she was nice.

"Here.", Steve raised the bottle of Bourbon, he was carrying and gave it over to Ally.

"Thank you.", the girl smiles. "This looks really expensive, though.", she frowned while she was reading the name on the tag.

Shit, did he grab some of the better stuff? Whatever, it was not like his father would miss it, anyway.

"It probably isn't.", Nancy said with a laugh. Steve could tell she wasn't entirely sure on that one.

Ally just shrugged. She opened the bottle and took a big sip out of it, grimacing afterward when she gave it over to Steve.

"This tastes like gasoline.", she said, shaking her head.

Steve grinned. "It gets better, the more you drink of it.", he said, before taking a big sip itself. The liquor was burning down his throat. It tasted terrible but at least that meant it was probably working.

"Then give it back already!", Ally jokingly demanded. She took the bottle and drank more of it, asking Nancy and Jonathan if they wanted some as well. Nancy smelled on the bottle but then decided against it.

"Not in the party mood tonight?", Steve asked.

"I won't drink much. I need to be up earlier tomorrow because the kids are coming over to play Dungeons & Dragons.", she said with a roll of her eyes.

"Oh come on, they basically babysit themselves.", Steve laughed.

"Yeah, but they get hungry. And I feel better watching them when I'm not hungover."

"Well, I'm going to drink it then.", Ally shrugged, taking another sip. "There's some punch and beer in the kitchen if you need something." She looked once more at Steve before she walked off.

"Poor Ally.", Nancy said, shaking her head. "These idiots already turned this whole place into a huge mess."

"Thank you for mentioning her name.", Steve said, chuckling. "I totally forgot it again."

Nancy looked over to Jonathan. "You're not the only one."

"I accidentally called her Anny.", Jonathan admitted.

"Close enough.", Steve decided and laughed.

"Well, I'm glad you brought her something. Maybe this'll lighten her mood a little."

"Yeah, maybe.", Steve agreed. He was looking around again searching

for a familiar sight.

"Looking for Billy?", Nancy asked. She grinned in a way that didn't feel quite right to Steve.

"No?", he lied. "Just trying to find the kitchen."

"It's over there.", said Nancy, pointing into the obvious direction.

Steve then walked off before she could ask about Billy again. If he tried to keep his mind off the boy, he sure as hell didn't want to discuss the topic of his absence right now.

Steve got himself a paper cup and filled it with the red punch that looked suspiciously like the disgusting liquid he drank last week. But he wanted to get wasted and beer would take way to long, so he downed one whole cup and filled it up again, before starting to stroll around this house looking for familiar faces while honestly just being interested in one.

It didn't take him long to finish that cup. Gladly he then found Ally who seemed to be in a way better mood now and filled his cup again with his dad's bourbon of which she obviously drank quite a lot.

"I honestly didn't think you would show up here, Steve Harrington.", she said with a raised brow. Steve wasn't too drunk to notice that she was staring at his mouth.

"Just because you didn't invite me?", he said in a joking manner.

Ally laughed. She actually was pretty nice looking. Nicer than most girls. He should be caring about that and the fact that she was flirting with him, but he just wasn't into it.

"I would have if I knew you started leaving the house again.", Ally said.

Ouch. Okay, she might be having a fair point with that one. Steve had spent a lot of weekends alone at home instead of going out because he simply didn't care about that shallow stuff anymore.

"I'm not really sure I am.", Steve said, scratching his head.

Ally laughed again. Wow. That was easy. Just talking. It almost felt natural if it weren't for the fact that he would prefer to be somewhere else right now. How the hell did he manage to hook up with girls he didn't care for before? He felt like this is what he should be doing right now. Why couldn't he?

"You look like you did. Cheers to you.", she raised the bottle to him and took another sip. "You wanna dance?"

Steve looked at a few dancing couples behind her, most of them just using the music as an excuse to publicly make out there. Steve frowned.

"Eh, do you have a bathroom?" He was a shitty liar.

Ally looked at him a little irritated but then she nodded and pointed her finger back to the hallway. "Just up the stairs. You can't miss it.", she said.

"Thanks.", Steve took the first opportunity he got, to get away from her. He told himself that it wasn't fair to make out with her if he wasn't feeling anything although he was pretty sure this was exactly what she had in mind. He ran up the stairs and could feel that he was already pretty drunk, needing to hold onto the handrail not to fall back down.

The bathroom looked surprisingly clean compared to the rest of the house. Probably because most guys just did their business outside of the house. Another reason not to have any of them over for a party. Instead of using the toilet, Steve was just standing in front of the mirror fixing his hair for a second and then splashing some cold water on his face to get rid of the alcohol-induced redness. He looked tired and drunk. But at least he wasn't kissing that parties host right now while thinking about another guy. Steve downed the rest of the Bourbon, he had carried upstairs. Hopefully, there was still some punch left. It must be close to midnight now. Where the hell was Billy anyway? Afterall he had been the one telling Steve to be here and that wanted to party. Maybe not leaving the house would have been the better alternative.

When Steve got down the stairs he could hear some whooping from

the entrance. He didn't care about whatever dude was doing something stupid, he needed another drink.

As he expected was the punch almost empty. Steve managed to get the rest of it into his cup, almost filling it up halfway with this. He downed it, put the cup to the side and asked himself whether switching to beer would be a good idea. It was definitely a better idea than going back to Ally and asking her to refill. She would probably have finished the bottle up by now and Steve wasn't sure he could avoid dancing with her for longer. He was really craving some contact right now. Someone to hold him. Someone to taste.

He stumbled back into the hallway following the noise. The alcohol surely started to hit him since he'd been upstairs. He felt more than just dizzy. He felt like he was probably getting sick.

Because of that, his gaze was mainly on the ground when he pushed through the crowd, this time bumping into way more people than he did before. He wasn't even sure what he was intending to do. Just to get to the door, get some cold and fresh air to sober up a little and look for a familiar car.

Steve stopped when he recognized Allys legs in front of him, almost running exactly into her. He raised his gaze and tried not to wobble while he looked up and searched for the nearest way to the door.

Okay, there were calves, thighs, a butt, nicely rounded but not really to his taste right now and... Steve tensed up when he saw a hand on the said butt. He knew that hand. He knew how it looked with that silver ring on it. And he knew how it felt. Steve forced himself to look up even further, now really able to tell without a doubt that Ally was in the middle of making out with someone. And that someone was Billy Hargrove. Steve wanted to vomit.

He couldn't see much of him, but it was enough to see how Ally was pushing against him, moving her hips and holding his face in her hands. It felt like a betrayal. Steve definitely didn't think she was nice anymore, although he couldn't really argue against her choice of men.

Steve turned around on the heel trying to find another way out of

this hellhole. But even if his head felt soberer right now, his body wasn't and he almost bumped into Nancy who appeared before him.

"Hey, Steve!", she looked happy to see him until she was actually looking in his face. "What's wrong?"

Steve didn't need to answer. He could see how she was looking over his shoulder now, putting on a huge frown.

"I go home now.", Steve mumbled, pushing her to the side and going to the other door that was in the hallway. He knew going to this party would be a terrible idea.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you enjoyed this chapter. If you did, please leave kudos and comment. This helps me a lot to continue this story.

Also, feel free to write me on Tumblr if you want to chat (@confettibites) <3

30. Let's get you home now

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is walking home alone. He's not staying alone though.

Also: For any person that might feel triggered, this chapter includes vomiting as an effect of heavy drinking.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

TW: Vomiting.

"I go home now." That was the last thing Steve had said to Nancy before leaving that scene.

Steve had made his way through the crowded space and got to the main door of this place. Some people were looking at him a little irritated but this might be for the fact that he looked like he wanted to kill something. For a moment Steve worried, Nancy would run after him. She didn't. He had no idea how she interpreted that. Whatever. The only thing he knew was that he wasn't going to watch Billy sucking that whore's face. He could imagine her shoving her tongue into Billy's mouth, tasting all of him as if he belonged to her. Okay, maybe she wasn't a whore. Steve almost felt bad now. She was just drunk. He should have done something about that when she tried the same thing with him. Or not given her that damn bottle of booze in the first place. Looking at it that way this whole thing felt almost like Nancy's fault. Steve felt confused and wanted to throw up.

The outside of the house was still crowded. People were cheering and drinking and looking like they were having the time of their lives. Steve stumbled forward more than he actually walked. It didn't help that much that the air was cold and clean here and it didn't smell like booze or sweat. It didn't make him any soberer or helped to forget what he just saw. Just made him angrier, because he started getting

cold and he wouldn't be if Billy was having his hands on him now and not on that girl. Steve got to the street and started looking left and right, deciding on the shortest way home. Of course, Billy's car was parking there. Steve hated it, wanted to kick it, but he didn't. Instead, he just walked. Tried to walk really, because that definitely had been easier on other times. The movement made him dizzy. And dizziness made him slow, occasionally stopping because he feared he had to vomit. And with every step he took, he wished he could finally throw up because feeling sick was worse. He couldn't though. Not quite now anyway. He wanted to go back in time to make another choice. Other choices that didn't end up with him walking home alone drunk.

Steve didn't have a good feeling for time right now but he was able to notice that he was taking forever. When he turned to the next street, the party by now far enough away he wouldn't hear it that loud, Steve wasn't able to keep his liquor down anymore. He almost wasn't able to leave the pavement and get over on the grass before he started throwing up, causing his whole body to jerk.

"Wow, that's disgusting. What were you drinking?"

Steve froze, still bowing forward, trying to breathe normally again. The voice surprised him, coming out of nowhere. He didn't hear any steps before but again, he wasn't listening very closely. He knew that voice, though. But he didn't want to interact with it right now. Steve wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his shirt while looking to the side.

Billy was standing there, leaning against a fence, looking handsome as ever. He was wearing that leather jacket that Steve loved and a pair of tight jeans that didn't leave much to the imagination. His mouth was red. Fucking traitor.

"Fuck off.", Steve mumbled. He tried to start walking again but felt another stinging pain in his stomach followed by him throwing up another time.

He felt Billy's hands on him, one on his lower back and the other one making sure Steve's hair wouldn't get into this mess. For some strands of hair, this help came definitely too late.

"Lovely.", Billy commented. "You tried the punch, I guess?"

Steve grunted and chocked, wiping his mouth again, hoping this was the last time. At least he was drunk enough to not be ashamed right now.

"Come on, let's get you home.", Billy said.

Steve wanted to complain. Wanted to tell him he could fuck off. He didn't.

"Why are you even here? You left your car.", Steve mumbled while stumbling forward. Billy chuckled. He walked next to Steve now, putting an arm around the slimmer boy to support a bit of his weight and making sure he wasn't running into something.

"That I did.", Billy confirmed.

"Why?", Steve repeated, almost sounding whiny.

"Party sucked.", Billy said.

"Yeah.", Steve agreed. "But your car."

"Don't rack your brains over that, pretty boy. I'll get it later."

Steve squeezed his eyes and looked over to Billy, after he just called him that, but Billy looked as casual as ever apart from the fact that he was incredibly close right now. He smelled good as well, like cologne and cigarettes and himself and it reminded Steve so much of waking up next to him that his dick started to get interested in this situation. Shit, he should be angry right now and definitely not horny. Wrong moment for that.

"Where have you been?", Steve asked. They were faster now, walking together, but Steve still felt dizzy. Throwing up had helped a little though.

"When?", asked Billy. He looked over at Steve now.

"Earlier.", Steve said, trying to force the memory of Billy's hand on that girl's butt out of his mind right now. It looked nice though, being

touched in this way. Billy never touched him down the waistline, Steve wondered.

"Home.", Billy said. "I couldn't leave earlier. Needed to watch Max before Susan and Neil got home."

"Your parents."

"Nah. Max's mom. My dad.", Billy explained, getting into a more serious tone of voice now.

"Okay.", Steve nodded but he regretted moving his head when he felt dizzy again. At least he was pretty sure, he wouldn't throw up again. Not anytime soon.

"Missed me, Harrington?", Billy teased.

"Been looking for you.", Steve said.

Billy sighed. "Yeah, sorry 'bout that."

Steve tripped over a bump on the pavement, almost falling over on his face if Billy hadn't held him, groaning in struggle.

"Next time try drinking a little less. You're a pain in the ass to keep upright.", Billy said.

"I wanted to be drunk.", Steve said without thinking about it.

"Well, congratulations on archiving your goal, man.", Billy said sarcastically. He shook his head in amusement.

"I feel sick." Steve put a hand on his stomach.

Billy frowned. "You need to take another break? I swear, if you throw up on me, I'm going to leave you here."

Even all boozy Steve was pretty sure, Billy wouldn't leave him there and that was a nice feeling. Like he preferred being here to staying at that party. Ally would probably have taken him upstairs to do whatnot with him. Steve didn't want to imagine, even if he usually had no problem picturing Billy in an activity that didn't involve many

clothes.

"Yeah.", Steve decided. He was fairly certain, he wouldn't throw up again, but taking a break would hopefully help his dizziness.

"You're such an idiot.", Billy laughed. He had walked Steve over to a bigger fence, he could lean onto to keep him on his feet. But Steve didn't really intent on doing that and slid down to the ground, his back on the wall, until he was sitting on the ground. Yeah, that was better. He felt like a sailor having land under his feet again for the first time. Things didn't feel like they were shaking anymore and that definitely made him feel better.

"Guess we're taking a longer break then." Billy sighed and then he sat down next to Steve, still looking at him a little worried he might get worse again.

"You're not drunk.", Steve figured out after a moment of just breathing. "Why aren't YOU drunk?"

Billy smirked. "Too late, I guess. You've already drunk everything."

"You didn't see me.", Steve said looking at the ground.

"I don't need to watch you drink up all the liquor this girl has. I can picture it quite vividly.", Billy said.

"No. Not that.", Steve said with a frown.

Billy looked at him for a moment before turning his gaze away. "No.", he then agreed. Steve wasn't sure they were talking about the same thing now but he didn't dare to ask further. It felt like they were talking about the same thing which made it so weird when Billy got so serious all of the sudden. "You were standing there, right?"

"Wanted to leave.", Steve said. He felt cold now. The ground was cold.

"Nancy said you were walking home by yourself. And that your shitfaced as hell.", Billy said.

"And you left her?"

"She was going to find that other dude, I think.", Billy shrugged.

"No, not her. HER.", Steve said, again trying not to picture the way Ally had pushed her body against Billy's. She'd probably even feel nice. Soft and feminine. He couldn't do that.

"I did. Look...", Billy made a face as if he was searching for the right things. "Can we not talk about that right now? You probably end up forgetting all of this and I don't know what to say to you anyway."

"You kissed her.", Steve said clenching his jaw.

"Yeah.", Billy said.

"You liked it?"

"I guess.", Billy's gaze was drifting off again. "She was drunk."

"She's pretty.", Steve made it sound like an insult.

"Let's get you home.", Billy decided. He stood up and then pulled Steve up into his arms. Steve blinked, suddenly being so close to Billy. He looked into his eyes and looked for that thing again, the one he wasn't even sure what it was.

Billy grinned. "Got something on your hair.", he said, pushing a strand of hair out of Steve's face.

Steve swallowed. The way Billy looked at him made him forget he was angry at the first place. He was way too busy feeling other things like the heat that boy's body was radiating. And to notice the way he smelled and the way his eye color seemed to change a little when he looked at Steve.

"Let's get you home now.", Billy then decided.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos and comment. This helps me a lot to keep adding to this story.

Also feel free to write me on Tumblr (@confettibites)

<3

31. Tired

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is tired. Billy is taking him home.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"I'm tired.", Steve whined.

Billy sighed. "We're almost there. Come on now."

Steve groaned and kept walking. They had almost reached Steve's house right now. At least for Steve, the feeling of sickness had numbed and by now he was mostly tired. He knew that stage. It was the one, people or even he some time ago, tended to fall asleep leaning against a wall or sitting on a chair in the middle of the party. Steve was grumpy Billy wouldn't let him make another break just for a moment, but then he didn't want to upset him and be alone right now. Part of why he was moving so slowly was that he didn't want them to part anytime soon.

"You going to go back to the party?", Steve asked. He was slurring a little, but it didn't bother him too much.

"Have to pick up my car sometime.", Billy said.

"Going back to Ally?" Steve emphasized her name in a weird way.

"Who?", Billy frowned when he looked over.

"The girl? With the... with the bangs, she had her tongue in your mouth.", Steve said in lack of better wording.

Billy chuckled. "Oh, her name is Ally? Good to know."

"It's her party.", Steve informed him, actually being distracted for a second. "Nancy made me gift her a bottle of booze. I think it was expensive." He frowned.

"So crazy ex-girlfriend tried to set you up with her? Interesting. I thought, she still had a thing for you." Billy sounded amused. "Maybe you shouldn't have gotten plastered that much because I'm pretty sure, you would at least have gotten to second base. That booze definitely lowered her standards. Sorry, if I beat you on her, but she has basically forced herself on me."

"Sure.", Steve said, sounding full of disbelief.

"She did!", Billy defended himself. "Whatever. That's your home, isn't it?"

Steve looked up, almost stumbling over something because he was surprised to be that close to home. Damn. He was sure, Billy was going to leave soon and also that pain in his stomach had started again.

"Come on, pretty boy. It's cold.", Billy put a hand on Steve's shoulder to push him forward in a gentle way. Steve moved, trying with little payoff to find his pair of keys. Billy watched this for almost a minute with growing amusement until he sighed and stepped closer. Without breaking eye contact he reached into the pocket of Steve's pants to get a hold of that bunch of keys he had spotted at first sight because it formed a bulge in the pocket. Steve gasped when Billy's fingers got so close to his crotch area and his face so close to his and the other boy grinned when he noticed.

"You're literally the worst drunk. Would have probably ended up sleeping in someone else's front yard if I hadn't found you." Billy shook his head when he tried to figure out the right key to the front door.

"It's the silver one.", Steve said, leaning against the wall of the house and waiting.

Billy raised a brow staring down at about a dozen silver keys. "No shit?"

"No, the silver-silver one.", Steve insisted, vaguely pointing to one of the keys, that was slightly lighter than some of the others.

Billy shrugged and was kind of surprised, that one turned out to be the right one. "Maybe not the worst drunk.", he said and pulled the door open.

Steve hesitated. He feared that Billy would close the door behind him and disappear if he walked inside and he couldn't have that happen right now.

Billy sighed again. "Are you going to just keep standing there? I will drag your drunk ass upstairs myself if I have to if you like it or not."

Steve imagined for a moment what it would be like for Billy to get more physical now and that excited him. Not enough though to make him risk Billy leaving.

"Are you going back now?", Steve asked with a bit of fear in his voice.

"Nah." Billy said. "You look like you're going to throw up again. Come on in now." With that, Billy got inside the house, hoping this would make Steve follow. And he did. Steve walked inside and only tensed up a little when Billy got back to the door to close it because Steve had left it wide open.

Going up the stairs was ridiculous. Not only did Steve move incredibly slow, Billy had to keep him upright multiple times so he wouldn't just fall down all the way.

With lots of sighing and groaning sounds escaping Billy's throat, he somehow managed to maneuver Steve upstairs.

Billy got Steve in the direction of his bathroom and turned on the light in there.

"I'm tired.", Steve said, not sure why Billy was getting him inside here.

"Told ya you got something on your hair. Don't want to wake up tomorrow with your bed all smelly." Billy crinkled his nose. "And lose the shirt too, when you're at it."

Billy was leaning in the doorframe and watched Steve getting over to

the sink and cleaning up his face and the strands of hair that had gotten that kind of crunchy consistency by now. He felt like getting sick again.

"Oh no!", Billy got over and held Steve while he was gagging. It wasn't like his stomach was holding much content right now so even if it was painful, it was over fast. While still one of Billy's hands rested on Steve's back, he turned on the water of the sink to get down whatever was inside which was gladly already in a liquid form. Steve splatted some of the cold water in his face, feeling miserable now.

"I'm sorry.", he mumbled.

"It's okay.", Billy said. He moved his hand slightly, caressing Steve's back while he looked at Steve's reflection in the mirror. "I'm sure you must have gotten all the poison out by now." He smirked.

Steve still felt that sting in his stomach but it also felt empty and that was probably a good sign. "I hope so."

"Now get rid of the shirt, will ya?"

Billy was making a step back, still watching Steve while that boy tried to get out of that pullover, only slightly more successful than him trying to find those keys. Billy grinned and pulled on the hem of the shirt to help Steve get out of it. The shirt just fell to the ground leaving Steve with a weird feeling of nakedness even if he was still wearing pants. This could also be caused by the fact that he was feeling cold by now.

"You should probably take some aspirin, dude. Your head is going to hurt like hell.", he frowned. "You got something here?" He looked to the cabinet under the sink.

"No. There's some in the kitchen. Next to the refrigerator.", Steve said.

Billy nodded. "Stay here and don't do anything stupid, aight? I'll be back in a second."

With that, Billy was out of the door. Steve felt a little insulted by that comment but he stayed there, listening to Billy swearing downstairs

and furiously opening and closing cabinet doors. Steve wanted to say something but then he could hear Billy coming upstairs.

"If by next to you mean literally on the other side of the room, then, yeah, that's exactly where you store your painkillers.", Billy was rolling his eyes but he carried a familiar white box with him and also brought a glass along that he filled up halfway with water.

He gave it over to Steve along with a pill and Steve swallowed it, drinking up the water that felt weird in his stomach.

Billy looked at the painkillers and frowned. "You'll probably want more in the morning." He put the package next to the sink and put the glass next to it after Steve finished drinking.

"Still tired?", Billy asked with a smirk. Steve was sure he looked pathetic right now but all he wanted to do was to go to bed and in an ideal case, have Billy stay. So he nodded.

"Come on then.", Billy put a hand on Steve's bare back that felt nice and warm and like it really belonged there, sending a shiver down his spine. He walked over to his bed and basically just collapsed on top of it, turning his face to the side to look at Billy of whom Steve expected, that he would leave any second.

When Billy instead started taking off his boots and the leather jacket and then sat down on the side of the bed, Steve started smiling.

"You're staying.", he mumbled.

"Yeah, shut up now.", Billy said. "I'm not in the mood to walk back tonight. And you'll probably just end up doing stupid shit when I'm gone."

"Nah, I'm not!", Steve defended himself, only causing Billy to chuckle. Billy turned off the light and laid down next to Steve, close enough for the other boy to feel the warmth of his body and wanting to be even closer. But Steve was also incredibly tired and not able to watch that silhouette Billy was forming in the darkness for that long before he drifted off to sleep.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos and comment. This helps me so much to keep this story continuing every day :)

Also, if you want to talk or get in touch you can find me on Tumblr (@confettibites) <3

32. Turn around

Summary for the Chapter:

It's the next morning. Billy stayed overnight.

Notes for the Chapter:

Wow, that just got long. Enjoy!
Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Even when Steve was sleeping so deeply he might as well have been knocked out, he woke up pretty early and with a terrible headache and some trouble figuring out what the heck was going on. But somehow he managed to stay halfway quiet waking up, because Billy laying next to him, was still holding his eyes closed and looked peaceful. Steve tried to do the same, to close his eyes and fall back to sleep, but his head was killing him and so he got up and stumbled towards the bathroom. He almost sighed in relief when he found the glass and the painkillers there. He filled the glass with water and swallowed two pills before looking at himself in the mirror.

He looked sweaty and a little swollen and his hair was a total mess. For a second Steve thought about taking a shower now but he didn't want to wake Billy that early. Instead, he started to wash his face and then brush his teeth. He had an unpleasant taste in his mouth but most of all, there was Billy Hargrove in his bed right now and if anything, Steve wanted to have a nice breath, that wasn't an awkward reminder on how shitfaced he'd been last night.

When Steve walked back he was tiptoeing, at least until he noticed that Billy was looking at him. He had his arms crossed behind his head and looked fucking perfect right now, all sleepy and with those dark lashes. God, he looked too good. Steve thought about turning around because actually getting back in bed with him felt like the most intimate thing to do, even when they were laying there next to each other all night. Steve swallowed and turned his gaze away from Billy when he started approaching the bed.

Billy cleared his throat. The sound almost caused Steve to jump, but

instead, he walked up again, expecting Billy to run off or to send him away, even if it was his own bed. "Your head?", Billy asked instead.

Steve felt his jaw relaxing and nodded. "Just took two pills. Should be fine soon."

Billy turned his head to face the clock on Steve's nightstand. He groaned when he was able to see the time.

"Shit, it's fucking early.", he grumbled.

"Sorry, I tried not to wake you.", Steve said. By now he dared to continue his walk towards the bed.

Billy shook his head. "Just get back and let's talk in the morning."

Steve smirked. It wasn't that early. The sun had almost risen. But considering they were up late last night, they could both use some sleep. If only to get his own head to shut up.

When Steve finally got under the blanket and everything was comfortable and warm again, he already felt better. He enjoyed the fact that it didn't so much smell like booze in here. Instead, it smelled like Billy and this was one of Steve's favorite scents, to be honest.

But for now, Steve wasn't quite sure how to even lay here. He stared at the ceiling above him because he worried, doing anything could disturb whatever was going on right now. Like even looking at Billy could be too much. That's why it surprised him as much when Billy turned over to him, rolling onto his side. That brought his face so close to Steve that he could feel Billy's hot breath on his neck and the side of his face.

Steve needed a moment to dare to first turn his head and then his whole body around. The fact that Billy was still pretty much fully dressed and Steve was laying in front of him bare-chested, still felt a little weird to Steve. On the other hand, with his habit of never closing all the buttons, calling Billy fully dressed was a gross exaggeration.

"What are you doing?", Billy asked very quietly. He didn't make it sound angry or full of any other emotion. Most of all he sounded

curious.

Steve was looking at Billy's eyes and his mouth feeling a tingling in his body when the other boy licked his lips.

"Nothing.", Steve said. It sounded almost desperate, his voice all husky and needy.

Steve could see Billy's chest go up and down with every breath he was taking. When Billy was leaning closer a moment later, Steve's lips tingled in anticipation only to have Billy's mouth hover above them yet not touch.

Steve exhaled and released a noise that, in an awkward way, resembled a whine. A grin grew on Billy's mouth, still so close Steve could almost taste it. "Turn around.", Steve said, still so close this whole bed felt like it was on fire.

Steve needed a second to process this. "What?", he mumbled.

"Turn around.", Billy repeated in a more teasing way than he did before.

It felt wrong not to give in to the need of kissing Billy now and then but this was still exciting and Steve did what he was told, rolling over to his other side. Not even a second passed until Billy put an arm around him and snuggled behind him, his mouth on Steve's neck. Steve was tense at first but actually, this was like taking a hot bath. Billy's body temperature alone was all he needed to fully relax. His scent was a nice extra.

Steve felt Billy's arm against his chest, that pulled him even closer to Billy. He could feel the other boys breathe getting calmer now, still hitting the back of Steve's neck every time. His fingers were drawing circles on Steve's chest and tracing over his collarbone.

But even if that was incredibly relaxing and Steve enjoyed the hell out of this... cuddling?, he still questioned what that meant. It couldn't really be cuddling though. It was one thing to make out because there were some sparks between them, but there had to be a line that they wouldn't cross. Cuddling was definitely on the other

side of that line. At best, this was comforting. Two guys trying to get comfortable before sleeping. Sure. A casual thing to do. And Steve was definitely not feeling the need to push his hips back to meet Billy's. Nah, that would be very wrong. They were tired and this was nice and that's all there was to it. Because if that weren't the case, Steve worried there wouldn't be a line at all sometime soon. And what worried him, even more, was his desire to go there and have them not having anything keeping them apart.

Steve was pretty sure this time it was him that stayed awake for longer, while Billy had fallen asleep holding him. But they pretty much woke up at the same time when Billy started moving a little and then releasing a tired groan. "You got coffee somewhere, Harrington?", he mumbled against Steve's neck.

"Downstairs.", Steve said, slightly tilting his head to the side. He wanted Billy to get closer to his neck now. To kiss it, or lick it or bite it but that boy's hot breath just made promises he wasn't going to fulfill. "Want me to get up and make some?", Steve asked.

"We should both get up.", said Billy, followed by a short sigh as if he hated the thought of stopping this just as much as Steve did. But then he was the one, taking his arm from Steve and somehow getting away leaving Steve's back exposed and cold.

When Steve could hear Billy standing up, he did the same. At least his head wasn't killing him anymore. The first thing he did was to put on a shirt, even if it couldn't feel as good on his skin as Billy just did. Billy had put on his boots and picked up his jacket from the floor. After that, he followed Steve downstairs and leaned against the kitchen counter while Steve made some coffee he then filled into two cups. He gave one to Billy and silently leaned against the counter next to him.

"Thanks.", Billy mumbled. Steve could tell that he was avoiding to have their eyes meet. It was okay really. Probably better this way. Less complicated. And it didn't hurt more than standing up did.

"I guess, I owe you thanks after last night...", Steve said. He put the coffee cup to the side because it was way too hot.

"Nah, you don't.", Billy shook his head. "Not more than I owe you one for crashing here again."

Steve smiled.

A knock on the door caused both of them to turn around and widen their eyes a little.

"You expect a visitor?", Billy asked.

"No, I don't.", Steve mumbled and made a step towards the door. "Shall I open?" He stopped and turned around to look at Billy.

Billy chuckled. "It's your house."

Steve hesitated a second and then walked over to the door. He could hear Billy sighing behind him, not sure what that was about.

The only thing Steve was able to tell before opening was that there were two silhouettes behind the cloudy glass of the front door. He opened up and found Nancy and Jonathan standing behind there.

Nancy was standing in the front. She was wearing a scarf because it was pretty chilly outside. Jonathan stood behind her and looked towards the ground as if he was uncomfortable just getting here. Poor guy. Steve had some sympathy for him being forced to accompany Nancy checking on her ex all bright and early. On the other hand, this is what he wanted, so it's probably what he deserved. Steve was glad, Billy was still back in the house until he heard his steps getting closer and felt himself blushing a little. Both Nancy's and Jonathan's jaws dropped when Billy appeared.

Before Nancy was able to say anything, Billy had walked past Steve and put a hand on her shoulder for a second. "Thank god!", he said in a theatrical way. "I guess, he's all yours now, princess." With that, he also walked past her, all three pairs of eyes following him. Nancy's and Jonathan's in disbelief and Steve's with an emotion he wasn't yet able to pin down.

"Eh, shall we take you to your car?", Nancy asked Billy with a loud tone because he was walking away fast. She looked at Jonathan immediately after, as if she had to check whether this was an okay

thing to offer.

"I'll pass.", Billy said, raising one hand to wave. He wasn't looking over at them when he said this but all Steve was thinking while trying not to stare at this boys butt in a too obvious way was 'turn around'. And then, a second before Billy disappeared behind the corner, he did, darting a smirk in Steve's direction and causing Steves heart to make a jump.

Nancy looked back at Steve now, her eyes slightly squeezed together. Steve clenched his jaw, expecting a questioning after that.

"He was sleeping on the couch, right?"

Damn, he was blushing again. "Obviously.", Steve said. He swallowed.

Nancy raised a corner of her mouth. "You guys sure have a thing for sleepovers."

"What? No, we don't!", Steve frowned. Nowadays they had a thing for lots of things, including Billy sleeping over but this wasn't the right time and especially company to deepen that thought.

"You slept in his car last week, didn't you?" Nancy looked a little irritated now.

"Oh! Yeah, that's right. Almost forgot about that.", Steve lied. Of course, he hadn't forgotten about that. And he was probably never going to.

"When I asked him to go look for you, I never thought he would stay...", Nancy wondered. Jonathan nodded in agreement.

"Why did you even ask him?"

"You looked like you would fall over any second and Jonathan was upstairs. You are friends now, aren't you?", Nancy explained.

"I guess." Steve shrugged. "I was pretty drunk.", Steve said, chuckling a little.

"Yes, you were.", Nancy nodded. "Ally, too."

Steve bit his tongue and hoped she wouldn't notice how the mentioning of that name just upset him. "It was some strong stuff, I gave her.", he said.

"I almost didn't get her off Billy last night.", Nancy said, while closely watching Steve's reaction. Steve felt his face hardening.

"Well, you did eventually.", he said in a cool tone.

"Yeah. We wanted to look after you, too, but she started getting sick so I was looking after her instead. We got home so late."

"It was a mess.", Jonathan agreed.

Steve was pretty glad, she and Jonathan didn't come after them last night. Also, he was wondering whether him being sick and Ally being sick had something to do with that bottle being quite old. Could liquor go bad? Also, it was probably more the amount and less what they were drinking.

"Are you going to check on her as well?"

"Yeah, we wanted to go there afterward. That's why we could have given Billy a ride.", she raised a brow.

"It's not that far.", Steve said while remembering the long walk home last night. Although it was all a little foggy, there was nothing blank there. But thinking about all the things he said felt a little awkward. He sure asked him a damn lot about the thing with Ally.

"You must have a terrible headache.", Nancy wondered.

Steve wanted to tell her, that he already took care of that but then decided to just play along. "Yeah. I should probably take another nap.", he said.

Nancy turned her head to Jonathan. "Let's go over to Ally's, okay?"

"Sure.", Jonathan nodded.

Steve did his best not to shake his head over the two of them. On the other hand, if Ally stayed at home sick last night, getting some

visitors that helped her clean up could be quite nice.

They said there goodbyes and even if Steve had lied about needing another nap, he got back into his bed. But even if this place was still warm and smelled like Billy, no matter how often Steve turned around, it was nothing like when he was there.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you enjoyed this chapter. If you did, please comment down below and leave kudos. This helps me a lot to continue writing this story.

Also, to get in touch or chat or anything, you can write me on Tumblr (@confettibites) <3

33. Or was he?

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve's in bed and dreaming of Billy.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Jonathan and Nancy said there goodbyes and although Steve had lied about needing another nap, he got back into his bed. But even if this place was still warm and smelled like Billy, no matter how often Steve turned around, it was nothing like it was before when he was actually there.

This, of course, changed a little when Steve fell asleep again.

Maybe it was caused by the fact that he wasn't really tired when he fell asleep and whatever stage of sleep he got into was light and left him open to external influences and wishful thinking. And then there was this still warm bed and the scent of cologne and cigarettes that obscured his senses even when he was awake. Now it was like being trapped in a hot dream that made him feel so good he actually feared to ever get out of it.

Because if he was sure about one thing, it was, that he was dreaming when he no longer felt like he was alone in the bed and Billy was there with him. A week ago, Steve would have fought that image, would have forced it back into his subconscious to keep quiet and he would make himself think about something less dangerous. But things changed and even when he didn't feel any closer to figuring things out for himself, he wasn't denying his own body's reaction to Billy anymore. Or his minds reaction.

Billy in his dream, of course, was nothing like the real version. He looked the same and smelled the same, but he wasn't more than a gorgeous and incredibly hot silhouette, teasing Steve with the fact that he couldn't really be touched. Not in any way that was satisfying at least, because, hell, Steve had some ideas in mind where to touch

him and what to do with that boy, apart from just kissing him. And as if the figure was able to read his mind, which, in some way, it most certainly was, things started to heat up even more. Steve wasn't watching Billy in some distance now but instead, it felt like he was all over him, causing all the reactions Steve already knew about. His skin twitched as he imagined hot breath on his skin and the weight of another person on top of him, touches and kisses, slowly working their way over Steve's neck and jawline.

Steve reached forward trying to convince his mind, this was real and his hands could touch Billy's face or his body if he wanted to. But all he could reach for was blankness.

Billy was now sitting up on top of Steve, his hands on Steve's shoulder as if his mind needed a visual to keep him pinned down. Of course, there was this familiar smirk on Billy's face. Steve wasn't able to focus on anything but him now. While his room was nothing more than hazy edges surrounding that figure, Billy looked sharp-edged and crisp as if he was right there. He was shirtless, too, just like he had been when they first kissed in Steve's pool. Nothing else was here, but the dim version of what Steve's room once had been, simultaneously a promise of what it might become one day.

Steve could feel the soft mattress under his back, warm in agonizing comfort, that kept him in constant fear of falling deeper asleep and missing out on the best part.

While Steve felt he couldn't possibly move now no matter how hard he tried, Billy moved with ease, slipping his fingers over Steve's jaw and face before pressing his lips against the other boy's mouth.

Oh, Steve knew that feeling. It was his favorite feeling in the world and he noticed a grin growing on his own face, reliving the memory of kissing Billy. There was so much pressure, he felt this dream could quite possibly cut off his breath. It was just as rough and dirty with little bites and sharp teeth, just like it had been in Steve's memory.

Finally touching again, even if it wasn't the real thing, caused Steve to relax more. His arms were falling to his side, sinking into the mattress and making Billy the only one to be moving. The only thing that still kept the tension alive was the silent desperation in Steve to

be really touched, to grind against something physical and get some friction in all the right places.

Oh, he was so hard right now.

Steve wasn't even ashamed of this. Maybe because he felt needy and desperate for too long now or sleeping next to Billy without anything happening had been too much. Steve didn't care. This was a dream and he might as well have it as animalistic, desperate and instinct-driven as it needed to be. And those sparkling blue eyes and some simple touches were all it took for him.

And now Billy was moving downwards. Steve's dick twitched in excitement. Steve could really feel those boys hands now, on his chest and his waist and then somewhere else. Billy was still looking at Steve, now from between his legs and he grinning as if this was just as exciting for him as it was to Steve. And, of course, he was licking his lips, like he did so often, before leaning closer and closer to where Steve wished to be touched so badly. He looked down and focused and blinked when Billy opened his mouth to swallow Steve's dick, but Billy stopped moving and what Steve was seeing changed as he blinked, getting less blurry and less dim, taking him back to his bedroom that, although it smelled nice, was empty except for himself.

"No, no, no, no, no...", Steve mumbled in a whiny way, forcing his eyes to be closed to convince his body this couldn't be the fucking end of this. That he would be able to drift back into that dream if he only tried hard enough. Another minute, half a minute even. He couldn't be all alone here now. Fuck, this was bad.

He reached down to his crotch and moaned when his hand touched the hard fabric of his jeans, giving him just the slightest bit of friction.

Steve kept his eyes closed while he opened his pants. He didn't even bother to push it down because he just needed to get some relief now. To go back to that image, that creation from his own mind that was going to be stored there forever. Even if it was pure fantasy, in this moment it was so real, almost like a memory.

Steve pictured those pink lips around his dick, the lips he kissed twice by now, while he kept stroking himself. His fingers were wet with precome. Steve imagined Billy's cheeks getting hollow and his head moving up and down while he was looking at Steve with curious and playful eyes. And then he groaned, fastening his pace and tightening his grip, more and more noises coming from his mouth and throat.

Steve felt his cheeks flushing and tried so hard to convince himself that this nothing more than jerking off, just like he'd done it countless of times. That it didn't change things, whatever he pictured in his mind or that he felt like his whole body was shaking while energy built up inside it, desperate to be released. When he finally came, it was loud and messy and Steve was gasping and moaning and finally close to sobbing. He was not sure what to do with himself while his high slowly wore off and he was starting to breathe normally again. He hugged his arms around himself and wished for it to be Billy instead, holding him like he did this morning, warm and tight and close.

Steve's mind was a mess. Sure, admitting that Billy Hargrove was hot and Steve liked to look at him was one thing. And making out was one way to get rid of this tension that started building every time they got too close. Better than getting in a fight anyway. But picturing Billy with Steve's dick in his mouth while having one of the best orgasms ever was sure something different. Something that couldn't be explained as easily. Fuck. Billy Hargrove and his stupid face and his stupid smell and the stupid way he talked to Steve and cared enough to make sure he got home safe and fuck all of those stupid touches that were everything and not enough all at the same time. And fuck him for leaving.

Steve pushed himself to get up and he was sitting on the edge of his bed now, one hand running through his hair. The last time he had feelings that at least somewhat resembled those he had now, he was falling in love with Nancy. But there sure as hell was no way he was falling in love with Billy Hargrove.

Or was he?

Notes for the Chapter:

Oh well, I don't quite know how I ended up with this chapter but there you have it. I think Steve just got a lot closer to admitting his own feelings and that was definitely needed. I'm already curious where this story is heading next and what changes for Steve after that.

If you enjoyed this chapter, please leave kudos and comment. This helps me so much to keep writing this story <3

Also, if you want to get in touch, you can reach out on Tumblr (@confettibites) :)

34. I can't like both

Summary for the Chapter:

Nancy needs Steve's help and they have a talk about the latest developments.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve left his bedroom after that because he didn't trust himself around this place. He cleaned himself up and got dressed and sat on the couch in the living room for a bit of time, watching TV and trying to keep his mind busy. It almost worked out when the telephone rang and he got up to answer the call, lowkey hoping to hear a deep and familiar voice on the other end of the line.

"Steve?", the voice was familiar but not deep at all.

"Nancy? What's up?", he asked.

"Are you busy right now?", she asked.

"No, I've been watching TV.", Steve said.

"Can you come over? One of the stands of my bed broke when I climbed on top of it to clean my window. Jonathan is off to spend some time with Will and my Dad says his back hurts and he can't fix it today."

Steve frowned. She must really be desperate if she called him. "Sure.", he then said. "When do you want me to be over?"

"Now? I know, it's a lot to ask and you're probably still hungover."

"No, it's fine, Nance. Do you need me to bring any tools?"

A moment of silence. "No, I think, we have everything."

Steve was relieved because he had honestly no idea where his parents

had their tools. "I'll be on my way."

"Thank you!", Nancy hung up.

As a distraction from Billy, going over to Nancy was probably way better than sitting here and wondering all day, so Steve got in his car immediately and drove over.

It felt a little weird. It had been quite some time now since he'd been over at Nancy's to just hanging out. The place still looked the same, but things had changed a lot.

When he rang the doorbell, it didn't take long until he heard Mrs. Wheeler shout for someone to open up. A few seconds later, Nancy was on the door. She was smiling and led him inside, directly leading him upstairs to her room, where he could see the problem in all its glory.

"You know, I'm no good at this?", Steve frowned while Nancy closed the door behind him. One of the four stands of the bed was bent, so the bed was a little crooked at one side.

"I thought you lift the bed and I try to hit it with a hammer until it's straight again.", Nancy pitched her idea, somehow coming up with a hammer from behind him.

"Could work.", Steve said.

A moment later he was standing by the side of the bed he still knew very well and lifted it, so Nancy was able to have access to the broken stand.

"Does it work?", he asked in between breaths. Lifting this bed was way harder than he expected it to be.

"It does. Give me another minute.", Nancy said. Every few seconds she hit the stand with the hammer, thereby making it way more difficult for Steve to keep holding the bed up.

After what seemed an eternity, Nancy came up from under the bed with a grin on her face, raising the hammer in pride.

Steve smirked and carefully let the edge of the bed back down, walking over to Nancy to take a look at their work. "That was way quicker than I expected.", he said. "Good job. Looks just as good as new."

"Apart from the scratches I got into the metal.", Nancy frowned.

Steve cleaned off the bit of sweat on his forehead with the sleeve of his sweater. "I'm glad, I could help you.", he smiled.

"Thank you so much.", Nancy turned around to him. "You'll stay over, right? To talk?", she looked at him and then the bed and sat down on the side of the mattress.

Steve was glad to have an excuse not to be home alone and miserable right now, so he nodded, glad about an opportunity, not to think about Billy.

Nancy sat in silence beside him for a moment which made Steve frown and look over at her. "What's wrong?", he asked.

"You're not going to like this, but I think we need to talk."

Steve's look grew more concerned. What did she want to talk about? Was something wrong with her and Jonathan? Was this why she asked him over to help?

"What's wrong?", he asked her.

"Billy Hargrove.", Nancy stated, careful not to look into Steve's eyes right now.

But Steve was just more confused. "What about him?"

"I just... You spend a lot of time together."

"I guess."

"You sure look at him a lot.", Nancy added.

Steve raised a brow while Nancy looked right at him now. "What are you talking about?"

"You sure, you're just friends, Steve? I mean, it doesn't take a lot to notice how you look at this guy."

Steve already blushed before he fully understood her question. He got up and ran a hand through his hair, looking for the nearest exit.

"Don't run off now!", Nancy was standing up as well. "I don't... I just want to offer you that you can talk to me.", she touched his arm with her cold hand, which helped because it didn't make him run off immediately.

"Nancy...", he said as if to beg her to stop with this topic.

"So I'm right.", Nancy concluded.

Steve looked at her with big eyes, unable to come up with anything in his defense. "We are nothing more than friends."

"But you would like for that to change.", Nancy suspected.

Dammit, this girl sure was able to read his face. Steve returned his gaze to the ground as if that could help to keep his secrets safe.

"So you DO like him.", Nancy deduced as if it was a personal victory.

"I can't.", Steve said as a weak excuse. "I always liked girls." He looked back up at her, sure he had a point with that one.

"But now you like him.", she said. The way there was no hint of sarcasm or joke on her face and it was all honesty made him make a step back again. Nancy meanwhile just sat down on her bed again.

"I can't like both, Nancy!", Steve said with a groan, by now walking up and down her room, unable to sit down anywhere.

"But you do.", Nancy said.

Steve stopped and turned his gaze to the ground before he looked over at her. "Yeah, shut up, I do...", he said with a big frown on his face.

Nancy chuckled. "It's not that big of a deal. I know a few girls that

have... I don't know... kissed other girls before.", Nancy tried to come up with something to make Steve feel better.

"That's something different.", Steve decided.

"Because girls are aloud and boys aren't? That's just bullshit.", Nancy said with a tilted head.

"I'm not so sure about that.", Steve said. He wasn't feeling like walking around now so he just dropped onto the floor in front of Nancy's bed, trying to get his head around things.

"What about him?"

"Billy?", Steve raised a brow.

"Who else could I be talking about?", Nancy rolled her eyes.

"Honestly? Who knows what's his deal."

"He made out with Ally.", said Nancy. She was talking quieter as if she expected this to be a difficult topic.

"He made out with me. Twice.", Steve said without even thinking about what he was confessing right now.

"What?!", Nancy stared at Steve in disbelief. "When?"

"He was over one night. We got drunk and hopped in the pool and it kinda happened. Happened again when he slept over one night. I don't know what to tell you really...", Steve said.

"And when were you going to tell me about this?"

"Never? We shouldn't even be talking about this, now. I don't wanna know about you and Jonathan and you shouldn't worry about me."

"I'm not worried about you being interested in someone else.", Nancy said. "I'm worried you have no idea what you are doing and start getting miserable again."

"Well, congratulations, I never have any idea of what I'm doing.",

Steve said, shaking his head.

"You want to be dating him?", Nancy continued her questioning.

Steve groaned. "I don't know. This is not how that works anyway.", he said.

"Then how does it work? What happened when you guys kissed?"

"Yelling? Denying? Trying to go back to before?", Steve said. "It doesn't work too well though." He snorted.

Nancy grinned. "Oh, I can imagine."

Steve looked up at her.

"You two are idiots. If this happened twice he's probably just as much into you as you are into him.", Nancy decided.

"As you said: He made out with Ally.", Steve said, releasing another sigh.

"And spent the night over at your place, on your couch, to make sure you're okay."

"In my bed.", Steve corrected her.

Nancy's grin grew bigger. "You're an idiot, Steve Harrington. Although, Billy seems to be just as much of an idiot.", she shook her head.

"You know, you aren't helping, right?"

"Never said, I would be.", Nancy said in her defense, still chuckling a little. "The girl's in school will be so upset!"

"What?", Steve looked at her with a raised brow.

"You and Billy hooking up with each other? This is definitely going to break a few hearts and not only Ally's." She still grinned. "She asked about Billy earlier and why he disappeared, you know?"

"Did you tell her he's been with me?"

"Yes. But I'm fairly certain she doesn't expect anything more than friendship between the two of you."

"Good.", Steve said nodding. "Nobody can know about this."

"So far, I'm pretty sure nobody knows."

"Jonathan?"

Nancy sighed. "Of course, he knows. He noticed you staring at Billy even before I did. I wouldn't even have asked you to ask Billy to go to that party if I hadn't been discussing this with Jonathan before."

Steve rubbed his forehead in disbelief. "You tried to hook me up with him?"

"You weren't going to talk to him on your own and I didn't even expect you to ask him. It worked out, didn't it?"

"Something like that.", Steve decided. "Fuck." He let himself drop back until he laid flat on Nancy's light carpet.

"It's so bad?", she asked compassionately.

"Worse.", Steve stated. "I think I'm losing it."

Steve could hear Nancy chuckle. "You're not. Just don't overthink that he's a guy."

"Great advice.", Steve said sarcastically. "It's not like I could forget about that."

"At some point, you'll have to talk to him about that. You know that, right?"

"I do. I don't know.", Steve mumbled. "He'll probably kick my ass and call me a fag or something."

"After kissing you?"

"It's not like it was super romantic or anything.", Steve said. "It's different."

"So you plan on continuing this? Staring and him and not making any move?"

"I made a move! I kissed him. And then he yelled at me and walked off. That was worse than just going along with what we have now."

"Really?", Steve could hear by the tone of Nancy's voice that she was frowning. "Because you literally collapsed on my floor and have no idea what to do, right now, Steve Harrington."

Steve raised his head and looked at her. "What do you want me to say, Nancy? Honestly, this is not like I have a stupid crush on some stupid girl and I could just ask her out or anything. It's super weird..."

"Why not? You could ask him out.", Nancy advised.

"Right.", Steve said sarcastically. "Two guys going to the movies or something in a small town like this. Wouldn't look weird at all."

"It would look like you go there as friends.", Nancy said. "Nobody is going to expect anything. Plus it's dark inside."

Steve thought about it and then just shook his head. "It's never going to work, Nancy."

"What then?", she asked.

"I honestly have no idea.", Steve said and let his head drop down on the floor again.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos and comment. This honestly helps me so much to continue this story. <3

To get in touch, feel free to message me on Tumblr (@confettibites). :)

This chapter got kinda long compared to what I usually end up with, but I've been planning on writing this conversation for a while. I hope I did it

some justice and it turned out well. I didn't have the heart to split it up in two parts.

35. Now can I come in or what?

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is finishing his talk with Nancy and returning home.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve kept laying there and actually needed this little moment of silence while Nancy just stayed quiet on her bed and gave him some time to think. He definitely did not plan on telling Nancy about this and he wasn't even sure if it was a good thing he did. Maybe he needed to hear that he, in fact, wasn't going crazy but he still felt like he was.

"You're staring at me, aren't you?", he asked.

"Not staring.", Nancy corrected him. "Waiting for you to talk if you want to."

Steve sighed and sat back up again. "I'm confused."

"That's not new.", Nancy grinned.

"Tell me about it.", Steve grumbled. "I'm wondering how Jonathan was able to tell there was something between me and Billy before I did."

"Apart from your word-fights and the fact that you were constantly at each other's throats?", she raised a brow. "You also were staring at him all the time. I wasn't even noticing until Jonathan pointed it out."

"I didn't even think further about this until that party last week.", Steve said.

"I didn't expect him to show up. When I came outside it was mainly to make sure you weren't killing each other."

"We weren't.", Steve confirmed.

"And then you showed up together the next day in the same clothes.", she said. "At Jonathan's place."

"It rained. I fell asleep.", Steve nodded. "I guess this is kind of where all of this started."

"This is so cute.", Nancy chuckled.

Steve made a face. "It's not cute.", he clarified. "It's slowly driving me insane is what it is."

"Do you know what this morning was about?"

Steve frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Him walking off like that. What have you been up to when we got there?"

"Drinking coffee. We were just getting up really. I have no idea why he left. Probably because it looked hella weird that he was still there."

"A little surprising maybe. Not super weird.", Nancy decided. "It was mainly because his car wasn't parked there. I probably wouldn't even have knocked when I knew he was over."

Steve tilted his head and raised a brow in disbelief.

"Okay, maybe I would have.", Nancy admitted. "Just to make sure he didn't kill you."

"I don't think he's going to.", Steve said. "Unless I massively fuck this up." He sighed. "Which, knowing me, I probably will."

"I don't think so.", Nancy sounded optimistic. "Maybe he needs more time than you do. To realize what's going on."

"I still haven't realized what's going on.", Steve mumbled.

"That's what I'm talking about. This is probably new to him as well

and... well, maybe he kissed Ally because he needed to prove something to himself or whatever."

Steve pulled another face.

"But he got of her as soon as you needed him. I mean, that says a lot about his priorities.", Nancy concluded.

"That he cares more about me than about some random girl. Wow, I'm a lucky guy.", Steve was still grumbling.

"Ally is nice. And she's pretty. And she probably would have gone a lot further than just kissing him."

Steve blinked. "What do you want me to say to this? Really, if he wants to, he has my sincere blessing."

"That's totally not the point I was trying to make.", Nancy groaned in annoyance and moved a bit forward on the edge of the bed. "What I'm trying to say is that he was willing to take care of you and take you home instead of... having a nice time with Ally."

"She was equally as drunk. She'd probably throw up as well."

"You threw up?", Nancy frowned.

Steve clenched his jaw. "Let's not discuss this, okay? I see your point but I'm not totally sold on this, right?"

Nancy grinned and nodded. "You don't have to. I don't even know if I'm right.", she said. "But, if this helps, I really want this to work out and you to be happy."

"Thank you, Nance.", Steve managed to put on a smile. "And thanks for this. Talking helped a little."

"I hoped so.", Nancy nodded. "And if anything happens, you know you can always talk to me, right?"

"I know.", Steve stretched his shoulders while getting up from the ground. "I better get home now. My head is starting to hurt again."

This wasn't even a lie. But Steve wasn't so sure if it was still his hangover or if this was caused by discussing his feelings and messed up mind. The effect was the same really.

"You want me to get you something?"

"I take another aspirin at home or maybe just drink a lot or whatever.", he shrugged.

"Okay.", Nancy nodded. "Thanks for your help again."

"I think you helped a lot more than I did." Steve frowned.

Nancy stood up as well and took him down to the front door, waving at him while he got to his car. It was the later afternoon now and he already felt like dead-tired. Maybe he shouldn't have tried to drink his body-weight in alcohol last night, but hey, that was just him guessing.

When he drove home he questioned more and more if this talk was really the right thing to do or necessary. Not only because he wasn't really sure what he was feeling still, but because any other person knowing wasn't a good thing. Even if Steve trusted Nancy with everything, he still felt a little traitorous towards Billy. He wouldn't like Billy to go around talking about this to anyone. Or was this really a problem? Steve expected it to be one for Billy. That he didn't want anyone knowing about this intimacy if he even dared to call it that.

When Steve turned his car into the driveway he had to step onto the break quite strongly to not have it crash into the other car parking there. It took him another moment of just breathing and thanking for not having crashed his car when he realized that he knew this intruder and this car and as soon as he recognized it, he wasn't thinking about his luck anymore. Why was Billy back here? And where was this guy? He certainly wasn't sitting in his car.

Steve was looking all around while he kept strolling around on his property, discovering Billy after a moment, because he wasn't hiding but in fact sprawled over one of the deck chairs next to the pool, wearing a brown leather jacket and sunglasses and reading a fucking

book.

Steve stopped right there where he stood and his jaw dropped open. It looked almost funny. Seeing Billy the way he typically dressed but with a book in his hand was a really weird combination and Steve would have loved to be able to get the title of the book from his position. Billy's fingers were hiding it though.

"Where have you been gadding around?", Billy asked, lowering the book and looking at Steve over the top of his sunglasses.

Steve was surprised, Billy even noticed him because he wasn't really in his field of vision. On the other hand, he probably just heard his car arrive and concluded Steve's been staring at him again.

"What are you doing here?" Steve just looked at him more puzzled.

"Reading.", Billy answered.

"I see that.", Steve frowned. "Why here exactly?"

"You weren't home. I wasn't in the mood to go back home.", Billy shrugged.

"Okay.", Steve walked closer and sat down on the edge of another one of the deck chairs. "I was at Nancy's.", Steve said. "She asked me to help her repairing her bed."

Billy took off his sunglasses and looked at Steve in disbelief. "She called you over for that? Damn, that's harsh.", he shook his head and then put his glasses back on.

"What?"

"Having Byers over to break the bed and then calling you to fix it.", Billy snorted. "I hope it at least paid off in some way."

Steve rolled his eyes. "This is Nancy. She just needed some help, that's all."

"If you say so.", Billy said, still not sold on that one. "Can I come inside? It's starting to get a little chilly outside."

"Maybe you should start to dress yourself according to the weather.", Steve grinned.

"You don't like the way I dress, Harrington? Ouch!", Billy pulled a face.

Steve laughed. "How long have you even been sitting here?"

"A while.", Billy said. "Now can I come in or what?"

Steve looked at him and asked himself if it was a good idea to hang out with Billy in this state of mind. But he was nodding and smiling before he could even think this through any further.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you enjoyed reading. If you did, please leave kudos and comment. This helps me a lot with continuing this story.

Also, if you want to talk, feel free to message me on Tumblr (@confettibites) <3

36. You make it kinda hard not to stare

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy is spending the afternoon at Steve's.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"Sure.", Steve nodded. He stood up and waited for Billy to follow him inside.

Steve immediately noticed their cups, with now cold coffee, that were still sitting on the kitchen counter and had been abandoned there after this morning. "You probably didn't come to finish your coffee.", he joked, emptying out both cups in the sink. "Want something to drink?"

"I'm good.", Billy said.

Because he still felt unsure about looking at Billy, Steve rinsed out both of their cups particularly thoroughly before putting them to the side to dry and then turning around while leaning his back against the counter.

Billy was still standing there, the book in his hand and a finger between the pages where he just had been interrupted. He looked like he was just watching Steve's moves but Steve wasn't sure what to do with his expression really.

"Nancy told me Ally had a pretty rough night as well yesterday."

"You've been worrying about her?", Billy raised a brow. "I mean, she was obviously pretty shitfaced. Not quite your level I suppose." He looked at the ground while he added the last two sentences as if he were looking for something.

"Probably. She might have drunken even more than I did. Nancy just told me because she and Jonathan have apparently been babysitting her yesterday."

"That's why the princess sent me to carry you home?", Billy snorted. Steve wasn't sure what to take from that comment.

"I think it was rather because she wouldn't have been able to get me home and Jonathan wasn't there.", Steve said honestly. "And it appears we're something like friends nowadays."

"Something like that.", Billy commented and shook his head for a second.

Steve watched him for a moment and wished he was as smart as Nancy for a change, to be able to tell what was going on in this boy's head right now. Could be nothing or everything and Steve had not the slightest idea.

"Are you going to tell me, why you came?", Steve asked.

"You want me to leave? Expecting someone?", Billy looked up his eyes slightly widened.

Steve just shook his head slowly and asked himself why Billy was so jumpy all the sudden. "No, you can stay as long as you want really. I'm just curious."

Billy closed his eyes for the glimpse of a second and looked relieved when he looked back down. "Honestly, I just needed to be somewhere quiet. I didn't even plan on driving here at first but I thought... maybe you would be studying anyway or working on your essay and I won't be bothering that much."

"You're not...", Steve looked at him a little puzzled. There they were, standing in the kitchen and Billy just requested something as innocent as studying together while somehow reminding Steve of a beaten puppy. How could he possibly refuse that? "You know what? I definitely should be working on that essay.", he shook his head and then chuckled.

Billy's mouth curved into a smile. "Haven't gotten any further, I suppose?"

"A little actually.", Steve said. "But I need to rewrite it. You wanna come upstairs or do you want to... I don't know... read down here? Is

probably quieter?"

"I don't think you'll be that noisy.", Billy commented and then the smirk returned to his face and made Steve's heart jump a little.

"Watch me.", Steve grinned. He pushed himself off the kitchen counter and walked upstairs in front of Billy.

When Steve opened the door to his room, memories of the morning returned and Steve was pretty sure that he was blushing, which is why he walked over and opened the window. It still smelt familiar in here. Steve hoped, he cleaned up well enough after himself in the morning so this wouldn't end with Billy discovering any awkward stains on the bedding that hadn't been there earlier. But Billy didn't seem to care for the bedding right now because he just laid down on the bed.

Steve watched the other boy from his position at the window, flattered by how comfortable Billy obviously felt here. He crossed his ankles and positioned one of Steve's pillows under his head before he opened his book again. Steve swallowed, for a moment totally hypnotized by that view. He just looked so good. So calm. He always looked good really, but him just laying in Steve's bed in broad daylight because he wanted to be here was something really awing to Steve.

"Are you going to keep staring, Harrington?", Billy looked over the shoulder and caught Steve blushing again.

"Sorry.", Steve just mumbled. He got over to the desk now, mainly because then he wouldn't be able to look at Billy and he, in return, wouldn't be able how blushed he just got.

Steve pulled out all his notes and the papers he'd been writing on for that shitty essay and then started to read over it. Or at least he tried to. Every time Billy slightly shifted and the bed behind him made a noise, not more than a movement of fabric, Steve imagined him laying there, looking at him and had to start reading the same sentence over and over again.

He had written another draft of that essay on the last weekend and,

of course, it was still full of typos. Steve was trying to mark all he could find and then worked on rewriting the whole thing without putting in new typos or totally messing up the handwriting. He had to throw away a lot of messed up papers while trying to archive that and just crumbled them up and let them drop on the floor all around them.

"Looks like you're trying to solve a mean math problem. Don't sweat it, it's just a stupid essay.", Billy commented after another paper landed on the floor.

Steve sighed and turned around to him in his chair. "Are you going to keep staring at me, Hargrove?" He raised a brow and watched amusement grow on Billy's face while he lowered the book again.

"You make it kinda hard not to stare.", Billy said while continuously staring into Steve's eyes. Steve had the feeling an awfully long moment of time just passed when Billy added: "With you ripping out the pages and playing hoops with them."

"What are you reading?", Steve asked

Billy rolled his eyes and returned his gaze to his book. "Work on your essay.", he ordered.

Steve tried not to sigh even if he really wanted to. He turned around again and picked up a new piece of paper to try and rewrite it the right way now.

"Animal Farm.", Billy said after a while.

Steve looked at him over his shoulder with a frown. "What?"

"The book.", Billy said, disbelievingly looking at the ceiling. "It's Animal Farm. Orwell?"

Steve had heard of the title. He's never read it though. "Is it good?", he asked. That's what he was mainly interested in. Not some stupid book, but a book that was able to be of interest to Billy Hargrove.

"It's a classic.", Billy commented a little harshly, looking back at the pages now. Steve almost turned around to his desk again when he

noticed Billy's features soften a little and the boy added. "It's good. I've read it before."

Steve smiled at him before he really continued writing his essay now. When he finally got the whole thing down without messing it up, he sighed in relief and leaned back in his chair.

"You sound quite confident there.", Billy said and Steve could hear him repositioning behind him.

"Only that it's not as bad as the first one.", Steve admitted. "Not quite as bad, at least." He chuckled.

Billy, who was already sitting on the side of the bed by now, stood up and walked over to Steve's side while the copy of Animal Farm kept lying on Steve's bed.

Steve felt a little bit awkward with Billy reading over this thing he just spent way too much time on bringing to paper. This still wasn't even close to a decent essay and he wished he had something better to show by now.

At first, Billy was just leaning over to read, but then he picked up the pages and held them up with one hand while the other one was mindlessly placed on that space between Steve's shoulder and neck. Steve almost twitched at the unexpected touch but now it really calmed him while he watched Billy's expressions as he read along.

"Better.", Billy finally decided when he put the essay back down. "Way better, actually." He smiled at Steve.

Steve sighed and ran both hands through his hair while looking back at Billy who had taken his hand away by now.

"I can still note it if you want. I'm pretty sure, another try and you can send it to any college. It's fine now really, just some small stuff.", he said.

Steve nodded. "Thank you.", he finally managed to get out. "Damn, I would be really lost at this without any help."

Billy smiled and then let his gaze drift to the window. It has gotten

dark outside in the meantime, the inside of the room mainly enlightened by the desk lamp in front of Steve. "It's gotten pretty late, huh?", he asked.

"You got somewhere to be?", Steve asked and hoped his voice didn't come out quite as anxious.

"Rather somewhere not to be.", Billy mumbled before he reached into a pocket to pull up a cigarette. He walked over to the still open window and lightened up the cigarette, while Steve followed him with his eyes.

"You know you can stay if you want, right?"

"I've been here for two nights now.", Billy said a little unbelieving.

"I don't mind.", Steve said. He hoped this didn't come over as too desperate. "I could order some pizza."

Steve could hear Billy laugh and exhale some smoke with this. "How could I possibly say no to pizza?", he asks, a smirk on his lips before he took another drag of his cigarette.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed this chapter, it would mean a lot to me if you took the time to leave a comment <3

Also, if you want to chat, you can message me on Tumblr (@confettibites).

37. Standing so close

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is about to order some pizza.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve smiled now, not so much giving a fuck about whether this was appropriate to do or not. He was relieved Billy would stay for longer and he wasn't alone this evening.

Although Steve did never have any problems with spending time on his own, what might be caused to him being a latchkey child with regularly absent parents, he preferred to be with someone. At least he did now and with Billy.

That boy was still standing beside the window and made sure all the smoke got outside rather than in Steve's bedroom. He was looking outside as well, into the darkness, and Steve wondered what he was thinking about. Somehow he always wondered about that.

Before he was sure about what he was actually doing, Steve stood up and walked over. He leaned against the sill quite like he did the night before and reached for the half-way smoked cigarette in Billy's hand which caused their fingers to touch. Billy watched Steve closely while he took a drag and the dark orange glow lightened Steve's face, but turned his gaze away once Steve's eyes met his. Steve noticed but he didn't comment on that.

"I feel like today the time really flashed past.", Billy mumbled, reaching over to get the cigarette back.

"The day isn't over yet.", Steve said and there might have been a hint of hope in there.

Billy smirked. "Not quite.", he agrees. "Still weird. It's usually like this place is holding onto every moment and the days just won't be over."

Steve swallowed and looked out of the window, feeling bad for actually knowing the feeling Billy just described. "Yeah.", he just said. "It can get a little depressing here."

For a moment Billy seemed to think about that before he continued talking.

"Nancy Wheeler gave you a pretty hard time, huh?"

Steve looked over at Billy in shock because he thought Billy suddenly knew what he'd been talking about with Nancy earlier that day. But once Billy saw his puzzled face, he clarified. "The breakup?" He raised a brow because he felt this was kind of obvious.

"Oh.", Steve nodded. "Yeah, that was tough. Unexpected. But I'm pretty sure I'm over it."

"Are you?", Billy looked at him with a smirk and gave him the cigarette that was almost done now.

"Yeah. She's better off. I'm a pretty shitty boyfriend anyway.", he said, finishing the cigarette and then stubbing it out and dropping the butt outside.

"Somehow, I highly doubt that, Harrington. I don't think she made a smart move and she probably knows it damn well when she calls you over to fix her bed." He made the latest bit sound like an innuendo.

Steve chuckled. "It's what we did."

"Yeah, whatever.", Billy shook his head and felt up his pocket as if he was looking for another cigarette but then decided against it.

"I'll order some pizza now. Haven't really eaten all day.", Steve said, trying to overcome the latest moment of silence. He made a step away from the window and waited for Billy to do the same, so he could close it.

"I'll get to my car and get out some money.", Billy announced and walked towards the door of Steve's bedroom.

"You don't have to. I mean, I...", Steve said, trying to figure out how

to not let this sound like he wanted to treat Billy.

"I'm able to pay for myself, Harrington.", Billy warned with a raised brow.

"I know.", Steve sighed. "My father always leaves more than enough money here and I usually don't use it anyway so it wouldn't really be me paying, you know?"

A smirk returned to Billy's face. "Why don't you use it?"

"What?"

"The money.", Billy rolled his eyes.

Steve thought about this for a moment. "I use it. But when I ask for something I usually just get it so I don't need that money most of the times."

Billy looked at Steve in disbelief, then shook his head and turned around. "I pay for my food, Harrington.", he then stated and continued to walk down the stairs.

Steve sighed and followed him. Whatever. This was fine. He was still staying here.

Steve stood beside the door and kept an eye on Billy while he was walking to his car and raking around in the foot space of the passenger seat and then the trunk. Steve felt a little anxious watching Billy do so because he feared that he would leave if he wasn't able to come up with enough. But finally, Billy pulled out a twenty dollar bill somewhere, that was going to cover for his share.

When Steve got back inside to hide the fact that he'd just been watching this quest for money, he felt bad for the dollar bills that were still laying in a corner on the kitchen counter, where his parents always left him money. He pushed it a little to the side to make it appear less obvious and thought about how this was probably the first time someone else wasn't allowing him to pay for them. Tommy and those other douchebags made no secret of the fact that they liked to hang out with Steve mainly because he had money and booze and his parents weren't home. Nancy let him treat her if she was over or

they were going on dates, even if she didn't just hang out with him because of that. And now there was Billy, way too proud to let Steve do such thing and it left Steve in awe.

Steve found the number of this place the whole town usually ordered their takeout from and got over to the phone to order pizza for them. It was a Saturday night, so the delivery would take a while. When he hung up the phone he saw Billy looking at him in a curious way.

"What?", Steve asked while a corner of his mouth raised up. Would he ever be able again to look at Billy without smiling?

"How long?", Billy asked.

"About an hour.", Steve frowned. "It's Saturday."

"Good. Now stop looking at me like that.", Billy said, walking a little closer.

"Like what?", Steve raised a brow.

"Like you want to help me or something. It's freaking me out.", Billy snorted. He walked towards the fridge. "You still have beer?"

Steve wanted to deny it but this was probably exactly the way he had been looking at Billy, so he just shook it off and walked next to him, to pull the fridge door open. He had to look closely but in the back, there were still some cans chilling, so he pulled out two of them.

"I definitely need to replace all of that before my dad gets home."

"Doesn't like his boy Steve drinking the hard stuff?", Billy teased. They were still standing really close right now and Steve could feel Billy's shoulder touching his while he opened up his can.

"Not really. Not when I'm supposed to be studying and applying to colleges."

Billy laughed. "Is that what he thinks you're doing?"

"Hopefully.", Steve smirked. "What does your dad think you're doing right now?"

Billy snorted. "I doubt he really noticed I'm gone if he didn't want me to do something like drive Max around.", he said. Steve could see that Billy's gaze drifted off and the way he was standing changed. He felt like this wasn't Billy's favorite topic. "He probably thinks I'm with some girl.", he added after a moment, shaking his head.

"Close.", Steve said with a laugh.

"Don't flatter yourself.", Billy rolled his eyes in amusement.

At this point, Steve just wanted to push forward, pin Billy against the closed fridge and shove his tongue into the boy's mouth until he felt Billy surrender under his touches. Or better, until he pushed Steve back and dragged him upstairs to do whatever he wanted to him. Wow, he would be so down to that. Steve swallowed while he saw that Billy was still watching him closely. Steve turned his gaze to the ground, trying to not let this standing so close to each other affect him.

Billy cleared his throat what caused this strange spell that kept them there to break and him to make a step backward. Steve suggested they might as well wait upstairs for their food to arrive and so they went up again. It felt a little weirder now and Steve wasn't sure how long he could keep himself from doing something stupid that would end with Billy running off.

Notes for the Chapter:

As always, if you enjoyed reading and find the time, please leave a comment. This helps me a lot to stay motivated and keep updating this story :)

If you want to message me, you find me on Tumblr (@confettibites) <3

38. Staying

Summary for the Chapter:

The pizza arrives.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

When they arrived in Steve's room, Billy immediately got back into the position he had been in before, laying on Steve's bed, his head rested on the pillow. After they both reached the top of the stairs, Billy had fastened his speed as if he tried to increase the distance between them as soon as possible. At least this was what Steve was reading into this. Steve had nothing particular in mind when he proclaimed they could go upstairs. Okay, that might be a lie. He had a lot of things on his mind. And most of them included way less distance and way fewer clothes than the present did. In his head, Steve was fighting a battle between his reasonable self and his own desires. For one thing, he fully understood that they were friends and they would be eating pizza soon and that everything was nice and casual. But then again his gaze caught Billy's face, the way his eyes studied the pages of the tattered book in front of him and he licked his lips every now and then, probably not knowing how close Steve was paying attention.

And Steve, Steve was sitting in his chair and constantly reminding him that he shouldn't be staring while he did it anyway.

"You're not the reading type, are you Harrington?", Billy asked after what could have been a minute or half an hour. Somehow, looking at Billy's face took away all of Steve's sense of time.

"Not really.", Steve said. "Why?"

"Because then you'd be knowing that being watched while reading is fucking irritating.", Billy said with a smirk and a raised brow.

Steve chuckled and hoped he wouldn't blush again. "Maybe, I'm still

surprised you do this.", he said.

"Maybe I'm just fucking with you. Trick you into thinking I'm smart.", Billy asked in a deeper voice.

Steve frowned for a second and then said: "If you want me to believe that you shouldn't have given me notes on that essay.", he said. "Anyway, no need to trick me in the first place because I always thought you're the smart type." When he added the latest part he let his gaze drift off a little to not let this get too intense.

"But not the reading type.", Billy said curiously.

"More the 'kicking someone's ass for being stupid'-type."

Steve looked back at him and saw a sharklike grin on Billy's face.

"So you're worried about your ass.", Billy teasingly concluded. Again Steve could see Billy's tongue on his lips for a second and wished he could just taste it.

"Very funny.", Steve said and even managed to bring up a smile while he looked at his essay for a moment. After reading the first one Billy probably thought he was an idiot. He could probably write something good down first try while even with help Steve needed multiple attempts. When he looked back at Billy he could see a frown on his face.

"Reading a stupid book doesn't make someone smart and neither does being good at spelling.", Billy said in honesty, sitting up now and fully putting the book to the side, this time not caring that it's fallen shut.

Steve made a face. But then he nodded. "Guess not. I should really be working harder to make up for that if I want a chance of going to college."

"Do you even want to go?", Billy asked.

"I have no idea.", Steve said. "I thought I'll figure that out if I get accepted somewhere."

Billy smiled and looked at his hands. He was leaning forward now, elbows resting on his knees and his fingers fumbling with a ring. "Certainly not going to be the same here without you."

Steve wanted to reply something but he had no idea what to say and finally jumped up from his seat once he heard the doorbell. He didn't expect the delivery guy right now but he couldn't have wished for better timing. Without announcing this, he left the room and heard by the sound of steps that Billy was following him, probably still insisting on paying for his share. Steve grabbed some money from the counter before he got to the door and saw some teenager there, a few years younger than himself and with a greasy face. There was a bike with more pizza behind him and he looked like he would prefer to do anything else that night.

"How much?", Steve asked.

With a sigh, the kid pulled up the receipt and named the price. Steve looked at Billy who was standing beside him and somehow expected him to have them weirdly splitting up the amount but when he didn't react to this, Steve just paid the kid and gave him a reasonable tip, before he closed the door. Billy carried the pizza inside.

He put it on the counter and when Steve put back the remaining money, Billy added his bill and picked out the change. Steve didn't comment on that and just let him do his thing without Steve watching.

"You should really not have all that just laying around here.", Billy said with a sigh.

"You think someone's going to break in here for a bit of money?", Steve looked at him with a smirk.

"Possibly.", Billy said, still looking a bit uneasy with this.

"Well, tonight I'm safe, I guess.", Steve chuckled. Steve picked up the pizza and then carried it upstairs while Billy followed. He had intended to sit downstairs in the living room to eat but this room was really just way too big and going back upstairs felt the right thing to do.

Steve put down the pizza carton in the middle of his bed and while Billy sat down pretty much next to it, Steve crossed his room once more to turn on some music just so they wouldn't be sitting there and silently eating which he imagined being kind of awkward. He hoped Billy didn't mind his choice. He just put on a mix of songs he liked and only had the volume on low. A minute later he was sitting cross-legged on the opposite side of the bed.

"And?", Steve asked. Billy had just finished the first piece, wiping his fingers clean on the already distressed fabric of his jeans.

"It's pizza, Harrington.", Billy said with a roll of his eyes.

Steve bit his tongue and smirked while he watched Billy picking up the next piece.

"Fine.", Billy groaned a moment later. "It's pretty good." A smirk returned to his face and he shook his head for a second in disbelief.

They kept eating and Steve was actually surprised by how much he enjoyed this. Just sitting there with the music, looking at each other every now and then. It felt real if anything. Sometimes all this growing tension could have Steve feeling like he was watching a movie rather than being in that situation, it was so unreal. This moment wasn't like this. It was like the glimpse through a keyhole into how things could be: easy. And that felt nice for a change. Nicer. He felt like right now he didn't have to watch out for what he was saying or keep his fingers from touching Billy's when they were both reaching for a piece. It wasn't as fragile and therefore took away a lot of the anxiety Steve's been carrying since he saw Billy's car in front of his house (and almost destroying it).

There was barely anything of the pizza left once Billy refused to take another one and had a satisfied look on his face. Steve closed the carton and dropped it by the side of the back, not really caring if he was creating a mess. He then laid down to his side and exhaled, pleased with the situation.

Billy laid down on his bed as well, on his bed like before. He wiped his fingers off once more before his hands trailed to his book and he kept browsing through it to find the page on which he'd stopped.

"Are you staying?", Steve asked. He was looking at Billy and saw exactly how his face tensed up a little and his gaze drifted into the distance once he heard that.

"It'd be three nights in a row.", he said, slowly shaking his head. "I shouldn't be." He added the latest bit quieter, still looking up at the ceiling.

Steve didn't like the way the sound of Billy's voice made him feel but even though he hadn't said no. "...but are you?" Steve barely mumbled this, fully aware of how desperate this must sound.

Billy exhaled and his features softened a little while he turned his head to look at Steve whose heart made a little jump once their eyes met.

"I don't think I even could be going home right now.", he said. The way he said it made it unclear what he was talking about and but Steve could sense there were a lot of things that remained unsaid. Whether this was about him, Billy's home or both, he had no idea. But at this moment, the reason behind Billy's words didn't matter anyway because he was staying.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you enjoyed this chapter. If you find the time,
I would really appreciate if you leave a comment.
This helps me a lot to continue working on this story.
<3

Also, you can message me on Tumblr @confettibites
if you want to get in touch. :)

39. Ruined

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve wakes up to the sound of Billy on a Sunday morning.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

There wasn't so much talking that evening. Both boys were just laying next to each other, far enough apart to tell themselves this didn't mean anything while they both probably knew it did. Steve was listening to the music, without the sound of them eating or anything else disrupting it, loud enough for him to enjoy. Billy, however, was soon holding onto his book again and Steve's eyes browsed over to him everytime a turn of pages was loud enough to attract his attention. He wasn't really sure Billy was really reading because many times Steve felt his eyes on him. He didn't call this out though. Reading or not, he was here and this was good. He wasn't going to ruin it.

It was after this side of his tape came to an end when Steve suggested to switch off the lights. Billy agreed and put his book on Steve's nightstand after marking the page he'd been reading with a dog-ear. Steve walked over in the darkness, hitting against the pizza-carton with his foot before getting closer to the bed. There was only very few light falling inside the room through the window and Steve could more hear than see that Billy was probably getting rid of his jeans. Steve did the same thing and then slipped under the sheets in t-shirt and shorts. He imagined Billy hugging him again, the way they did in the earlier morning causing Steve to probably have the best and most comfortable nap ever. But this didn't happen. Neither of them got closer to the other one and when Steve fell asleep it was as if he was lying alone in there, apart from the smell of smoke and cologne and the even sound of Billy's breathe that calmed him.

When Steve woke up the next morning it was to the sound of water running somewhere. For a second he feared that his parents might

have gotten home early without announcing it. By the way, the light fell into the room, he could tell that it was pretty late already. It took him another moment to gather some sense of orientation and come to the conclusion that this was Billy in the bathroom next door.

Steve sat up and rubbed his face, somehow still feeling a little hungover even if they both just had one beer last night. Then he stood up and awkwardly put on the pants that were still laying on the floor in front of the bed, before stepping out of the room.

The bathroom door was open and Billy was standing in front of the mirror, washing his face. He turned to the side once he heard Steve approaching and nodded before he closed the button of his jeans as if this movement somehow could make this moment less intimate.

"You got a spare toothbrush, Harrington?", he asked.

"Yeah.", Steve walked into the bathroom now, getting next to Billy before kneeling down and pulling out another toothbrush from the cupboard under his sink.

"You really do.", Billy said all amazed, taking the toothbrush from Steve. "I shouldn't be surprised anymore."

Steve grinned and reached over to get his own toothbrush, thereby having his shoulder touch Billy's for a moment longer than he needed to. Their eyes met in the mirror and Steve could see that Billy was swallowing before he started brushing his teeth and lowered his gaze. Steve did pretty much the same but he kept watching Billy through the mirror. That was the first time he really paid attention to another person doing that. He stopped when Billy caught him and his gaze got a little too curious.

Billy spat out before Steve did, rinsing his mouth with the running water of the sink. Steve did the same and then tried to fix his hair a bit without reaching for his favorite brand of hairspray that was just waiting in that cupboard. Billy would probably comment on this and Steve already felt conscious enough for the fact that Billy's hair looked good and his own hair was a bad case of bed-head.

Through the mirror, Steve could see that Billy was watching his

attempt at getting those strands in order and slowly walked by behind him so close that it sent a shiver down Steve's spine. He turned around in curiosity, seeing Billy was facing him now.

"What?", Steve asked smirking.

"Like that hair hadn't already been perfect.", Billy commented with a raised brow and a deep voice.

"That a compliment?", Steve bit his lip.

"More like a fact.", Billy said, blinking his eyes and lowering his gaze.

"Right now, yours looks way better.", Steve stated.

Billy smirked and looked back at him. Steve could see his tongue licking his bottom lip while he clenched his fist as if trying to keep himself from doing something stupid.

"You think so?", Billy asked. If even possible, his voice had gotten even deeper.

"It's pretty much a fact.", Steve smirked.

"You shouldn't...", Billy wanted to argue. There was a frown on his forehead and he looked at Steve, then away for a second, yet always back at him.

"What?", Steve asked. He wasn't looking away. Not even a second. Instead, he enjoyed the change on Billy's face, meandering between tortured and needy.

"Oh, I'm so going to regret this...", Billy mumbled.

Steve already wanted to ask what he was talking about when Billy came forward and put a hand on Steve's neck, pulling him into a harsh kiss. Steve was so much caught by surprise that he let out a gasp. Billy took advantage of the fact that Steve just opened his mouth and had their tongues touching a moment later, licking, sucking and fighting to gain the upper hand in this.

The cold edge of the sink pressed firmly against Steve's lower back

when Billy leaned against him.

Without letting their lips part, Steve now guided Billy backward to somehow maneuver this into his bedroom. He feared the sudden pressure could end up scaring Billy off and ruining this, but so far Billy was holding onto Steve, not even minding they were hitting the doorframe or the handle on their way, what probably would end up causing bruises on both their bodies. Billy used the first opportunity he got, to let his lips wander over the delicate skin of Steve's neck, teasing and sucking until a moan escaped Steve's mouth and Billy was sure he'd just left a mark.

Billy pushed Steve through the door into his room, kicking the door shut behind him.

For a moment they were standing apart, Billy closer to the door and Steve in front of him further inside the room. They were both breathing heavily and Steve mindlessly let his hand run over the bruised skin on his neck enjoying the tingling feeling Billy had left there while he feared it would stay longer than the actual boy in front of him.

"What's wrong?", Billy asked.

Steve swallowed, not sure Billy would let him get away without answering why he just frowned. "I'm afraid, you're going to run again.", Steve admitted.

Billy's eyes widened before he shook his head and came closer to kiss Steve again. This was softer now. Billy tilted his head to get a better angle and put a hand on Steve's lower back, turning Steve even more anxious this could all be over too soon, with Billy leaving him yet again. He kissed back but his mind was somewhere else.

"I should be.", Billy mumbled against Steve's lips. "This is a fucking stupid idea."

Billy wasn't even talking in a harsh way. Still, his words made Steve feel bad like this wasn't what Billy wanted to do. Something stupid he was going to regret and turn against him in the future.

Steve sighed. He put his hands on Billy's chest and pushed him off, even if it felt ten times harder than he expected, not only because Billy was strong as fuck. "Then fucking go.", Steve said in all honesty.

"What?", Billy looked at him puzzled, his face losing all expression.

"If you don't want to... do this, then don't. I mean, I'm not forcing you to stay.", he said and the desperation in himself made him sound harsher than he planned to.

Steve could see the color on Billy's face change. He turned pale before he blushed again and before Steve could even try to apologize for this and promise he would shut up now, Billy had turned around and stormed down the stairs. Not even half a minute later, Steve could hear the front door being slammed shut, followed by the sound of a car's engine starting.

With one hand still on his neck, Steve dropped to his knees and started sobbing. Why the hell did he just do that? He had worried so much about scaring Billy off and then just sent him away. What kind of stupid idiot did this? And then why did he leave? Steve was clenching his hair not caring what this did to it and hated himself and the fact that he was crying right now.

This kiss hadn't been closer really, not compared to the other ones they shared. Yet it had ruined something, Steve wasn't sure they would be able to fix.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you liked this chapter, please comment down below. It helps me a lot to keep this story going. <3

Also, if you want to get in touch, you can message me on Tumblr (@confettibites) :)

40. He didn't care

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is left alone and has a lot of stuff to think about.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

It was not an overstatement to say that Steve had one of the worst days in his whole life. Whereas the time before, spend with Billy, had seemingly just flown by, now every minute was extending to an eternity. Steve wasn't even sure how long he just sat there on the ground or when he allowed himself to fall to the side and just roll up into a fetal position. He just knew that it was way later when he forced himself to get up and leave this goddamn room.

Steve didn't even need to look in a mirror to know that his face was red and swollen and that his eyes were bloodshot. He could feel it all too damn well and hated how much he was already invested in this thing with Billy. Because this was the first rule, wasn't it? Not to get invested in people that didn't care and not to care. He repeated that so many times during the breakup with Nancy and afterward. Not to care, not while she didn't. Not to get his heart broken. It didn't work then and it wasn't working now. He felt like his whole body was aching; like he'd been slammed against a hard surface and got beaten up. Hell, Steve wished this was what had happened. If Billy had punched him in the face after Steve told him to leave and before he went off, this would have at least shown that he somewhat cared. But he didn't. He didn't say or do anything and just left after he'd gotten the chance to do so. This probably made the kiss meaningless.

Mindlessly Steve trailed his fingers over his neck, pushing them down on the bruise to make it sting and make it feel real. Bad idea. Steve forced himself to keep his hands down now. Maybe, if he didn't touch it, the bruise would disappear just like the boy did. Even if it were Steve's words and not his touches that sent him off.

With a clenched jaw, Steve stumbled into the kitchen and made himself some food and also some hot chocolate. He didn't care that he burnt his throat by drinking it while it was still too hot. No, he didn't care. That's what this was all about, right? Not caring about anything or anyone. Especially not about people that just left him. Things were fine. Steve had told him to go. And then he left. Things happened. It was fine. He didn't care. Billy made a choice. And so did Steve. Made a choice by forcing a decision on Billy. By stopping to kiss him. By frowning. By not asking him to stay even if this was all he could think about right now. But Steve didn't care, no he didn't care, wasn't allowed to care. He only thought about how he much rather preferred to be shouted at. Or anything that wasn't silently leaving.

Billy didn't really leave silently though. Steve could still hear the sound of him stamping down the stairs, the sound of the door being slammed shut so hard, the ground underneath him vibrated a little. Billy must have been feeling something, right? Anger. Frustration. But that was just Steve guessing. He had no idea. No idea why he stayed last night. And no idea why he left this morning. No idea why those kisses felt so meaningful, yet they obviously didn't mean anything. His best guess, Billy needed a place to stay. Steve was okay with that really. If Billy wanted, he could crash here. No problem. The kissing? Things just got heated up so fast between them and maybe it's just the best way to keep the tension low. Like casually kissing without having that mean anything. Steve wasn't sure, he could do that. Or the cuddling in his bed? Not without starting to care, like he'd obviously done it, and this was not an option anymore. This would stay just how Billy and he had agreed on. Casual. Ignoring what had happened. At least if Billy still wanted them to stay friends after that. Steve could understand if he didn't. He really snapped at Billy and that was probably uncalled for. Just because he cared, like a fucking idiot. Rookie mistake really. He should have known it better. His wounds had just healed and he shouldn't make the same mistakes all over again. It was his own fault.

Steve was spending the rest of the day on the couch in a bundle of sheets and pillows as if he tried to mimic the warmth of another body and the feeling of being cozy. It didn't work too well but at least he didn't cry anymore. That was most important. Crying was a stupid

thing to do. Meant he cared, which he shouldn't.

The only real challenge came later on the evening after he put his plates and the cup into the dishwasher and got upstairs. Steve didn't even need to make a full step into his bedroom to smell a hint of smoke and Billy's cologne that made his chest hurt. He immediately stumbled back and decided that he wouldn't sleep there tonight, all alone and potentially trapped in some cruel dream again. So he just walked back down and sprawled out on the couch again, that still wasn't even close to comfortable. He slept in the living room and hoped that the next morning would make things better. Or at least make them hurt less. Not that he cared... He wasn't allowed to.

Waking up on Monday morning to that unfamiliar environment was weird. Now Steve's body really ached because the sofa had been too small and its fabric too firm to have a good night's sleep on there.

Steve got upstairs and took a shower, still avoiding his room like it inhabited some dangerous disease.

When Steve got out of the shower and looked at himself in the bathroom mirror, it was the first time things really hurt on that morning. There wasn't just a tiny hickey on his neck but big purple bruises all over the side of it. It looked almost painful and Steve asked himself if this was his own fault for touching it again and again, even after telling himself he should stop this. He did it now, too, let his fingers trail over the wet skin, pushing down so hard it stung. The pain felt good. Things were still real.

Now, to get dressed there was no way he could keep staying out of his room. The first thing he did inside was to go over to the window and open it up. Second thing was to pull off the sheets from his bed and put everything in a laundry basket to wash later. He wished it would be so easy to remove memories. Or feelings. He was trying so hard not to care right now.

Steve got dressed when his eye fell onto the book on his nightstand. Billy left it there. Fuck. Steve just froze in his position and in his mind the book on the nightstand was back in Billy's hands and Billy was back on Steve's back. Just laying there, quietly and peacefully reading while Steve worked on his essay. Fuck. Steve looked over at

his paperwork. Maybe Nancy could have a look at it. This would be safer this way, even if she would ask him some questions. She wouldn't say no after she offered to give him notes.

When he packed his stuff for school he put the newest draft of his essay in his backpack as well. He also grabbed Billy's book before he made his way down. Just before he walked through the door Steve decided to not take it with him and put it to the side. No need to give himself an excuse to interact with Billy. Not today and while he couldn't trust himself.

Instead, he grabbed a scarf to wear. He had put on a shirt with a higher collar, but the colder weather gave him an excuse to not show off the bruise and thereby everyone what had happened. Especially Nancy. She would be the only one able to conclude who caused this. And Steve definitely didn't want to talk about this today, not before he had all of his feelings buried deep enough, not to care.

While Steve had been upset from the minute Billy had left him alone the day before, he was just plain scared when he drove to school. He had no idea what Billy had been up to. He had no idea what their relationship was after this. He had no idea how to behave in front of him to not make things worse. If Steve knew an apology could take them back a day, back to just enjoying the time they spend together, he would immediately do so. But the thing he was most afraid of was Billy telling him to fuck off. To find out Billy no longer cared and Steve was really left alone.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading and find the time, please leave a comment. This helps me a lot to continue writing this story <3

Also, to get in touch, you can message me on Tumblr (@confettibites) :)

41. He definitely didn't like that

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy see each other in the hallway. This isn't going so well.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve hoped he would be early for school. Early enough not to see that Camaro parked there, so he didn't have to fight his own feelings just now. In fact, seeing the car on the other side of the parking lot could probably not be worse than continuously thinking about it. At least Billy was nowhere to be seen. Steve stopped the engine but kept sitting inside for some time longer. If he had a chance of increasing his solitary time today, he would. But there wasn't enough time for him to fully relax before he needed to get out of the car and make his way to the lockers.

His pace was fast when Steve walked to his locker. He tried to look at nothing and no one on his way. He wasn't in the mood for any kind of interaction and just wanted to finally get over with this day to get back home again.

When he arrived and put his jacket in the locker before he reached for the books he needed for his first class, a familiar giggle caught his attention and took him back to last Friday. The sound seemed almost unreal just by how much Steve remembered it from that party. Without even thinking about his behavior, Steve made a step back and turned his head to the side to look at the source of the noise.

He immediately regretted this.

Over the edge of his open locker door, he could see Ally. She was standing in front of Billy, her back turned in Steve's direction. She looked different than she did on the party, mainly because she wasn't wearing party clothes now. Her hair was wavy and flew over her shoulders in a pretty way and Steve hated the fact that she, from a

purely objective point of view, looked pretty. Billy was looking at her with a smirk, probably thinking the same thing right now. He talked with her and Steve was almost happy he couldn't understand a word from what they were saying. Steve focussed his attention on Billy's face. He might look a little tired but the charming grin on his face detracted from that. Steve wished Billy would just look up and see him standing there. That he would come over right now and things were good again. Billy laughed after Ally said something.

Steve clenched his jaw and wanted to punch something right now.

Billy reached forward and let his fingers trail over the girl's upper arm. She giggled again and put a hand on Billy's chest, playfully pushing him away, acting shyly. Steve didn't buy it because she got even closer to Billy now. Steve almost let out a growl and was so much caught by surprise by his own strong reaction, that he just slammed his locker shut a little too loud and walked off in a different direction. He was fine with taking a devious route if that meant he wouldn't have to watch those assholes shamelessly flirt in the hallway. He had seen enough of them making out already and definitely didn't need any more of this to refresh his memory.

Steve regretted the way he had chosen when it took him pretty much directly in Nancy's arms, as he collided with her after turning around a corner.

"Steve.", Nancy gained her balance back and now looked at him curiously.

Steve pulled the scarf a little tighter around his neck, afraid she might ask him about the bruises or worse make her own conclusions.

Nancy studied him closely and Steve just wished she wouldn't make any suspicions now, especially while he probably looked upset.

"Are you sick?", she finally asked with a frown.

Steve swallowed. Being sick was a better alibi than whatever he'd been coming up, so he just nodded. "Yeah.", he said and tried his best to come up with a husky breath. "It's getting mean cold outside."

Nancy nodded. "No need to tell me. Maybe walking home in the middle of the night after the party wasn't the best idea, after all.", she chuckled.

"Yeah, tell me about that.", Steve shook his head and sighed. "My head hurts and I feel terrible." Maybe he should have just stayed at home.

Nancy looked at him compassionately. "You don't look so well. Pale and tired."

Wow, this got more convincing with the minute. "I thought about staying at home but I don't think to call sick would be a good idea right now. By the way... Can you read over my essay?"

"What?", Nancy was surprised by his latest request. "What's with..."

"I don't want to bother him.", Steve said before she could say Billy's name. "By now it's really just spell-checking and you said you would do it.", Steve added quickly. He had reached into his backpack and pulled out the paper.

Giving that to Nancy felt good. Steve could still picture Billy holding and reading it. His good memory was really not helping today.

"I'll hurry and give it back to you.", Nancy said and smiled.

"Thank you, Nance. I better head to class now."

Nancy furrowed her brows. "Then why are you even going this way?", she asked confused.

"Hm?", Steve acted cluelessly.

"Come on, we have the same way." With saying this, Nancy held onto Steve's arm and pulled him with her.

Steve realized he hadn't much choice and protesting wouldn't help now anyway, so he followed her and just wished, Billy and Ally would have disappeared by now or they would at least not stand there so closely anymore. When Nancy walked with him around the corner, Steve was looking at the ground, pretty sure he wouldn't like

what he would see. But even without having his attention in this direction, he could imagine everything quite clearly by the way Nancy gasped next to him and froze on the spot once she looked up. So much for keeping the newest developments a secret.

Steve looked at her and saw that she was looking back at him with big eyes before he dared to raise his head higher and face Ally and Billy, right now standing even closer than before. She was holding Billy's necklace and smiled while he was touching her hair, guiding it behind her ear.

"You want to take a detour?", Nancy offered so quietly even Steve had trouble understanding her.

"No, I'm fine.", Steve said and then walked forward. He felt that his face was flush and hoped, it would give anyone else the impression he was just sick. Nancy had trouble keeping up with him, but she didn't mention Billy's behavior until they had brought some distance between them and she got ahead of Steve to stop him.

"You want to talk about that?", Nancy asked, holding a little closer to Steve's arm for a moment.

"No, I'm fine.", Steve lies. "I just want to go to class, Nance."

"You're not sick, are you?", she raised a brow.

"Nancy, please.", he said looking at her, a big frown on his face.

He could see that her gaze wandered over his shoulder for a second before she just closed her arms around him and pulled him close, her hands rubbing his back. Even if Steve didn't want to admit this, it felt good to be hugged and he leaned into this a little more than he should.

When Nancy let go of him and Steve raised his head and saw that Billy had walked by them.

Billy looked directly at Steve right now. Ally was walking a few feet ahead and stopped with an annoyed expression on her face once she noticed, Billy wasn't next to her anymore. Steve and Billy just looked at each other for not much longer than the glimpse of a second before

Billy turned around and walked off, not reacting on Ally, who kept chatting to him about something stupid, Steve imagined. What had his expression meant? Steve wished he would be better at reading people.

"What's his problem?", Nancy asked, her tone a bit darker than usual.

Steve looked at her and saw that she was looking at Billy as well.

"You saw him.", Steve concluded.

"I thought if he's so eager being seen with a girl by you, it was only fair we'd give him a sight as well.", Nancy said with a smile.

"I don't think that's what this is about.", Steve said doubtfully. "And he knows we're just friends."

Nancy's smile grew a bit wider. "Well, I've seen the look on his face the moment I hugged you. He definitely didn't like that."

Steve actually felt a smile crawl up his face. He liked the idea of Billy being jealous, even if he didn't believe it. "Thank you.", he then said.

"No problem.", Nancy said. She sighed and looked up once more to make sure Billy was gone and they weren't surrounded by anyone right now. "You want to talk? I'll skip class if you need me to.", she offered.

Steve looked at her and didn't know what to say. "I think, sitting in class and not thinking about stuff is probably the best I could do."

"Something happened.", Nancy concluded. "This weekend."

"Something always happens.", Steve said with a bitter tone to his voice. "But yeah."

"How bad?", Nancy asked.

"I think I'm not the most objective judge right now.", Steve said.

"Jonathan and I are going out for a milkshake later after dropping out the kids at the arcade. You're coming with us.", she decided.

"I won't be much fun.", Steve warned.

"You're coming. End of discussion.", Nancy said. "Now go to class."

"Okay." Steve nodded. And then walked off.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please consider leaving me a comment. This helps me a lot to keep this story going. <3

To get in touch, you can message me on Tumblr (@confettibites).

42. Not the same way

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve does his best to avoid Billy but isn't really successful. Later Nancy is trying to give him some advice.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Being in class sucked. But Steve had started to embody his supposed sickness by coughing a few times every now and again. The paleness and the upset look on his face were already there and probably kept the teachers and everyone else off his back. Steve was able to keep wearing his scarf, even if he started to get very hot in it and the way the itchy fabric scratched over his bruised neck was reminiscent of the feeling of rough lips and stubbly skin upset him even more, he wasn't planning on getting it off anytime soon.

During break Steve thought for a moment he would go and find Nancy and Jonathan. He knew she was probably looking for him and worrying, but he wasn't in the mood to have any of this right now. He ended up rushing to the nearest bathroom, locking himself up in one stall and he waited there until the bell rang and he could go to the next class. This might not be the most healthy or convenient coping mechanism, but at least he wasn't seeing Billy shamelessly flirt with someone else this way. It didn't prevent Steve from seeing him at all though.

Steve was heading to his last class of the day and the hallway was already emptied out when he ran into Billy. This definitely set a new record on this behalf, at least when it came to bumping into people and now Steve was really thinking he should stop staring at the ground while walking.

"Hey, Harrington.", Billy was probably the one that kept the two of them from falling down to the floor because Steve would not have been able to keep his balance. "Watch out where you go, would ya?"

He wasn't sounding annoyed with Steve, yet his voice sounded very far from the way he was talking to him on Saturday night.

"Sorry.", Steve mumbled, pulling on the end of his scarf because he suddenly felt exposed. He wanted to run off as soon as he can when Billy was pressing against Steve's chest all of the sudden, until the slightly taller boy hit the lockers with his back, causing a racket sound.

Steve gasped and his eyes widened while he looked at Billy, now unable to keep his gaze down anymore. While Billy kept his hand exactly there, his other hand got to Steve's neck, pulling down the big and wooly scarf and look at him. Steve closed his eyes and felt his face blush when Billy did and ran his fingers over the bruise.

When Steve opened his eyes and looked back at Billy, the other boy's face was radiating uncertainty. If Steve didn't know it better, he would think Billy was trembling. "Let go of me.", Steve said almost silently.

Billy looked back at Steve's eyes now and he swallowed before he brought out a husky "I'm sorry."

"Let go!", Steve said more eagerly now, pressing forward to have Billy stumble back. Before Billy was able to fool him more with the soft expression on his face almost like the way he looked at Steve when they kissed before, Steve just turned and ran off. When he sat inside class he wondered for a moment while Billy had been in the hallway in the first place because it had been pretty late but at some point, Steve should probably stop breaking his head over what this boy was doing.

After school was finally over, Steve was hoping he could get to his car and home without any further interruption. He even held his head up and watched out where he was going just to make sure he wouldn't end up in Billy's arms again. He had almost made it outside when someone grabbed his arm and held him back. Steve turned his head and found Nancy and Jonathan, him with his usual concerned look and her looking even more upset than she looked in the morning.

"Where were you?", she asked.

"Class?", Steve tried, even if he knew this wasn't what she was asking about.

Nancy rolled her eyes now. "Come on, we're taking you out now and no back talk!"

Steve looked over at Jonathan, hoping to find some sympathy for himself or at least support for him in wanting to go home. But if anything, Jonathan looked even less likely to talk back to Nancy as Steve felt.

"Fine. Right now?"

"You sure, you can drive?", Nancy asked with a raised brow.

"Jesus, Nancy, I'm not dying!", Steve shook his head and then walked out of school. "Meet you guys there, right?"

Nancy nodded even when she didn't look like she was trusting Steve in finding his way to this milkshake place close to the Arcade. When Steve got into his car, he seriously thought about ditching them and going right home. Seriously, he probably deserved being on his own right now and Nancy could only be so mad at him when she still pitied him. But whatever was the reason for that, in the end, Steve drove his car exactly where they wanted to meet and sat down inside, waiting for Nancy and Jonathan who arrived soon after him.

The couple sat down on the opposite side of the table from Steve and while Nancy was ordering their milkshakes, Steve could see that Jonathan was looking at him. The expression on that boy's face was enough to convince Steve, he already knew the whole story including the part where Steve was upset with Billy.

Steve sighed and then stripped off his jacket and scarf because it was super hot in this place, regretting this immediately when he looked back up and Jonathan's mildly concerned face had changed into a stare.

"You, uh... You're neck.", Jonathan seemed to have no idea what to say. Steve's frown got deeper. Jonathan probably thought this was

due to fighting and not Billy sucking on his neck for his dear life.

Jonathan now even elbowed Nancy and pointed at Steve with his chin until Nancy gasped and put a hand in front of her mouth.

"What happened?", she asked with wide eyes.

Steve had already grabbed the scarf again and put it back on because, obviously, his polo shirt wasn't high enough to cover any of this up.

"Nothing. Whatever. It just looks bad.", Steve said. No way he would explain the origin of this bruise right now. They could very well have their own thoughts on that matter.

"It's a hickey, isn't it?", Jonathan said, his face lighting up a little.

Nancy looked at him angrily and then looked back at Steve as if he was going to explain it right now. But Steve just clenched his jaw and felt like keeping quiet now.

"Anyway", Nancy said after a moment and when Jonathan looked out of the window awkwardly. "Where were you during lunch break? I've been looking for you."

"The bathroom.", Steve said. While the waitress brought them their milkshakes, Steve just kept quiet and he waited until she had walked off before he continued. "Didn't feel like talking to someone, to be honest."

"We thought you guys were talking.", Jonathan said confused.

"Because he was nowhere to be found as well. Ally was running around like crazy looking for him.", Nancy explained.

This just put a bigger question mark on Steve's face. "What?", he asked, unsure he understood that correctly.

"We had class together.", Nancy said. "He was pretty late and he looked upset."

"I bumped into him.", Steve said. "But we didn't talk. I just ran off then."

"What happened?", Nancy asked. Steve could tell she wasn't asking about this encounter. She wanted to know what happened on the weekend.

"I don't even know. I guess we had a fight or something. Whatever. I just want to forget about it and go back to normal.", Steve said. "Maybe hanging out so much wasn't such a good idea after all."

Nancy sighed. "You really think that's the right thing to do?"

"What am I supposed to do?", Steve asked a little harshly.

"Talk to him.", Nancy said eagerly. "I don't know what's going on, but I'm pretty sure talking about it would be helping both of you." She looked over at Jonathan who just nodded supportively.

Steve rolled his eyes. "Talking doesn't solve everything, Nancy.", he said.

"Well, you certainly haven't tried it.", Nancy said.

"Well... no! But I wouldn't even know what to talk about."

"Tell him why you're upset.", Nancy advised.

"Great idea.", Steve said sarcastically. "He's either going to leave, laugh at me or punch me. Maybe, if I'm super lucky, it's all three."

Steve noticed Jonathan was chuckling. He looked at him with a raised brow but wasn't going to give him a hard time for that now.

"If he likes you, he won't. Or at least I think he won't."

"Yeah, all I hear is that huge if and I'm not going to risk anything!", Steve decided. He started drinking his milkshake now what might have been a bit passive aggressive because both Jonathan and Nancy looked at him with concern.

"And what do you plan on doing instead?", Nancy asked.

"Stay away from him. Go home.", Steve pointed out his plans. "I will be fine soon. Just seeing him today was a bit much. I'll be okay with

it soon. If he really wants to date her, I even give him my blessing."

"I don't think that's what he wants.", Nancy rolled her eyes. "What do you think?" She looked over at Jonathan now, who cleared her throat and blushed a little, obviously not expecting a question in that second.

Jonathan looked over at Steve. "Well, judging from the way he looks at you..."

"That's the point, isn't it?!\"", Steve interrupted him loudly and only lowered his voice when he saw some other guests looking over at him. "He looks at everyone like that. His stupid smirk and those stupidly charming eyes..."

"Not the same way he looks at you.", Jonathan just said and Nancy nodded in agreement.

Steve sighed and looked over at the clock on the wall, now really wishing for the time to pass already so he could get home, make himself some hot chocolate and then roll up in his bed.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please take the time to leave a comment. It helps me a lot to keep this story going.
<3

Also a disclaimer: This week is going to be super busy for me, so I expect there will be at least one day (probably Thursday) I won't be able to upload. So brace yourself. I'll be back soon :)

43. Watch out

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is replacing the beer and booze for his dad. Then the kids show up.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

In retrospective, spending the afternoon with Nancy and Jonathan had a good thing to it, because by the end of it, Steve wasn't so upset anymore. Now he was mainly annoyed. With Nancy for making impossible suggestions and with himself for having caused this whole mess. But as much as he hated discussing this stupid mess with Billy with Nancy and Jonathan, he was lowkey thankful for the distraction and the milkshake, because he might have needed both.

"You sure, you want to go home now?", Nancy asked when they walked out of the door and to the parking lot. "I mean, we could probably do something, if you need to talk."

"I think I've had enough talking, Nance. Thank you though. This wasn't just terrible.", Steve joked.

Nancy rolled her eyes but then he hugged him. "It's going to be okay, alright?"

Steve nodded, even if this wasn't as much a gesture of agreement as it was supposed to reassure Nancy, that he was fine.

Jonathan and Nancy then got into Jonathan's car and drove away while Steve decided to walk over to the store and replace the beer he and Billy drank in case his parents ended home earlier or unannounced. He could also take if he could find the bottle he'd been gifting Ally at the party and hoped it wasn't that expensive.

It was only due to the fact that Steve usually walked around with way too much money that he was even able to pay for both liquor and beer, even if the store clerk did look a bit skeptical once Steve

brought all of this to the counter.

"This is a lot of alcohol, boy.", the older man said with a frown.

"It's for my dad. He gets back home from a business trip and has invited friends over.", Steve lied.

"Okay.", the older man nodded. "I wouldn't even sell you this stuff, but this isn't what kids like to get drunk on, am I right?" He laughed.

"Yeah. Tastes like shit.", Steve mumbled. In his mind he wasn't standing in the liquor store right now but drunk at a party, watching Billy feel up Ally's backside, her curves. It's not like Steve had anything to offer like that.

"What?", the clerk looked at him now a little more skeptical than before.

"I said it's way too expensive.", Steve said, running a hand through his hair, trying to forget about the feeling of Billy's hands on his own skin. About the feeling of his mouth on his neck.

The clerk laughed again. "Exactly what I thought. Your father must have good taste.", he said.

Steve just nodded with an absent mind and paid with pretty much all the money he'd been carrying around, getting back just a bit of change.

The man packed Steve's purchase into bags and Steve started carrying everything over to his car that was still parked in front of the milkshake place. Steve opened up the trunk and put all of it in, creating some noise because the glass bottle hit the cans. Steve sighed when he closed the trunk and almost made a jump when he suddenly heard the sound of bike bells close behind him.

He turned around and saw Dustin, Lucas, and Mike on their bikes, Dustin in the front, waving at him and thereby almost crashing his bike into a street lamp.

Steve raised a hand and waved back with a big frown. He watched the kids as they locked on their bikes. They came running over to

him, Dustin stopping just in front of him, breathing a little heavy

"Dude, are you going to the Arcade?", the boy asked all excited.

"No?", Steve said. "I just got some groceries. Been having a milkshake with Nancy and Jonathan a minute ago."

Dustin looked a little disappointed while Mike pulled a face when his sister was mentioned. Lucas was standing the furthest away from Steve and kept looking at the street as if he was waiting for someone.

"That sucks man. You got some change?", Dustin asked then.

"Sure. Why?" Steve looked a bit irritated.

"The Arcade?", Dustin asked in disbelief. He added a sigh as if the answer had been more than obvious.

Steve rolled his head and pulled out a hand full of coins from his pocket. Now all of the three kids made big eyes while Dustin held up both palms to catch the money. Steve couldn't help it but smile at their reaction.

"Thanks, man. You're awesome!", Dustin said and he smiled widely at Steve.

Steve padded down on Dustin's cap, still smiling. "No problem. Have fun and don't spend anything at once."

"That's not how this works.", Lucas pointed out.

"Whatever.", Steve said.

"Are you sick?" Steve could tell that Mike had been staring at his scarf before. The sun had come out and by now this wasn't really the most suitable wardrobe.

Immediately the broad smile on Dustin's face wore off. "Yeah, what's that ugly scarf about?"

"That's none of your business, dickheads. I have a cold and it's not ugly."

"It's pretty ugly.", Lucas said. Mike nodded as well.

Steve tilted his head and frowned. "As if any of you had any idea what looks good and what doesn't. Your moms probably still pick out your clothes for you.", Steve grumbled.

"Maybe you should get yourself some help, too.", Dustin suggested. "My mom wouldn't have me leave the house with that abomination."

Steve wanted to think about a witty comeback when the sound of a loud engine and even louder music had them all turn around. Well, that at least answered the question why Lucas had been repeatedly looking at the street before. Billy was dropping off Max.

Steve wished he had thought of this earlier, because even if he'd been feeling pretty warm before, seeing Billy send a cold feeling through his whole body, resembling a shiver. Of course, Max went to the arcade with them and since the Hargrove house was pretty far away, she wasn't going to skate here.

"That's Max. We gotta go. Bye Steve.", Dustin said, suddenly rushed. The other others just absently waved before the three of them ran over the street to greet Max.

Of course, their waving and shouting drew Billy's attention and a moment later Steve caught his gaze. Steve was glad for every inch of distance between them right now even if he hated it at the same time. He was glad for the fact that he couldn't smell the cigarette Billy was smoking and that dangled in the corner of his mouth. He was almost able to imagine the taste on his lips right now.

Whatever the expression on Billy's face meant, Steve wasn't able to read it. It looked blank. Almost emotionless. For a moment he wished for Nancy or at least for her people reading skills. Steve just frowned back at Billy, unable to move just yet while imagining him to get out of that stupid car and just get his ass over here. But Billy wasn't moving any more than Steve did. Steve just brought his arm up to his neck without even thinking about what he was doing, reaching under the thick fabric of his scarf to trail the tips along the bruise. He just pressed down hard enough to make it sting. Something in Billy's face changed that made Steve stop what he was doing. He blushed.

When the kids got over to Max, Dustin was hitting the hood of the Camaro with his hand by accident, creating some noise that caused both Billy and Steve to look over. Billy hit the honk and leaned to the open window shouting "Watch out, dickhead!" in an angry voice. Steve swallowed. Why did he wish, Billy was shouting at him instead. He just wanted this limbo to pass in which he had no idea what to do whatsoever.

Dustin looked apologetic but hurried to get inside the Arcade with the others.

Billy looked at Steve once more before he gunned the engine and drove away way faster than the speed limit allowed.

Steve sighed. He had no idea what that was about. And now his neck hurt a little. The only thing that he could tell after that day was that he and Billy probably wouldn't remain friends anymore like they did before. Even when he didn't feel Billy hated him, actually talking to him or even sharing a beer felt so distant and surreal that Steve doubted it would happen again anytime soon.

Steve got into his car and rested his head against the wheel for over a minute before he could bring himself to drive home. He wished so badly, Billy's car would be standing there but the driveway was empty and Steve was alone.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, I would really appreciate it, if you took the time to leave a comment. This helps me a lot to keep this story going <3

You can also find me on Tumblr @confettibites.

44. Fading

Summary for the Chapter:

A few weeks pass and things don't develop like Steve hoped them to.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve wasn't wrong. Things did change between him and Billy and the following two weeks were the proof of that. A lot of things happened and changed more than Steve expected they would.

The most prominent change on Steve was the slow but steady fading of that bruise. Steve was pretty sure, it would have healed a lot faster if he hadn't been touching it all of the time. It wasn't even intentional. His fingers just wandered there on their own every time he was deep in thought or reminiscing. Sometimes only tracing over the bruised skin featherlike and sending shivers down his spine. But most of the times, this wasn't enough and he pressed down on the delicate skin until it ached and stung. He explained this to himself as just a stupid habit, nothing to worry about. But he hated the fact that it hurt less and less as he healed and however much he needed the reminder that all of this wasn't just a creation of his own imagination, at some point, it was gone and all there was left was Steve's unreliable memory. Like he could ever trust that, trust that Billy once had spent his nights in Steve's bed, just laying there sleeping, cuddling up to Steve or kissing him. Over the course of those a little more than two weeks, Steve lost more and more details of his time with Billy, not because he forgot, but because he stopped believing in them.

After a little more than a week, Steve stops wearing that scarf.

Steve had been playing sick for almost the entire time, forcing himself to cough so often if actually made his throat sore like a self-fulfilling prophecy. The bruise wasn't totally gone when he stopped wearing the scarf but it had faded into a pale mix of colors that

wasn't that visible in artificial lighting and one had to look very close, to recognize this might have been a hickey.

Nancy was trying her best to be there for Steve the whole time and Jonathan showed support as well. Nancy made plans almost every day, trying to keep Steve busy or encouraging Steve, Billy would get his senses back eventually.

Meeting Billy in school certainly became less bothering and less upsetting for Steve because it happened so frequently. Steve was sure Billy wasn't doing this intentionally because he always looked just as surprised when their eyes met, as Steve does. Also, the sound of Ally's laugh had stopped Steve from clenching his jaw and wanting to punch something every time he heard it.

Rumors about how Billy and Ally were 'a thing' now were going around at school even before the first week passed and while Steve still showed visible marks of Billy on his skin. Steve wasn't surprised by that. Nancy was. One had to be very blind to not notice that the two of them always were seen together. Nancy stopped telling Steve that he should be hopeful, after she found Billy and Ally making out next to his car one afternoon and she was just glad, Steve had already left. After that they were making out in the hallway, the parking lot, Billy's car or simply everywhere they met. At the beginning, Steve couldn't bear this sight, but he soon hardened up and didn't always make a jump once he saw those two. Nancy pretty much hated Billy at this point she saw how Steve looked when he saw them. She stops forcing Steve to go to parties on the weekends, especially when she doesn't know if Billy will be there. Her own grudge against this guy and Ally kept her from enjoying those events as well and she always left early with Jonathan, who didn't mind spending an evening at home, actually preferred doing this.

Steve spent his weekends at home. His parents were back for a while, left for a short weekend trip and returned once more but he didn't really bother. His mom tried talking to him a few times but she could tell, Steve wouldn't talk about this and left him alone. Steve didn't sleep on the couch after that initial night. He stayed in his room. In the beginning, he froze everytime he could smell Billy somewhere, moving a pillow or some furniture. With the time passing, he didn't hate the left smell as much as he felt that he needed it. But his room

smelt less and less like Billy and after a little more than a week, the only thing left from this boy was his book.

Steve tried to carry *Animal Farm* to school almost every day he drove there. Most of the times he left it in his house, sometimes in his car and on the rare days he had it in his backpack, he didn't have the heart to give it back to Billy. He hadn't asked for it anyway and so Steve carried it back in his room every day and even started reading it, trying to imagine what Billy's thoughts were. Even if he was bad in keeping his focus on one thing and hated reading in general, by the end of those two weeks, he had read through it one and a half times, as if he could find something on those pages, he wasn't able to see yet. It calmed him, laying in his bed with some hot chocolate and a book. He was a very slow reader in the beginning but he felt he slowly got a hang of it, even if he wasn't really caring for any other book, apart from asking himself what Billy read apart from that. He asked himself if Ally was a reader and if the two of them could talk. If they could talk better than Billy and Steve could and Billy didn't feel the need to hide parts of himself.

But Steve is getting less and less bitter about Billy's and Ally's relationship. Nancy, on the other hand, got even angrier when the hopeful look on Steve's face started to disappear. While Steve had come to the conclusion that he was okay if Ally was the right one for Billy, Nancy saw just flaws there. Nancy wasn't mentioning Ally in front of Steve but sometimes, if Steve asked her, she would talk about that. Tell Steve that she and Ally had been friends. Tell him that Ally might not be the smartest girl but that she was very kind and when she and Nancy spent time together, Nancy usually enjoyed that. As much as this hurt to hear it actually helped Steve a little, because he still felt like Billy deserved someone, a good person, to make him happy, even if that meant making out with Ally in front of Steve multiple times a day. Steve would be lying if he said that he was okay with this but this was just how things were right now and he wouldn't fight it anymore.

Apart from things with Billy, Nancy had hurried to proofread Steve's essay exactly as she'd promised him. She only found a few things to change. Nancy is actually surprised at how good this essay had turned out to be. She praised Steve for it and didn't mention Billy

with a word. Steve couldn't stop himself from thinking that the notes would look different if they came from Billy. Billy actually walked by when Nancy gave Steve her notes on the hallway and Steve caught his gaze for a brief moment. Billy had looked worried like he would stop and make a comment but he didn't and Steve was left with Nancy's notes and no idea what to do.

Because he wasn't going out on weekends and didn't hang out with Billy, most of the evenings were free for Steve and he only needed a few to finish that essay. Another few and he had finished a handful of college applications. By the end of the first week, he'd sent them off still with no idea of what he was going to do if he even got accepted. He didn't get a letter back until now but he's always a little worried when he gets the mail because he doesn't even know what he wants the result to be. For the time he was just glad, there wasn't anything yet.

On a few occasions, Steve was out babysitting. He had the suspicion that Nancy was behind this because Dustin seemed to know Steve was kind of upset and did his best to cheer him up. Once Steve was over at Nancy's and the two of them and later Jonathan watched the whole squat playing Dungeons and Dragons while Nancy's parents were out somewhere. Of course, they weren't really watching them but the teens hang out upstairs while the kids played on their own. Still, Steve had fun this night, because he always enjoyed talking to Dustin and the others. He worried, Billy would show up later to get Max there but it turned out they were doing a boys-only game and again, Steve only had the suspicion that Nancy had something to do with this.

Basically, Steve was working a whole lot on forgetting about Billy without archiving this, but he was getting better and being alone at home didn't feel so bad anymore when his parents left again on Friday. It didn't hurt to know that he would be here at home while Ally was throwing another party and even Nancy and Jonathan got there. It didn't hurt that Nancy didn't ask him to go there because she knew Steve just couldn't. But it didn't feel too good either. And so the car of Steve's parents almost hadn't left the driveway when Steve had grabbed himself the stupidly expensive bottle of booze and got upstairs to get drunk on his own and read, something he hadn't really

done before but felt like the best thing he could do right now anyway.

He later fell asleep with the almost halfway finished bottle still in his hand that was falling over the side of the bed, the book laying openly on his chest.

But when he heard knocking and shouting in the middle of the night, Steve was wide-awake, even if he wasn't quite sober.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave me a comment.
This helps me a lot to continue this story <3

If you want to get in touch or write me anything, you
can also do this on Tumblr @confettibites

Also, remember there won't be another chapter
tomorrow because I have the most stupidly busy day
ever and I won't get home until late. But I promise I
will be back on Friday and keep posting regularly
from there on. :)

((This got a little heavy in some parts and
depressing in others. But don't hate on my trash boy
Billy too much. I plan on giving more inside on his
behavior as this story unfolds more. He's an idiot, but
I still love him!))

45. Just in the Neighborhood

Summary for the Chapter:

There is someone at the door in the middle of the night. Steve is surprised.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

But when Steve heard knocking and shouting in the middle of the night, he was wide-awake, even if he wasn't quite sober yet. In fact, the sudden sounds surprised him so much that his body jerks and he spilled some of the drink onto the floor next to his bed, barely able to keep holding onto the bottleneck.

Shit! Steve sits up and promptly steps into the wet puddle on the floor, cursing under his breath when he went over to pick up some dirty t-shirt from the floor to wipe the ground dry. There was a lot of stuff laying around just on the floor so he didn't have to go far for this. The lights were still burning and the sudden movement left him feeling dizzy and shaky. He wasn't even sure if he really heard something or if that was another alcohol-induced nightmare. If so, he definitely preferred nightly sounds to the ones where Billy paid him a visit, just to leave him behind a frustrated mess. Really, in this part, those dreams were pretty realistic. Steve shook his head over that realization and was thankful for the fact that he hadn't dreamt about Billy in a while. This was probably one of the reasons that had left him slowly getting a little better. At least Steve thinks he's getting better because Nancy isn't looking at him too worried all of the time and she stopped avoiding certain names around him.

Steve really wanted to get back to bed, when he heard more knocking and shouting that sounded like it was coming from a distance. He couldn't tell, who that was but now Steve brought his attention to something different, making his way downstairs.

"Harrington! I swear if you don't open the door in a second, I'm going to burst right through!

Billy.

Steve almost stumbled down the last steps of the stairs and dropped a bit more of the liquor. Shit. He would take care of that another time. Why was Billy here in the middle of the night?

Steve already rushed towards the door to punch him in the face or pull him in for a kiss or ask him what the fuck was going on here. Jesus, he was going to decide in a minute. There were definitely lots of things that Steve wanted to tell him.

"He's probably asleep you moron!"

Now that was a different voice. And it definitely belonged to Nancy Wheeler. Steve stopped a few feet behind the front door and was glad he hadn't turned on the light so no one noticed him just yet. What were Billy AND Nancy doing here? This was fucking weird...

"Shut the fuck up, will ya?! Harrington, get your stupid ass down here or I'm going to drag you out myself. Brought you in once, don't think I can't do that."

"You're drunk. Go home now.", Nancy insisted again.

Steve could hear Billy snarl. "Hey Johnny-boy, how about you take that bitch home now? I think she took a cup too much and has no idea what she's doing."

"Uh...", this was Jonathan, who was obviously standing in front of Steve's home in the middle of the night as well. It was obvious that he wanted to say something when Billy started laughing loudly.

Steve heard a weird sound, followed by even louder laughter.

"That's right, you better hold her back, because she's only going to hurt herself. Listen, you go home now Missy and let the grownups handle this, right?" It was pretty obvious that Nancy just wanted to kick Billy's ass for that comment and Jonathan was barely able to hold her back.

With this Billy knocked on the door a few more times what caused Steve to jump back in surprise. "Harrington! Is this guy deaf or

what?! Get your ass here, immediately!"

"Go home Billy.", Nancy said firmly. "He's probably sleeping."

Steve had gotten closer to the door while she said this and used the opportunity of Billy being distracted to pull the door open and lean against the doorframe, the bottle of booze still in his hand.

Billy turned around when he heard Steve, a sharkish and slightly insane-appearing grin on his face. "Look at you. That's the spirit!", without asking or even hesitating, Billy reached for the bottle on Steve's hand and downed a whole lot of it, before he offered to hand it to Jonathan and Nancy.

Jonathan looked a little afraid if Steve had to be the judge. Nancy just looked pissed.

"You guys just decided to move the party to my place?", Steve asked with a raised brow. He made a step forward to get his bottle back, the amount he drank before causing him to be braver than he had been otherwise.

"Believe it or not, I was just in the neighborhood.", Billy announced.

"No, you weren't.", Nancy said with a strangely calm voice that managed to send shivers down Steve's spine.

"Can't remember inviting you here, Wheeler. Take that boyfriend of yours home now before he's having a breakdown or whatever."

"What's going on here?", Steve asked, still a little puzzled.

"We were going home and I wanted to check if everything's alright with you when I heard loud shouting here and found this moron, trying to knock your house down.", Nancy said.

"I thought you were at Ally's.", Steve's brow furrowed.

"We left. I thought Billy was upstairs with her.", Nancy said, pronouncing every word as if she wanted to engrave them in Steve's head. She was intending to make that hurt. To make Steve imagine every consequence of this. Steve was glad, he was drunk right now.

"Party was dead.", Billy just said, obviously not in the mood to discuss this part right now.

"Well, I'm obviously fine.", Steve said and threw a gaze over at Nancy that hopefully was able to tell her, he had things under control.

"Jonathan and I are going to take him home.", Nancy decided. "You decide. It's either Ally's place or your own home, but your not driving anywhere.", she added.

Steve swallowed as he watched Billy tensing up. He knew this was about Nancy not wanting Billy here with Steve alone after he had just turned Steve's life into hell. Steve knew that. He knew that and he wasn't sure how he was feeling right now. Drunk, for sure. But he wasn't sure, how he felt over Billy being here and wanting to see him.

"What do you want here?", Steve asked Billy, his voice a little subtler now, god, he hoped so bad that it didn't sound whiny.

"Steve.", the way Nancy said his name made him reconsider, even if it didn't make things easier.

Nancy had freed herself from Jonathan's grip by now and walked right between Billy and Steve, forcing Steve to look her directly in the eyes. "Go inside. Sleep. Get sober. I got this, alright?", she said.

Steve wanted to nod when Billy reached for Nancy's shoulder and ruggedly pushed her to the side. Jonathan visibly jerked, as if he wanted to jump Billy for that, but Nancy was defending herself pretty fine.

"Don't you dare to touch me, Billy Hargrove!", Nancy yelled at him. "You have a girlfriend waiting for you and you better get back there and stop waking the whole neighborhood!"

"Now who's the one waking people?", Billy asked teasingly in a way calmer voice than Nancy just used.

"That's it.", Nancy said while shaking her head. "Let me pass, Steve, I'm calling Hopper. This is bullshit." She was already moving to get past Steve and into the house when Steve reached over and blocked her way with an arm.

"I'm handling this, Nance.", Steve said. "Go home now, okay?"

"Steve.", Nancy repeated her name, again causing him to feel weird. Shit, he was still very drunk. Maybe she was right and this was a terrible idea. But Steve wasn't planning on just forgiving Billy for everything that has done. First of all, he wanted to know why he was here and he wanted to talk to Billy without having any listeners.

"Nancy.", Steve said, trying to sound sure of what he was saying.

"You heard the man. Fuck off now, Wheeler.", Billy added.

Nancy looked at Steve, obviously searching for support. Steve just sighed and tilted his head, looking in Jonathan's direction so she would get the hint and leave.

"Call me first thing in the morning.", Nancy ordered. For a second, Steve feared she wasn't going to move anytime soon, but then she just turned around, grabbed Jonathan by the wrist on her way. Not even half a minute later, there was the sound of a car being started and shortly after everything was silent and Steve became painfully aware of Billy's presence here.

Notes for the Chapter:

Did anybody miss this? I sure did! Glad to be back and work on that story :)

If you enjoyed reading, please leave a comment and kudos. This helps me a lot to keep this story going
<3

To get in touch with me, you can also reach out on Tumblr @confettibites

46. Dangerous

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is left with Billy in the middle of the night.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve was way too tired and too drunk to tell how he got himself into this mess again. But there he was. It was the middle of the night, he didn't even know what time it was. He was standing outside of his house in the cold since he just got up not nearly dressed adequately for this because he was in an old t-shirt and even older shorts. And he was standing in front of Billy Hargrove.

Billy Hargrove with whom he hadn't talked in weeks.

Billy Hargrove who just left after they made out the last time, turning Steve into a wreck.

Billy Hargrove who apparently walked all the way over from a party at his girlfriend's house. To get here. To Steve.

"Wow, this girl's a lot.", Billy mumbled. "Consider yourself lucky you got rid of her... On the other hand, if she still shows up here and tells you what to do... This girl really needs to work her stuff out and let people live." He chuckled, looking down the driveway where Nancy and Jonathan had left just a minute ago.

"What the fuck are you even doing here?"

"Careful, pretty boy. Don't talk to me like that.", Billy warned, staring directly at Steve now with darting eyes.

Steve just shook his head. "Go home then. Because this is my place and if you can't answer a simple question, you might as well leave." 'After all, you're pretty good at leaving' is what remained unsaid even if Steve was almost sure by the way the look of Billy's eyes changed, he got the idea.

"I... Fuck, I don't know, alright? Wanted to see you, I guess.", Billy mumbled, his gaze turned to the side now, the smug look leaving for a while.

"Well, here I am.", Steve said. It came out a little bitter, but why the fuck should he even bother right now? This idiot was just coming from a party at his girlfriend's house and even if talking again did something to Steve that made him feel alive again, he was just so angry.

"Yeah. Here you are.", Billy agreed. He was looking back at Steve now, clenching his jaw. "You gonna let me inside or what? It's fucking cold out here."

"Ever considered buttoning up?", Steve crossed his arms.

Billy's expression changed and he put that smug grin right back on, that one that looked incredibly hot yet oh so dangerous. "You're pretty bold tonight, huh?"

"Fuck off.", Steve was done. He turned around and wanted to get inside and close the door on this asshole. He really wanted to, but all it took was a weak "Wait" to make him stop mid-movement.

"I'll go if you tell me to.", Billy looked honest when Steve turned his head to face him.

"I already told you this twice.", Steve said firmly, maybe trying harder to convince himself, than the boy in front of him.

"Say it again. I'll go.", Billy said, his lips slightly parted and barely moving while he was talking. Steve could see that his chest was moving because he was breathing pretty heavily.

Steve swallowed. He was tense all over like he was about to get into a fight. He would love to blame the alcohol for this but yet, here he was again, just a few feet away from Billy Hargrove and still unable to resist.

"You want a drink?" The way Steve was saying this, it barely sounded like a question. He wasn't asking. He was trying to convince himself he did the right thing because this was probably really stupid. Maybe

he shouldn't have sent Nancy home. He definitely should have sent Billy home. On the other hand, knowing him, the other boy would leave sooner or later anyway and it would be too soon in Steve's eyes, even when hated his guts right now.

Billy nodded. He stayed in his place and didn't move until Steve got inside the house and held the door open, tilting his head to show Billy he could come inside. And that boy followed, slowly and carefully. He reminded Steve of a predator. Steve wasn't sure if he himself was trap or prey tonight or even if he wanted to find out.

Steve then turned on the light, because apart from that lamp in the front of his house that shined through the windows of the front door, it was dark in here.

Billy stood just a few feet away and seemed to still have no idea what he was doing now that he managed to go inside.

"Beer?", Steve offered.

"Huh?", Billy turned his head around to look at Steve.

"Beer?", Steve repeated. "Or whatever this is?" He raised the bottle he was carrying. Maybe not the best idea to drink this exactly because it's going to be a pain in the ass to replace. But Steve was feeling nostalgic tonight, especially with this party at Ally's place happening.

"Oh, yeah thanks.", Billy came a little closer to Steve, taking the bottle from him. Steve could see that Billy tried to keep a distance between them. Funny. If he wanted it that way, he could get it, Steve thought.

While Billy took a big sip of that bottle, Steve walked past him, not sure where he was going. He wasn't going upstairs, couldn't take Billy there, but he felt the need to keep moving.

He wasn't hearing that Billy followed him into the living room and jerked when there was suddenly a hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, easy there.", Billy said, immediately pulling his hand back, his eyes wide in surprise. "You're making me nervous."

"Am I?", Steve asked harshly.

Billy swallowed and still stared at him with wide eyes.

Steve sighed and lowered his gaze. "Why aren't you with her right now?"

"Who?", Billy paused. "Ally?"

Steve looked at him in disbelief. "You were at her party, weren't you? Aren't you... like... supposed to stay there or whatever?"

"I guess...", Billy said. "I mean, I don't know. I couldn't stay there."

"Why?"

Billy shrugged. "I don't know.", Billy said this way more firmly now. "She's drunk and clingy and I couldn't stand it."

"You told her you were going here?"

"Didn't even tell her that I was leaving at all.", Billy admitted, probably aware of how that sounded.

"She's probably not gonna like that.", Steve assumed.

"Yeah, she's going to be pissed.", Billy said. They kept looking at each other and somehow the way Billy's features softened and his fear of getting his ass kicked for that caused Steve to smirk and shortly after, Billy did the same, he even started to chuckle.

Steve was thinking that this right now was probably way more dangerous than anything that happened before in that night. It was a glimpse of how things could be again, an idea of normality, of being able to have a good time together like they did before. It was so dangerous because it would make it way more hurtful for Steve when things started to fall apart again. And if he was sure of one thing then it was that they were going to fall apart sooner or later.

For now, Steve was still smiling, looking into that gorgeous boys' face, a little blush from drinking too much and his eyes... Fuck, Steve enjoyed just looking at him way too much and couldn't even blame it

on the fact that for once this face wasn't hidden behind Ally's head. If Steve weren't holding himself back, he would probably go straight up to kiss him. Or just to touch him. It's been so long. But then, he had left Steve broken, just to show up in the middle of the night with no idea what he wanted, acting like things were alright and no-one got his heart broken. Steve was probably a fool for inviting him in, but that was going to be the only mistake he was making tonight. Billy could say what he wanted and then they would go back to their separate lives. At least that had worked just fine for one of them over the course of the last few weeks. Somehow Steve would deal with that as well.

Billy's smile disappeared a second after Steve started to look more serious.

"You know, you should go back there. Or home.", Steve said.

"Steve.", Billy's voice sounded haunted.

Steve just looked at him, looked straight into those big blue eyes, into those wide, dark pupils trying to figure out, what Billy wanted and especially what he wanted himself.

"Don't make me leave." The word 'again' was left unsaid and still, they could both feel it's presence in the room.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you enjoyed this chapter. If you did, please leave kudos and comment. This helps me a lot to continue this story. <3

To get in touch you can also message me on Tumblr @confettibites

47. Good night, Steve

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy are both pretty drunk, both afraid of the things that could be happening.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve was trying hard right now to not simply give in, he really was. But he was also really drunk. Really, really drunk. And probably still in love with this idiot that was standing in front of him. At least, it felt like he was, every time he was looking in his eyes. His really big, blue eyes that made Steve lose every track of time. It was one thing to keep himself from feeling anything as long as Billy was having that smug look on his face, that sarcastic grin that he usually had. But it was pretty much impossible when Billy looked like he was suffering just the way Steve did. And when Billy said his name in the middle of the night in Steve's living room that was otherwise empty except for the two of them, asking him to stay, asking Steve not to send him away, how could he even try to do that?

There was a long silence in which Billy's words still echoed through the room until the ticking sound of the big clock on one of the walls became unbearably loud.

Steve didn't know what Billy was sinking at the moment but he looked like he was shaking a little. For all he knew, it could be the liquor. Steve was still carrying the damn bottle, way too drunk on his own. By now the only question left in Steve's head was who of them would end up shattering this moment into pieces and what would get lost in the process.

"Why?", Steve asked then. Too much time had passed for that word to really be related to what Billy said before, yet he understood Steve.

"It's late.", Billy said. There was so much uncertainty in him that even his words sounded like they were vanishing. "I'll go tomorrow. First

thing in the morning. You won't even notice."

Steve sighed. "You know I will."

"Yeah, I know."

Billy made a few steps towards Steve, not getting very far because Steve backed off once he was getting to close, now just a few feet of distance left between them.

"I think, I really need to kiss you right now.", Billy said. He sounded honest. Yet, every kiss had felt honest at the time. They still hurt a lot.

"Billy.", this time it was Steve's voice that was haunted by the idea of all the things that happened before repeating. He wasn't sure, he could go through this again, to be vulnerable again by letting Billy kiss him. He was afraid and yet so desperate for it.

Billy probably saw how drawn Steve was because he used that to overcome the latest bit of distance between them, now standing directly in front of Steve. He reached out with his hand and guided it to Steve's neck while the other boy was holding tightly onto the bottleneck, his knuckles turning white.

Billy's hand was stroking Steve's neck now. Steve wasn't sure if Billy did this intentional but he was caressing exactly the parts he had left Steve with a bruise some time ago. Meanwhile, his face was so close, Steve could smell smoke and liquor on his breath. Billy leaned forward until his forehead touched Steve's. If anything, this left him feeling more drunk than he did before.

"I noticed the scarf.", Billy mumbled, his forehead still resting on Steve's.

"Hard to miss it, really."

"I wished you wouldn't have to wear it. For everyone to see what I did to you."

Steve swallowed. His whole body felt like it was close to exploding because everything was hot, especially this boy in front of him.

"Saw you touch it.", Billy continued with a deep and husky voice.

"I tried not to."

"I know. But I liked it every time I saw you do this. Thought you might be thinking of me."

His lips were so close to Steve's now, skin brushing against skin while he talked. He was barely whispering but Steve understood every word like it was all that mattered right now. He didn't know what he should tell him. That he thought about Billy almost every second, not only when he pushed down on the bruise to make his memory appear more real? That he still wished for things to be different? That he had still hope even after Nancy stopped reassuring him that things would turn out fine?

"Billy." He wasn't saying any of this. But the way he said his name was saying enough. An unspoken reproach swang along with it.

"Fuck." Billy's hand wandered to the back of Steve's neck, firm and supportive. "Do you believe me if I tell you I wish things were different?", he asked.

Steve shook his head in the tiniest movement. "No."

"And if I told you that I'm sorry?"

"You're drunk, not sorry. That's a difference.", Steve said. It was so hard to keep this last bit of resistance up, while Billy was so close.

"Am I?", he asked. "Fuck, I have no idea. Feels like I'm fucking sorry."

"I don't care.", Steve lies. His own traitorous hand wanders to Billy's waist. He wished there was less fabric and he was holding onto bare skin instead but his fingers still held tight.

"Liar.", Billy accused him, licking his own lips.

And then he pushed forward, pressing his lips to Steve's. Steve was pretty sure he was literally seeing stars when he closed his eyes, his knees feeling weak under him.

Billy's hand was still behind Steve's neck, pulling him so close, it was almost painful. Steve felt overwhelmed with all the thoughts in his head and yet the feelings this boy was putting him through only by kissing him were like a drug. Even if it wasn't the first time, it felt like it, felt meaningful because it was oh so delicate, existing only right here and right now. Billy tasted exactly like Steve remembered him. There was smoke and the familiar hint of that expensive liquor Steve just gave him and he was still holding in his other hand. Steve wished he could save all of that moment, store it in his head, memorize every teasing movement of the other boy's tongue and the way his breath left a tingling feeling on Steve's skin. He wanted to forever be able to go back here, forever ignore the growing voice of sanity that told him this was a mistake and if he continued to give in, he would surely get eaten alive. Because he certainly was the prey in this situation, yet Billy moved so gently and handled him so carefully, Steve was almost able to convince himself that this boy was meaning it.

Steve let his hand wander from Billy's waist to his chest. Billy made a sound close to a groan, misreading the movement because Steve wasn't planning on touching him or even unbuttoning his shirt. The desperate sound of it surely made him hesitate his plans and the kiss felt too good to just give up on this. But Steve felt like for once on this stupid evening he should stand up for himself and stick with the right decision, even if it hurt both of them. He pressed his hand firmly against the other boy's chest to push him off, meanwhile stepping back himself to create the distance he would need to keep this fragile, imaginary wall he just built between them up.

"What's wrong?", Billy asked, out of breath and with fear in his eyes. "Don't tell me, I messed up again."

"I'm going upstairs.", Steve said. "You can crash here. On the couch. There are blankets and all."

"You sure?"

"Or you could just leave. It's up to you.", Steve said. His voice felt shaky. He tried not to look into Billy's eyes because he couldn't trust himself.

Billy just shook his head without saying a word.

Steve's heart was still racing and his breath felt heavy when he walked towards the stairs, leaving the other boy behind. He got halfway up when he heard Billy's voice.

"Good night, Steve."

Steve just continued to walk upstairs, because he was sure, his voice would break if he answered right now. His eyes were burning and he felt like an idiot when a tear ran down his face, wiping it off immediately. He got into his room and not only closed but locked the door, not as much to keep Billy out but to remind himself he must stay inside.

Almost an hour later Steve was still laying in his bed and feeling miserable. Not because he kissed Billy. More for being alone again. For choosing to be. Right decision or not, Billy Hargrove was laying on the couch downstairs right now. Probably sleeping. Staying over even if Steve should know better. Even if that boy still had a girlfriend and there were a million issues that were holding him and Steve apart. Steve got up onto his feet, walking over to his own bedroom door more than just a few times, stopping just before he laid hands on the handle and returning back to his bed every time, not having the guts to go down. He wished he had. He wished things really could be different. But they weren't and therefore Steve's suffering continued until finally, a light sleep hit him, at least for the moment.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please leave kudos and comment. This helps me a lot to keep writing this story and update every day. <3

To get in touch you can also reach out to me on Tumblr @confettibites.

48. Better or worse

Summary for the Chapter:

It's the next morning. Steve and Billy are sober now.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

When Steve woke up on the next morning he felt achy. This was probably due to the lack of sleep and the excess of alcohol. At least he kept telling this to himself when he wiped the residue of dried up tears out of his eyes and tried not to remember what exactly caused them.

It was still so early, the blue outside of his window looked cold and darker. Steve knew he couldn't sleep anymore even if he didn't feel quite awake yet.

Part of Steve was sure Billy was long gone when he sat up in his bed. Really though, part of him wished him to be gone, wished for that to be an accident, an encounter they wouldn't mention anymore when they went on with his lives. Because this might be easier than him still being there and the both of them having to figure out what to do now. Because Billy obviously didn't want to be with Steve. He'd shown this more than once yet always that strange bond that made them come together again. If they both agreed on not giving in on that, Billy could go back to Ally and be happy and maybe Steve would get to a happy place eventually. Especially when Billy wouldn't show up here in the middle of the night just to make him suffer more.

Steve sat down by the side of his bed, elbows resting on his leg and his head hanging forward. His fingers were massaging his temples, trying to ease his headache, even when he was already suspicious this was less him being hangover and more caused by the mess inside his own head.

In his head, Steve was trying to come up with the right words to say. He remembered when he did this after his fight with Nancy, driving

to her with flowers. He'd been repeating his apology so many times in the car it stopped feeling like he'd come up with it himself and more like some school poem he had to learn by heart. Good thing he never actually got to say this to her. What even did he want to say to Billy, if he was still down there?

Of course, there were all the obvious things. Telling him all the unsaid things from the past few weeks, beginning with the fact that Steve could almost not bear looking at him with Ally and staying away from him was one of the worst feelings of the world? Telling him that Steve didn't want anything to do with him because this was safer and Steve needed things to be safe now? He could lie and say that he didn't have any feelings just like Billy had none and then they might even be friends again. Steve would make sure they stayed sober. They wouldn't kiss and Steve could see him everytime Ally was busy with something else. Billy wouldn't sleep here but maybe sometimes they would go to parties, even if Steve couldn't get shitfaced to make things easier. Actually, nothing of this felt good. Steve didn't want to talk. He wanted to listen to what Billy had to say now that he wasn't drunk anymore. It might be awkward. It might hurt. There was no way to tell anything for sure without taking a risk and Steve had to go down to do so. To see if last night made things better or worse.

Steve walked down the stairs in a slow way as if hesitating now was able to help him in any way. It couldn't really change anything anymore. Still, Steve kept his pace when he walked into the living room and stepped towards the couch. Even from the distance, he was able to see that it was empty. There was a blanket that was laying on top messily, probably left in a hurry. Steve swallowed hard when he looked at that, not sure if he felt relieved or devastated. Of course, Billy had already left. He always did this, didn't he? Steve sighed and wiped his face with his bare hands. He was feeling sweaty and even a little sick, not that he was caring about that right now.

A sudden breeze of cold air made Steve shiver and then he froze on the spot then hot breath hit his neck and it smelt like smoke and Billy.

"You're still here.", Steve said without turning around.

"I am.", Billy confirmed, his voice coming from way closer than Steve expected it to be. "You want me to leave?"

Billy's breath was still hitting Steve's neck and Steve was glad the other one couldn't see that he was closing his eyes for a second. He wished for Billy's lips on his neck again, but Billy wasn't moving.

"You have somewhere to be?" Steve made a step forward before he dared to turn around. He still felt way too close to Billy.

"No.", Billy said quickly. "Not now.", he then added a little less firmly with his eyes drifting to the side.

"But later?", Steve frowned.

"Promised I would drive Max to a friend.", Billy said. "Need my car back for that."

Steve nodded. "Okay."

Billy was exhaling almost like it was painful, his face in an awkward half-smile. "I... I'm sorry for just showing up here, ya know?" He looked at Steve all apologetic.

"It's fine.", Steve said, biting down on his tongue. "I kind of owed you one after you carried me home that one night.", he mumbled.

"You don't owe me shit, Harrington.", Billy snorted. "Thank you for not sending me away I guess."

"Of course.", Steve said. He was looking right into Billy's face and wished he would be angry. Anything that confirmed Billy was feeling anything.

There was a bit of silence then, of just looking at each other, breathing. The living room was getting colder because the glass door that led to the pool was open.

"Why didn't you come talk to me?", Billy just mumbled this, so it barely sounded like a question.

"You were drunk.", Steve shook his head.

"No.", Billy said quickly. "Not last night. Before. In school."

"You looked kind of busy.", Steven said and of course, there was reproach swinging along with that. Billy hooking up with Ally the second he left Steve alone in his bedroom that one day.

"I...", Billy swallowed. "I thought you didn't want me to talk to you anymore. You know when we met in the hallway? I've been looking for you, but you just left."

"If you wanted to talk to me you could have just done so.", Steve said bitterly.

"You could have done this, too! I thought you were angry at me.", Billy sounded more upset now.

Steve rolled his eyes. "You just ran off!"

"Because you fucking made me!", Billy said loudly. Now he looked just pissed.

"Whatever.", Steve clenched his jaw. "You didn't look like you had such a bad time in school anyway."

"And that's a bad thing?", Billy asked. His voice was lower now.

Steve shook his head. "No. No, it's not.", Steve agreed. "You can do whatever the fuck you want. I just want to know why you're here."

Billy started to chuckle in a sad and bitter way. "You don't think that's fucking obvious?"

Steve wished it was. He wished he was able to tell what Billy was thinking but all he knew was that Billy was angry at him. And He wasn't wrong. Steve was angry at himself really, because if he hadn't been so stupid and somehow forced Billy to rethink and then decide he didn't want to be with Steve, maybe things would be different today. But Steve asked him if he wanted to stay and made him make a decision. And therefore he had to cope with the consequences.

"To talk?", Steve guessed. That's what he wanted to do in the first place, wasn't it?

Billy looked at Steve in a bit of disbelief but then he just nodded absently. "Really, I just needed a place to stay. I'll... I won't bother you anymore. Stay away, if you want.", Billy offered.

Steve swallowed. There it was. The offer to keep things right as they were. Of course, they weren't discussing the kiss right now. How could they? The question was if things were best if they kept them like this.

"You want to stay away?", Steve asked.

"No.", Billy said. "I want things to be just like they were. Just us hanging out and stuff. Normal stuff. Not like this, feeling upset and angry all the time." He was speaking so fast a few of his words got almost mixed together but Steve understood what he said.

"Okay.", Steve said before he could think twice about this.

Billy froze for a moment, not believing what he just heard. "You sure?"

Steve nodded. "Sure. We had fun, things were good."

A fragile smile crawled up on Billy's lips. "Okay. About last night...", he then started.

"Don't.", Steve stopped him. "It's fine. I mean. I was drunk, you were drunk. It's fine."

Billy nodded and then licked his lips. In his head, Steve was cursing at this, cursing at the way was staring at Billy's tongue, almost not able to return his gaze to Billy's eyes. "Seems like drinkings never the best idea with us, huh?"

Steve managed to raise a corner of his mouth into something that resembled a smile. "That's one way to put it."

Billy made a step backward, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a cigarette. "I... You still have to call Wheeler, right?"

Steve nodded.

"Tell her, I'm sorry, will you? I'm an asshole and I shouldn't have given her or Byers a hard time."

"I'll tell her.", Steve agreed.

"I guess, I have still someone left I need to apology to.", Billy mumbled. "Fuck, I don't want to go back but if I just get the car and don't go checking she's going to kill me."

Steve's mouth felt dry, but he nodded again. "She'll forgive you.", he said.

"You think so? Shit, I can't even remember what I said to her..."

"She'll know.", Steve said with a frown. "She's still going to forgive you."

Steve wasn't even sure why he was saying this. There was no way he could say for sure that Ally was going to forgive him, but this was just what he would have done. If he came back for real, Steve would forgive him. But that was beyond debate right now.

"Thanks, man.", Billy didn't look too happy with this answer either. "I'll stay in touch. Call you or some shit, okay?"

"Yeah, sounds good.", Steve said. He didn't even have to lie. Talking again sounded so good, because he missed Billy and not just kissing him.

When Billy left and turned around to Steve once more before he disappeared behind the corner. Steve stayed there and tried to process the most recent events.

But were things better now or were they worse?

Notes for the Chapter:

(A/N.: Honestly, this is probably why I can't have nice things. At this point who am I even fooling? I tried to have them make up and talk about there feelings. They wouldn't! Idiots! So this is just a bunch of angsty thoughts and two guys painfully

misreading everything the other one does. *sigh*. Maybe, one day though. I'm curious how it'll work out with Ally and Billy if Billy's again spending time with Steve, possibly getting closer than before. If she'll notice anything. I guess we'll see in the upcoming chapters.)

If you find the time, please consider leaving kudos and a comment. This helps me a lot to keep working on this story <3

49. How is that worse

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is talking to Nancy and failing at keeping a something hidden from her.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve was still feeling torn when he walked back inside and decided he might as well call Nancy right away. Knowing her she probably already waited for this call. Maybe she was able to make some sense out of this mess of a situation, even if he was pretty sure, he shouldn't tell her about the kiss last night. Not because Steve was ashamed, or at least not only because of this but mainly because he was pretty sure she would walk right over to Ally's house and kick Billy's ass, what, at least in Steve's opinion, probably wouldn't help to resolve all that.

He picked up the phone and dialed the number he knew by heart, waiting for a familiar voice to pick up.

"Dustin?!" Okay, that definitely wasn't Nancy's voice, even if Steve was almost fooled for a second.

"Mike?"

"Steve?!", Mike asked in disbelief.

"I need to talk to Nancy.", Steve explained.

"Now?"

"Well, yes, now. That's why I called, dumbass.", Steve shook his head, even if no-one was there to see.

"You can't. Call back later.", Mike said and he hung up.

Steve stood there with his phone in his hand and his jaw dropped for

another moment before he groaned and dialed the number again.

"Dustin?"

"Listen, shithead! I need to talk to your sister now, so call her.", Steve ordered.

Mike groaned. "Stop calling!", he said.

"I need to talk to Nancy.", Steve repeated.

"Well, I need to talk to Dustin."

"Then call him."

"I can't.", Mike said as if this was obvious.

"Why?"

Mike sighed. "He can't get interrupted. His mother will never allow him if I interrupt him.", Mike said a little slower than he usually spoke.

"So let me speak to Nancy.", Steve said annoyed.

"Did you even listen to me?!", Mike asked. "I'm waiting for a call, so get off the line!"

"Dustin could be calling in an hour or even later. I'll be done talking to Nancy by then."

"Or he could call in a minute.", Mike said.

"Don't you guys have those stupid walkie-talkies? Use these and let me talk to your sister now."

"No!", Mike said.

"Mike?" Steve could hear the muffled voice of Nancy. "What's going on? Why are you yelling?"

"What?! Nothing!", Mike stumbled.

"Nancy?", Steve asked loudly.

"Who is this?", Nancy asked.

Steve could hear Mike cursing. "Nobody!"

"NANCY?", Steve said way louder than before.

"Is that Steve?"

Steve could hear Mike groan again. Then he said: "Five minutes. I need to call Dustin."

A moment later there were a few rushed sounds before Nancy came to the phone. "Hello?"

"Nancy?"

"Finally!", Nancy said in relief. "I almost walked over to your place." Steve could hear you laugh.

"I've tried to get you to the phone forever because your shithead brother kept hanging up."

"Tell me about. I think they are trying to have a sleepover tonight. The whole morning he's been standing there getting calls from everyone."

Steve paused for a moment, while Nancy remembered why she had Steve call her. "Tell me now.", she said eagerly. "How did you get him home after we left?"

Steve swallowed. "I didn't really.", he said.

"Don't tell me he spent the night.", Nancy sounded frustrated.

"I let him sleep on my couch.", Steve confessed a little remorseful.

Nancy stopped for a moment that felt like an eternity for Steve. "Is he still there?", Nancy asked.

"No.", Steve said quickly.

"Then come over now. Jonathan wouldn't be here till later and I feel like we really need to talk about this."

"Nothing happened, Nancy. It was just stupid.", Steve said.

"Do you have a better idea?", Nancy asked sounding doubtful.

Steve thought about this for a second. "Fine.", he sighed. "I need to take a shower and be over right after."

They hung up pretty much right after and Steve could imagine Mike showing Nancy to the side to guard the phone again.

Steve went upstairs and took his time to take a shower and get ready. Most of all he felt like he needed to get the hangover washed off. A bit more than half an hour later, Steve stood in front of the mirror and looked somewhat like himself again and not like he hadn't slept for a while. He got down to eat something and then drove over to Nancy. Beginning with that time Nancy had talked him through his feelings for Billy, over the following weeks he'd been over quite a few times and it didn't really feel weird now that they were closer to each other again.

When Steve pressed the doorbell almost immediately he heard fast steps running down the stairs before the door was pulled open in a rush.

"Dustin?!" Once Mike recognized Steve, he looked at him all annoyed. "Are you kidding me?"

Steve rolled his eyes. "Hello, Mike. Nice to see you.", Steve said sarcastically.

"What are you doing here?", Mike asked with a frown.

"Don't worry.", Steve said, shoving the boy to the side and walking towards the stairs. "I won't be interrupting your stupid party." He wasn't turning around anymore, even when he heard Mike groan. Instead, Steve just headed to Nancy's room where he knocked before he got inside.

Nancy was sitting on her bed and put some kind of notebook to the

side when Steve entered. "Hey.", she greeted him.

"You're brother's really asking for someone to kick his ass.", Steve commented and shook his head, while he walked over.

"I know. He just started to shut up. He's been on the phone for hours.", Nancy rolled her eyes.

Steve got to the end of her bed and sat down on top of it. At first, this was weird but now it was something he just got used to. Sometimes it had just been the two of them sitting there. Sometimes Jonathan was over and the bed was a little more crowded, but it wasn't weird either.

"So," Nancy started. "Billy Hargrove. Drunk. Spent the night at your place.", she kept listing.

"Yeah.", Steve frowned. "That's pretty much all that happened."

"What did he want?"

Steve sighed. "We didn't really get to that part. You know... the talking part. He said he had to get away from Ally and wanted to see me or whatever." When Steve looked up he could see that Nancy was trying to keep down a smirk. "Not like that, Jesus! He just wanted to hang out like we did before all this mess happened."

"If I remember correctly before all this mess happened you let him sleep in your bed.", Nancy pointed out.

"Yeah, but he didn't have a girlfriend back then.", Steve said, getting a little blushed. "Whatever. We were both drunk last night. I left him downstairs and went up alone. He was still there tomorrow. We decided to be friends again or whatever and then he went back to Ally.", Steve reported everything that happened with Billy before.

"Oh.", Nancy said compassionately. "That sucks."

"No. I mean, not really. What's he supposed to do?"

"Break up with her and stop with this bullshit?", Nancy suggested.

Steve snorted. "Yeah, right. And then he starts dating me or what? That's just stupid and probably never going to happen."

"Not with that attitude.", Nancy mumbled. She saw that the frown on Steve's face deepened and frowned. "I was really surprised to find him there yesterday. I thought he was just looking for trouble but if he was actually missing you, this is a good thing, isn't it?"

"I'm not so sure about this. I don't know if hanging out with him again will end up causing more trouble."

"Well, of course, it is. Because he has a girlfriend and if you two start this thing you did before, the touching and staring and... well, the making out part, how is this going to turn out?"

Steve bit his tongue when she said this. He avoided looking into Nancy's eyes until he heard Nancy sharply inhale and then say. "Tell me.", she ordered.

Dammit, he definitely needed some work on his poker face.

"He kissed me last night.", Steve said in a low voice. At this point, why did he even try to keep things a secret from her?

"Steve!", Nancy said reproachfully.

"He was drunk, Nancy! It's not like it meant anything.", Steve said.

"Like a chaste kiss on the lips or really kissing kissing?"

Steve looked at her with a raised brow as if with Billy this was even a question.

"Oh. Yeah, I forget who we're talking about.", Nancy said smirking. "How do you feel about it?"

"I... Well, I ended up shoving him off and pretty much running upstairs, so that's how I felt about it."

"So you didn't like it."

"At what point do the two of you keep forgetting that he has a

girlfriend?", Steve asked frantically.

Nancy couldn't really keep a straight face up for long. "Why are you both so stupid?", she asked, shaking her head.

"Why am I being stupid?", Steve asked.

"Nevermind.", Nancy sighed. "So the new status quo is that you and Billy start hanging out again, but you are both going to keep pretending that he likes Ally while occasionally kissing and then freaking out about it, right?", Nancy mocked.

"Very funny.", Steve said sarcastically. "I'm just trying to have this work and while he wants to be with Ally, I'm fine with seeing him if he wants me to."

Nancy groaned. "Yeah, because it's super common for people who want to be with their girlfriend to go over to just some friend and make out with them, right?"

"It's not that weird.", Steve mumbled, not really believing what he just said.

"At the risk of repeating myself... How about you ask him why he's still seeing Ally? I mean, talking. Tell him what you want and ask him what he wants and then work on from that."

"And if I tell him that I like him and he doesn't want to see me anymore?"

"How is that worse than the last weeks?", Nancy asked.

"It might stay like this forever. I can't have him never talk to me again...", Steve swallowed.

Nancy's face softened and she came over to hug Steve. "You really like this stupid idiot, don't you? I'm sorry. You don't deserve this bullshit." She kept stroking his back and it actually helped Steve to calm his mind a little. He wasn't sure if Nancy's advice could really work. After all, this was Billy and Steve knew him much better than she did. He wasn't sure, talking was the solution.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm glad this got a little more lighthearted than the last chapter. Nancy is trying to offer Steve some possible solutions and more importantly a lot to think about. Let's see what he's going to do with that.

I hope you enjoyed reading. As always, I appreciate every comment. They help me a lot to keep working on this story every day <3

50. An excuse for acting like an asshole

Summary for the Chapter:

Nancy is trying to give Steve some inside on why Billy might act the way he does.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Nancy grinned. "You're always confused, so that doesn't really count. Talking helps with that. But with him, there is probably no-one he could do that with. Apart from you, I mean. He doesn't have any people really close to him except those basketball jocks and I understand why he can't talk to them."

Steve frowned. He felt bad that he hadn't thought about this before. "

"That's not an excuse for acting like an asshole, you hear me?", Nancy asked. "I mean it's explaining some of the things he does, but most of it is still bullshit if you ask me."

Steve nodded. He wasn't really listening to what she said but thinking that for Billy, losing that thing with Steve meant having to lose possibly the only friend he was talking to and even with him they were only keeping conversations very light. Steve had Nancy and Jonathan when things were bad. He really hoped they didn't feel like this for Billy because Steve couldn't really bear the thought of him suffering. He had looked so desperate every now and then he looked at him last night. And when they kissed he was holding Steve so tightly, it almost wasn't possible to break off the kiss and shove him away. Steve really asked himself if that was somewhat related. When he saw Billy there was always this smugness and this overwhelming confidence that it was hard for Steve to imagine him really brooding over things and hurting. Steve didn't even want to imagine it because it made his chest hurt.

Nancy watched the change of expressions on his face until she turned around and looked at her clock. "Oh.", she said. "Jonathan is probably

going to be here soon. He's bringing Will here and said he might as well stay."

"I go.", Steve said.

"I mean, you don't have to. We can hang out together if you want to."

"No, it's alright. You two already had enough of this mess last night." He smiled at her what made her look a little less worried about him. "Oh, he said I should apologize to the two of you on his demand."

Nancy snorted. "Right.", she said in disbelief. "Billy Hargrove wants to apologize."

"That's what he said at least.", Steve shrugged. "For me to tell you and Jonathan that he was sorry. Things were a bit harsh between you last night as far as I could tell."

"He was just drunk and I was trying to not have this thing get even messier."

"Thank you for that. I think, listening to you and sending him away might have been the smarter idea."

"I'm not even sure of that. Maybe you both needed this.", Nancy said. "Whatever, tell him I'm not angry if he asked. Only if he starts being a dick again. I'm sure Jonathan isn't mad, either. After all, he kept me from punching that boy in the face."

"He was probably trying to protect you.", Steve smirked at the thought of that.

"Felt like he was protecting Billy!", Nancy argued. But then she started laughing as well.

The doorbell then caught both of their attention and Steve decided it was time for him to leave.

Notes for the Chapter:

Chapter fifty!! I can't believe I'm doing that for fifty days now and still there is no ending in sight. Thank

you to everyone who is still reading along on this story. You guys really make my day and I love getting your comments and messages <3

51. What's going on, Steve?

Summary for the Chapter:

The kids might have overheard some things and before Steve is able to leave he finds himself being questioned by a bunch of middle schoolers.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Nancy and Steve had been both going down and Karen Wheeler already opened the door by the time they got there, letting Will and Jonathan in. Steve greeted Jonathan and suddenly, Mike, Dustin, and Lucas got up from the basement and were surrounding them. While Nancy guided Jonathan upstairs after she said goodbye to Steve, Dustin told Steve that his mom would probably call him to drive Dustin home from school after AV Club next week. Steve said, that was fine and frowned when he saw that by now it was only him and the kids left because Karen Wheeler had been running off, too.

"I'm going to leave.", he decided. "Have fun."

"Wait a second!", Dustin said.

"What?", Steve asked, frowning at them. He had already made a step towards the door but turned around now.

Dustin was leaning over to Mike, shielding his mouth with a hand and then whispering something to him that caused Mike to groan. "Ask him if you're so curious.", Mike encouraged Dustin.

"Ask me what?", Steve asked irritated.

Lucas was turning around and watching the stairs with a frown on his face. "Sure, you want to do this here?"

"He's right.", Dustin agreed. "Let's take him downstairs."

"If we end up not finishing the quest I've made up, that's your fault.",

Mike complained.

"We have to wait anyway.", Will added, trying to mediate between them.

"Hey, listen!", Steve said with a louder voice. "Somebody needs to tell me what's going on."

Mike just rolled his eyes and headed downstairs, followed by all the others except for Dustin who came over and then pulled Steve with him. "Hey!", Steve complained, but he followed anyway, having no idea what these shitheads were onto again.

Downstairs, there was a table set up and Steve could tell, mainly because Dustin had already told him so much about this, that this was Dungeons and Dragons. He raised a brow and walked over to the table, grabbing one of the figures on top that was a weird creature with multiple heads.

"Stop touching that!", Mike said, taking the figure out of his hand and putting it back down right where it was standing.

"First of all, there is no way I'm going to play that stupid game with you.", Steve said.

Now it was Lucas who snorted while Will was trying to hide a laugh. Mike just looked like he was done with all of this.

"What's going on, Steve?", Dustin asked, drawing his attention.

Mike groaned. "This is how you want to start this?", he asked.

"Let me handle this, Mike!", Dustin said.

"Handle what? Jesus!", Steve asked.

"Mike heard you and Nancy on the phone.", Dustin said.

"Dustin!", Mike complained, while Steve felt all color leave his face and he turned around to Mike.

"What is he talking about?", Steve asked. He tried to remember all the

things he said with Nancy while they were talking.

"Dustin wants to know who was sleeping over at your place.", Lucas finally intervened.

Steve felt a little cramped in this basement all of the sudden, cornered and trapped by middle-schoolers.

"What?", he tried to act dumb. "Nobody. What are you talking about?"

"See.", Mike said. "I told you he was going to deny it."

"Hey! Nobody's denying anything."

"Stop lying, Steve!", Dustin ordered. "Mike heard Nancy talk and she specifically said, that someone has slept over."

"He.", Mike added. "She was upset because someone was sleeping over. But he wasn't there anymore or whatever."

Steve clenched his jaw, internally reminding himself never to talk about things like that with Nancy on the phone ever again. "

"Who is he?", Dustin asked.

Steve backed up to the stairs a little. He wasn't planning on running off just yet but he felt like there were children everywhere and apart from Will who was just watching curiously, they all kept asking questions.

"Noone.", Steve mumbled, turning his head to face the saving light that was shining through the closed basement door.

"I bet it's that asshole. Max said he just got home when I talked to her on the phone earlier.", Mike said.

Damn these kids and their ability to deduct stuff out of basic observations, Steve thought.

"Oh, no way!", Dustin said. "He said he didn't like him."

"When?", Mike asked.

"A few weeks ago.", Dustin said but Steve could see that he was thinking something. He prepared himself for things to get worse. "Wait a minute! Nancy asked me what's going on between you and Max' brother so there must be something going on, right?"

"And you're remembering that now?", Lucas asked in disbelief.

"I forgot. It was weeks ago.", Dustin explained.

"Hey, hey, hey!", Steve said loudly to draw all their attention. "Everyone shut up now. Not only are you shithheads wrong, it's also none of your business, alright?"

Neither of them looked really convinced by that. Only Will looked at Steve in a slightly apologetic way.

"Come on, Steve!", Dustin said. "We're going to find out anyway."

Steve made a face. He might be right on this one.

"Don't you have anything better to do?"

"He overheard Nancy talk to Jonathan about how you're depressed or something.", Mike explained. "It's not like I care."

Steve looked at Dustin. "It was by accident! I didn't eavesdrop...", the boy said, raising both hands in defense.

"Well I'm not depressed and I'm not talking to you about who may or may not have slept at my place.", Steve decided.

"So it wasn't Max' brother?", Lucas asked. "She was talking about how he acted all weird as well."

"Interesting.", Dustin said.

"That's one opinion.", Mike said annoyed and eyed the game on the table obviously just as happy with the topic of conversation as Steve was.

"What's going on between the two of you?", Dustin asked.

"Nothing's going on.", Steve said immediately.

"Doesn't he always hang out with that girl?", Lucas asked with a frown, obviously trying to remember her name. "The one with the bangs."

There it was again, Steve's favorite topic to talk about. "His girlfriend's name is Ally.", Steve said.

"So why wasn't he sleeping at her place?", Dustin asked.

"Didn't say he was sleeping over at my place.", Steve said.

"But you're not denying it, either.", Will said. Steve was a bit caught in surprise that the boy was suddenly joining the conversation.

Steve sighed loudly. "Whatever. If I tell you what happened, will you stay off my back?", he asked.

"Most definitely.", Dustin said eagerly, while Mike just rolled his eyes. At least three pairs of eyes were looking at Steve all curious.

"Fine. Whatever. So I let him sleep on my couch because he was drunk. End of the story. He probably had a fight with his girlfriend or something."

"Why was he even at your place?"

"He was drunk.", Mike said as if this was enough of an explanation.

"We're somewhat like friends now, at least when he's not a total asshole."

Neither of the boys seemed quite convinced by that statement.

"Can I go now or is there anything else you all desperately need to know?", Steve asked a bit annoyed.

"You shouldn't be hanging out with that guy.", Dustin said. Lucas nodded in agreement.

"Hey, watch out! Do I ever question your choice of friends?", Steve

asked him.

"You don't have to because my friends aren't bullies."

"Mike is pretty mean.", Steve said with a frown.

"I'm standing right here, asshole!", Mike said.

"Language!", Steve reminded him.

"You were namecalling us all the time!", Mike argued.

"Stop fighting!", Dustin said. "Jesus! Just remember that he's a bad guy, okay? And you shouldn't really be hanging out with him. We're just worried."

"I'm not worried.", Mike said. "I don't care."

Steve looked back at Dustin. "I'm fine, alright? Not depressed. Or bullied. Just tired right now and mainly because you're bombarding me with questions."

Dustin nodded without looking away.

"Can you leave now?", Mike said with a groan.

Steve looked at him in disbelief and while shaking his head he was walking up the stairs to leave. He wouldn't go to Nancy right now because Jonathan was over but the first thing they needed to talk about on Monday was how she needed to keep her mouth shut around Dustin and Mike because they are way too interested in everything and couldn't mind their own business.

Mr. Wheeler was walking past the entrance to the basement when Steve came up, looking at him slightly confused.

"Steve? What are you doing here?"

Steve stopped and looked at him. "Hello, Mr. Wheeler. I was visiting Nancy and then... Dustin had a question. I'm about to leave."

"Don't worry. Looks like this house has become the go-to shelter for

kids in this town." Ted Wheeler shrugged. He carried a newspaper and walked into the living room area, not paying close attention to Steve.

Steve then just walked out to get home before anyone else could force him to talk about this thing with Billy. In his opinion, there were already way too many people involved in this mess. Next time those kids tried to get him somewhere, Steve should definitely much rather run off instead of blindly following them.

He was walking on the grass in front of Nancy's house, slowly approaching his car when he heard a familiar noise he really shouldn't be able to recognize the way he did. But Steve didn't even have to raise his head to know Billy's Camaro had just turned onto this street. Even without the music blasting out of the open window, Steve probably would have been able to tell it was him, just by the sound of the car itself. He looked up and could see Billy and Max in there, Max looking all annoyed and Billy mainly tired, wearing sunglasses. Steve wasn't even sure he noticed him yet, at least until Max seemed to say something to him that caused Billy to take off his sunglasses and look straight at Steve. Unsure what to do, Steve just raised a hand as if to wave. Billy stopped the car right behind Steve's and Max hopped out right away.

"Hello, Steve.", she mumbled, rushing past him without really paying to close attention.

"Have fun Max.", Steve said, following her with her gaze before his attention was drawn back to Billy, who was still sitting in his car and watching Steve.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please consider writing a comment and leaving kudos. It helps me a lot to keep this story going and update it every day <3

52. An invitation

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy and Steve talk in front of their cars.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

With Steve looking at him, Billy opened the door of his Camaro and climbed out of it to make his way over to Steve. The way Steve was standing he felt exposed. He even if he was nowhere near being surrounded or cornered and they were in a public place, he felt exposed and vulnerable. Because with Billy getting out of the car to talk to him, every intention of running off and leaving this scene right fucking now vanished into thin air and Steve could do nothing else than watch him slowly approach.

Billy had a grin on his lips that turned a bit more curious and even amused when his gaze wandered over Steve's shoulder, seeing something Steve hadn't detected yet.

Steve turned his head and immediately saw a bunch of heads, one next to the other watching him and Billy through the window. Once they saw they'd been detected, one after another disappeared with the exception of Dustin who just grinned and waved at Steve. Steve raised a brow and waved back at him before turning his gaze back to Billy.

"Got yourself a little fan club, Harrington?", Billy asked. He looked tired like he didn't really sleep. Steve couldn't really tell if the night had been bad in general and he'd been having trouble sleeping or it was the conversation with Ally that made him look like that. Overall he didn't seem like he was having the best day.

"They are probably just bored to death because they want to play some stupid board game.", Steve tried to come up with an explanation that didn't involve the kids knowing something suspicious was going on between him and Billy.

"What are you even doing here? Dropping one of the little shits off yourself like a good parent does?", Billy mocked him.

"Talking about yourself here, Hargrove?", Steve rolled his eyes. "I've been meeting with Nancy."

Billy's gaze turned a bit colder. "Giving her a run-through of last night's events? We can't have her not knowing about everything that goes on in your life, right?"

Steve clenched his jaw. "It's none of your business but we weren't talking about last night a lot. I just told her that everything was fine and you weren't like trying to start a fight after they were gone."

"You sure I wasn't?", Billy had that smug grin on his face again.

Steve rolled his eyes. "Whatever. She wanted to be sure I'm okay and we hang out a little."

"Until her other boyfriend came to take your place, I suppose?" Billy's head was showing into the direction of Jonathan's car. "That girl must have great stamina. Maybe I should start paying her visits as well."

Steve sighed. "She accepted your apology so stop acting like an asshole, alright?"

"Oh, so I'm an asshole now?", Billy raised a brow and made another step forward.

"You're acting like one.", Steve said. "I'm not in the mood to fight with you now so what do you want?"

"Not in the mood to fight because you'd have to run to her right after?"

"Fuck off.", Steve just said. He had enough of it. Whatever ruined Billy's mood between this morning and now, Steve didn't like it and wasn't big on taking a part in this fight right now. Instead, he turned around to make sure the kids were all gone. He couldn't see any of their heads, but he still felt like he was being watched.

When he looked back, Billy hadn't moved a bit or even looked like he considered it at all. He was still standing there, cool as usual, pulling out a cigarette from his pocket and then lighting it.

"Want one?", Billy asked.

Steve shook his head. He would have taken the cigarette if Billy had just offered him to share. Wanted to wrap his own lips around where Billy's just was, as if by that they would be able to reach a new level of intimacy or he could taste him. But Billy didn't offer him a drag and so Steve was just watching every oh so slightest movement on his lips, from the way his eyes stayed closed a little longer when he inhaled the hot smoke or how Steve could see his tongue, red and teasing, when Billy parted his lips to exhale it again. Fuck. Steve should really leave right now, especially since they were still standing in front of Nancy's house and way too many nosy kids were inside there. And also Nancy who probably also fell into that category.

"Max staying overnight here?", Steve asked. He didn't really care but felt like he needed to break the tension through conversation because just leaving didn't feel right either. He hoped the cigarette would have cooled off Billy's temper a little by now.

"You crazy?", Billy asked with a frown. "She's not staying with a bunch of boys over here. I'm supposed to pick her up at nine tonight."

Steve chuckled. "Oh, they won't be finished playing by then."

"Good thing I don't care about that.", Billy commented. "I pick her up when her mom tells me to and if she needs to be home at nine that's exactly where that shitbird's going to be."

"You don't look too happy with being the designated driver tonight."

"Great observation, Sherlock.", Billy said sarcastically. "Doesn't matter. Don't have anything better to do anyway." He took another drag from his cigarette, again looking tenser and still really tired.

Steve bit down on his tongue. "Made up with Ally?"

Billy exhaled smoke and swallowed before he even answered. "She

wasn't happy."

"But you're good now?"

"Peachy.", Billy said, without looking like he really meant it.

"That's good, I guess."

"Yeah. She's got a lot of cleaning up to do though. That place is a mess."

"Not the smartest move to have a bunch of drunk people at your own home.", Steve commented.

"Although I don't think anyone got as loaded as you did the last time. I'll never forget about that.", Billy chuckled.

Steve could feel his face getting really hot. Why did he mention that night? That was so close to when things really got bad with them that Steve had shoved every memory of it in a remote corner of his mind. "You weren't particularly sober last night as well if I remember correctly.", Steve said.

"Then I can hold my liquor much better than you do, pretty boy."

Steve swallowed. That was by far not the first time, Billy had called him by that term but it sure felt different now. Steve couldn't tell if he was just mocking or if it slipped his tongue by accident.

Billy had almost finished his cigarette by now and just took one last drag before he dropped it and put the butt out with his boot before he returned his gaze to Steve.

"And what are your plans for today?", he asked. Casual interest, threat, or something else, Steve couldn't tell. Could be Billy mocking him for all he knew.

"Don't have any. Maybe I'll finish that booze from last night. Since practice makes perfect, you know?", he tried to be funny. Funny was good, right? Not dangerous like this tension was, that could explode at any moment either into a kiss or a fistfight. Where they were at right now, neither of those would be really advisable.

"You know, you could come over to my place if you want to.", Billy suddenly offered what took Steve by surprise. "Neil and Susan are visiting some relative and won't be back until tonight." The latest addition made this whole invitation sound way less innocent than it should be. Steve had never been at Billy's place and was really curious about that house and Billy's room, especially after he'd been spending so much time over at Steve's in the past.

"Sure. Why not?", Steve couldn't help but smile at that what caused Billy to shake his head, slightly amused.

"Don't get too excited.", Billy said with a sigh. He made his way to get back into his car. "We don't have no fucking pool."

Steve smirked. "So I just follow you?"

"If you can keep up.", Billy was looking at him over the top of his car and winked before he climbed inside and started the engine.

Steve rushed to his car because Billy wasn't joking and Steve needed to hurry if he wanted to follow.

The excitement sure kept him from second-guessing but when Steve was driving just behind Billy's Camaro, getting over to his place he couldn't keep himself from wondering, what that was all about. A moment ago Billy appeared to be in the mood to start a real fight, twisting around the things Steve said and getting on his nerves. Could be dangerous to be around him today, but no way Steve was going to chicken out now.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please consider leaving kudos and a comment. It really helps me to keep this story going <3

Also, as per usual, you can always message me on Tumblr @confettibites to get in touch. :)

53. Breaking the ice

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve finds himself in Billy's room for the first time.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve didn't know what he should be expecting out of this. Out of this invitation or the way Billy was acting strangely again. But he knew that even this kind of weirdness wouldn't be able to keep him away if the option of spending time with Billy was still there. No matter if that was the craziest thing to do, going back into whatever they had as vulnerable as ever and with his heart not yet healed. He had no time to think about whatever was the right thing to do right now and told himself he would deal with any inconvenience later.

The house of the Hargrove's was different than Steve's in almost every way imaginable. It was way smaller and, of course, it didn't have a pool. But most of all, it didn't look like a really nice place to live. Steve was sure Billy would agree with him on that one so he didn't feel bad for his thought when he parked his car right behind Billy's Camaro on the street in front of the house.

When Steve climbed out of the car, he could feel Billy's eyes on him and slightly turned his head to stare right back.

"Haven't been here yet, have you?", Billy asked. It was pointless. They both knew the answer to that.

"Not that I remember.", Steve said. Play along. Make conversation. That's what people were supposed to do, weren't they?

He followed Billy as he approached the front door and fumbled in his pocket to get the keys out. Why did this feel like a couple going into a cheap motel room together? It wasn't even this place but the growing tension between them mixed with the awkwardness and the fact that they were alone here, that made Steve think of that. In such

a scenario, they would already be making out, probably even before the door was closed behind them but today that wasn't really an option and somehow the thought of that was said.

"Voilà.", Billy said, making a presenting gesture with his arms as he held the door open for Steve to get in. "It's probably way below you but it's better than sleeping in my car every night."

"If I remember correctly that isn't so bad after all.", Steve looked at him and felt the corners of his mouth right up as Billy smiled back at him.

"Almost forgot about that.", Billy said. Steve knew this was a lie. Or was that wishful thinking? He didn't mind.

"I didn't.", Steve admitted. He looked away from Billy and started walking further into this place. The inside felt even smaller than it appeared from the outside. That might be because there was a little too much furniture for the size of this place, at least for Steve's taste. It felt a little constricting.

"I would give you the tour but this is pretty much all there is.", Billy said. Steve wasn't sure if there was a hint of embarrassment in his voice or if Billy just really didn't like being here.

"Your room?", Steve asked. He was looking at Billy again, finding a smirk on his face when he asked about this.

"Follow me.", Billy said. He then walked past Steve and guided the other boy to one of the few doors that were leading out of this living room area. Steve didn't hesitate to get behind him, excited to take a peek into where Billy usually stayed. When he didn't sleep over at Steve's place. Steve swallowed. He asked himself if Billy had done the same thing with Ally. Just stayed at her place because he didn't want to be home? The thought of him doing that, coming to her for shelter like he'd come to Steve felt almost more like a betrayal than just knowing the two of them were making out all of the time.

"Hey, something wrong?"

Steve jerked a little by the sudden sound of Billy's voice and realized

that he just stopped right in the doorframe, lost in thought.

"Nah.", Steve shook his head and tried to thereby get the worries out of his head. To distract himself he turned his gaze to the room he was presented.

While Billy closed the door behind Steve, Steve was browsing over everything that was this room, from the smallish bed to the vanity that was pretty much built out of boxes and had merely some essentials on top. Steve kept thinking about how big the difference between their rooms was and that Billy probably had all the reason to see Steve as spoiled and preppy. Steve also saw a bunch of books, all read out, building a crooked tower next to the bed. He walked through the room, trying to notice every detail about it, from the smell to the view out of the window as if by this he was able to know just a bit more about Billy, something that might have been hidden until now.

Steve didn't really notice that Billy watched him doing that for a while before he walked over to his stereo instead and put some music on. Not too loud but definitely more than just a background noise. This pulled Steve out of his thoughts and he looked back at Billy.

"That's my place, I guess.", Billy said, again making a vague gesture as if he was presenting something he wasn't too sure about.

"It's nice.", Steve said. He wasn't lying. He saw so many imperfections in here, but because they belonged to Billy they were perfect to him.

"It's a mess.", Billy said with a smirk. "Usually I don't take people here. Never did in this place anyway."

"Why today?" *'Why me'* was what this question was really about.

"Don't know.", Billy was looking away now and walked past Steve to get to his bed. Steve knew there wasn't an answer to that. One thing led to another. They were here now and this is what mattered after all.

Because it was the only place to sit, Steve followed him and soon they were sitting side by side, leaning against the wall behind Billy's

bed, their legs lazily touching. Steve was looking over at Billy, studying his face especially in those moments, he held his eyes close just to take in a particularly nice part of a song he really liked. Steve found that his face almost turned soft then and he couldn't look away.

"I love this song.", Billy mumbled, blinking his eyes open again.

Steve forced himself to really listen to it now. To the strong bass and the powerful lyrics that made him feel energetic. Billy's taste in music was way different from his own yet Steve felt enchanted. This was his room and his music and the warmth of his body against Steve's. This was good. Easy, at least for a moment. For once Steve didn't have to worry about Billy leaving. There'd been an invitation and that definitely meant something.

When the song ended, something way calmer started playing and Steve could feel himself relaxing. And what was calming him, even more, was the fact that this seemed to have the same effect on Billy, whose position softened. While their bodies had been randomly touching from the beginning, Steve soon noticed that Billy was trying to keep it to a certain level. The more time passed the more he was allowing his body to lean against Steve's, starting with his shoulders. Steve was far from complaining and embraced every bit of body heat that reached him. He couldn't imagine any position that would have been more comfortable, even if the mattress was probably cheap and too thin underneath him. Right now that didn't matter.

"Missed that.", Billy mumbled after a while.

"What?"

"This."

"We've never been here.", Steve said slightly amused.

"I mean just hanging out. Doing nothing."

Steve nodded. "Yeah, me too.", he admitted. Even more than the actual touches they shared, Steve had missed just being close. The smell of Billy in his room. The sight of him just laying there and

reading. Knowing he was there.

Steve noticed that Billy turned around slightly and before he could complain or encourage any of that, Billy raised a hand and let his fingers wander over the side of Steve's neck. It was careful and testing. Tiny movements, soft touches over where the bruise had been. Maybe there was some yellow left so Billy found the spot easier. But maybe he just remembered because just like Steve he couldn't forget about it.

"Leave it.", Steve said. His voice was just as unsure as he felt because his body was leaning into the touch, his head tilted to the other side to expose more skin, craving more of it, craving Billy's hand to be replaced by his mouth. Because even after what they've been through, Steve wanted him to be rough and to make him feel real and alive again.

"Why?", Billy asked, not pulling his hand away but getting a little softer. It sent shivers down Steve's spine.

"Because you can't take it back."

"Maybe I don't want to."

"Maybe you do."

"Maybe I do.", Billy repeated, the smile on his face slowly disappearing while his hand got away. "You're right. I wish you weren't."

"It's okay.", Steve said. "Things are good. Let's try to have more than just a day before we end up ruining it again."

Billy smirked. "Oh, you think we can make it any longer?"

"Nah.", Steve grinned. "Someone's going to mess it up."

"But that's true, right?" Billy's expression shifted a little. "That's how things are. Walking on ice, trying not to break through even if it's cracking everywhere around us."

"I can't fall in again.", Steve said. It was almost quiet and at first, he

wasn't sure Billy had heard him. But he could see what he meant by his words. Steve saw himself in the black and ice-cold water just below the surface, barely able to hold himself up while Billy was somewhere else with someone else.

"I won't let you.", Billy said. It sounded honest. But Steve didn't allow himself to believe it.

"Don't break it then." The ice, him, Steve wasn't sure what he was talking about. Was that what he was really meaning? Because everything inside him was shouting right now.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed this, please consider leaving a comment and kudos <3 It helps me a lot to keep this story going.

54. Close to the flame

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy are still in together in his room and it's really hard to stay apart.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

But Billy didn't hear him, however loud this inside voice appeared to Steve and how much the skin burnt where Billy stopped touching him. All he heard was Steve's request not to have things go bad and at least for now this is what they both tried to do. Except for it was nothing to archive really, but more something to avoid. To avoid looking at each other, each other's eyes for example or each other's mouth because neither of them could be trusted with doing that. It was about avoiding touches that couldn't ever pass as being casual, being just two guys sitting next to each other. Trying to keep the distance between them meant thinking twice about every movement and every word until nothing felt real anymore because it was all acting. Acting like you didn't care, even if you did care oh so much. Acting like things were easy when the air felt heavy on their shoulders, hard to breathe. Acting like the words in the songs about tragic lovers had no resemblance to their current situation because it wasn't allowed to have one.

"You wanna tell how it went?", Steve asked after a while. He needed to clear his throat sounding husky all of the sudden. He thought that with changing the topic to a thing that really kept them apart, archiving that wouldn't feel so hard anymore. "Talking to Ally?"

Billy shifted next to him, creating the space of a few inches between them and leaving the side of Steve that had been almost leaning onto him cold, even if this room was slightly warmer than Steve was used to. "Smooth, I guess.", he said.

"So she didn't kick your ass?", Steve faked a grin.

"So to say.", Billy nodded, doing the same thing. Steve didn't know if he was faking it or if the memory of her brought a smile on his face. Neither of those things was good right now and he wouldn't force himself to think about it.

"Did you tell her where you went?"

Billy licked his lips, avoiding to look at Steve directly. Again, things weren't allowed to get too close, too honest for the ice they were walking on was thin and Billy made a promise. "I told her something.", Billy said. "Not that I've been at your place. Didn't know how to explain that."

Steve nodded and exhaled a little too harshly for himself to give the impression that he was okay with all of this.

"I said, I needed to get some air or whatever and was walking around and crashed at home because I was way too drunk to drive."

"You didn't help her clean up today." Steve meant to phrase that as a question but it came out pretty much a statement.

"She might have kicked me out because she didn't want to see me.", Billy grinned at the thought of that. "Not really. She said we needed to talk but neither of us was in the mood to do. I don't think we need to talk. But I have no idea. I don't even know...", he sounded like he wanted to say something of importance but he stopped right there as if that sentence was never meant to have an ending in the first place.

"She probably had a hard time handling all of that with no you and no Nancy and just a bunch of shitfaced idiots at her place."

"That's pretty much what you get for throwing a party.", Billy shrugged. Steve wasn't sure if he wanted Billy to show more sympathy or if he liked the fact that he didn't. He wasn't wrong but it was pretty much the first rule of being a decent boyfriend to be there when this kind of shit was going down or if the significant other needed help. And now Ally was probably running through her house, cleaning up stains of booze and vomit and other things she probably didn't even want to know about while Billy was sitting here all comfortable with Steve in his room she hadn't even seen yet.

Except it wasn't really comfortable because Steve kept thinking how she was still a problem in all of this and he was hating her and pitied her at the same time. And all of this because he had no idea what went on in Billy's mind. What he saw in Ally. If she was just some girl, any girl, to blow off steam or maybe get back at Steve or to prove to himself that he definitely didn't have feelings for a guy because no way something like that happened. Or it could be worse. The other way round. And he, in fact, did have feelings for her, because she was nice and she was pretty and she was a girl and Billy liked girls more than he could ever like Steve. And all of this wasn't a sign that there was more between them but Billy desperately holding onto a friend, his only friend maybe, if Nancy was right. And the worst thing was, that Steve might be okay with that. Because he could be that friend if Billy needed him to and he could listen to him complaining about Ally or talking about their relationship. He could bare being ditched because Billy preferred spending time with her over spending time with him. As long as there was some time left. Because if Steve had the choice between having nothing and having at least something, Steve would hold onto every single bit he was giving and not let go and he could be a friend and they could be just that. Right?

"I guess. A rule everyone needs to learn: Never throw a party at your own place.", Steve finally said with a smirk. He noticed that Billy was fumbling around with his hands, turning a silver ring he was wearing that Steve hadn't noticed before and that immediately caught his attention.

Before he could keep himself from doing that, Steve reached over and grabbed Billy's wrist, to pull his hand close enough to take a look at the ring himself. In that moment that felt so much like the right and necessary thing to do that he didn't even notice the quiet gasp Billy let out at the sudden touch or the horrified look, he was giving Steve at first. Steve was now holding Billy's hand with both his hand, moving it so the simple, worn-out silver ring could reflect the light from the ceiling lamp and the daylight that fell in through the window. Billy held his hand totally still and let it be handled by Steve, who turned it around to take a look of the other side of the ring that looked the same, maybe just a little more used. The ring didn't have an engraving or any other form of ornament. It was

just pure metal, hard and in some way even relentless. In many ways resembling its owner.

Only by making that connection, Steve started noticing what he was doing, feeling caught in the moment like a child that was stealing candy even if it wasn't allowed to do so. Only that he was allowed because Billy didn't do anything to stop this innocent form of touch. And because Steve was only looking at his hand right now, at the veins that were showing at some places, the lines, and the tanned skin, he could almost tell himself that this was nothing really. A glimpse. No intimacy. He wasn't looking in Billy's eyes or at his mouth, but he held his hand in his own and it felt warm, maybe too warm even. Steve could very well burn himself, had done this before. Because he'd gotten too close to the flame. He let his fingers run over Billy's warm skin. It wasn't even intentional and just the necessary thing to do after freezing mid-movement for a moment. He had seen the ring now, seen every side of it, yet he felt hypnotized by the Billy, even by just his hand. And then the other boy's fingers started moving. Only a bit, only to remind him that the time wasn't in fact standing still, even if Steve had just held his breath. He felt Billy responding to the touch, causing their fingers to entwine for just a moment. Only when Steve looked up, back into Billy's eyes and found that he was looking at him, they both let go, leaving just the sensation of warmth behind on both their hands. Fuck, this was dangerous. Steve should have been more careful, he couldn't allow himself to not be thinking for Christ's sake! Not if this is what happened if he did.

"I like the ring.", he mumbled. Maybe complimenting Billy wasn't really the best thing to do to find relief from that tension, but it was way better than talking about other things. How much Steve enjoyed the feeling of the other boy's hand in his. How it felt nicer than every girl's hand he ever held because it was warm and strong and Steve enjoyed all of that more than he probably should. And he was talking about the ring because he couldn't bring himself to speak his mind, to ask Billy if by chance he felt something too. If he enjoyed the touch and didn't just allow it to not scare Steve away. But more than anything Steve was afraid of being rejected again and send away or left alone. Anything that meant they stopped talking was beyond all question for him.

"Thanks.", Billy curved his mouth into a smile. It was okay. The dangerous part was over, right? Nothing to be afraid of. Just stop fucking touching him, will you? Steve didn't want anything more now than to put his hands on Billy's wrists and push him back onto the mattress. He would pin him down and straddle him and kiss him until he forgot about Ally and how her mouth was warm and inviting, how her lips tasted like strawberry chapstick and how soft her breasts were because Steve wanted to be the only one he was thinking of. The only person whose touch he was craving just like Steve was thinking about nothing else than how Billy's lips tasted so good and felt so right.

All he wanted was for Billy to tell him what he was thinking and if this look was meant to be encouraging or to keep him at a distance. Steve thought: *I promise not to test you and I won't push forward again if you need me at my place. But I'm right here and I won't complain if you reach out to me. And I can't promise you to stop once it's started. So, in the end, we might be better off not to take that risk, not while we're both wounded and you have no idea who you are. I think I know you, at least the parts you dared to show. I hope I do. Know you just a bit more than she does. Did she touch you like that? I bet she did, touch you in all kinds of ways, out of reach for me at the moment, but what I really want to know is if you looked at her like you looked at me, with fire in your eyes. Because I would love to think that this look belonged to me.*

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay, I really like this chapter so I'm curious what you guys think. No matter how hard Steve tries to accept the fact that there is this thing with Billy and Ally, he's failing miserably and I'm curious how long he will be able to keep quiet about it, especially once he sees them together again.

Merry Christmas to all of you who celebrate that and to everyone who doesn't I hope you have a great day anyway! <3 For everyone curious, I will be updating this story during the holidays, because I'm not visiting my family this year and I really enjoy writing, so that's what I'm going to do. So expect regular and probably even slightly longer fics than

usual :)

55. See you smile

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy opens up a little and Steve is wondering if he'll ever be able to do the same.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve swallowed. Great. He wished for there to be a way to stop his mind from thinking because certainly all this picturing himself literally jumping Billy right now didn't help whatsoever. He should be able to behave civilized, right? To keep this how it was supposed to. Strictly casual, because they were friends. Couldn't be that hard, right? Except for if Steve continued to think about undressing Billy, pinning him down, kissing him and pressing his hips against the other boy to create that sweet friction, things could indeed be very hard. And that would be very awkward.

Without looking at Billy and possibly having his fear show in his eyes, Steve changed his position a little, crossed one leg over the other to cover his crotch at least a little. He was pretty sure this couldn't be noticeable, but starring himself wouldn't help so how about a change of subject?

"Where'd you get it?", Steve asked.

He could see that Billy was frowning. The boy looked a bit irritated but then seemed to have decided to play along. "Back in Cali.", Billy said. "My Mom bought it for me, but that was long ago."

Yeah, that worked. How about a dead mom for a mood-killer? Steve cursed inside his head because he knew that this wasn't a topic Billy liked to talk about and he could see it in his eyes.

"I'm sorry.", Steve vocalized a bit of what he just thought. "I didn't want to..."

"It's fine.", Billy interrupted him. "She died a long time ago. I told you

about that, didn't I?"

Steve nodded.

"Car accident.", Billy said a little quieter. "Can't believe I'm telling you this."

"You don't have to.", Steve said.

"Too depressing?", Billy looked up with a smirk that didn't really reach those sad blue eyes.

"No. I mean...", Steve was stumbling over his own words. "You can tell me if you want to. I'll listen." He nodded as if his words weren't yet convincing enough.

"Yeah.", Billy sighed. "Maybe there's not so much to tell after all. I mean, I was young, a little younger than Max is now. I wasn't prepared to lose her, but that's probably what everyone thinks in that situation."

"Fuck. I'm sorry.", Steve mumbled.

"She was a fucking saint, nothing like my dad.", Billy continued with a little shaking of his head. "Can't believe she ever fell for him, you know? Didn't even take him a proper year after her death before he hooked up with Susan, fucking asshole. Like she didn't mean anything to him." Billy swallowed. "But fuck me if I ever mention her existence."

Fuck. "That's fucked up.", Steve said. "Do they know what happened? Susan and Max."

"I guess, Susan knows what happened. She must have asked at some point. Max only knows she's dead and she knows not to ask about it because, hell, does Neil not like that."

"I guess that explains why you don't like to be here.", Steve said.

"You don't know half of it, Harrington.", Billy shook his head. "Yeah, let's keep it like that. I can promise you, it only gets more fucked up with this mess of a family."

"You know you can always come over if you need to get out, right?"

"I don't think you know what you're saying."

"I promise I won't send you away. I didn't last night, not really anyway. You can sleep on the couch or whatever." Steve would let him sleep in his bed but that wasn't the point right now, was it? "At least while my parents aren't home. But if you really need a place to stay I would make it work even then."

Billy swallowed. He looked like he was going to argue, but then he just nodded. "Thanks. That means a lot. You won't believe how many times I crashed in that stupid car somewhere down the road."

Steve's frown grew deeper. What needed to happen so Billy couldn't stay? From his own experience, sometimes it didn't need much to have him run off but this was his home. The thought of it frightened Steve. He definitely didn't have the best relationship with his dad but it was never like he had no place to say and the way Billy talked about it like there were things worse than the death of his mother scared the hell out of Steve.

"Oh shit...", Billy smirked. "Sorry. That's too much information, right? You didn't even ask for that. Don't worry, I'll shut up now. It's just so easy to tell you stuff, I guess."

Steve looked back at him, still wearing this puzzled look on his face. "No. I mean, tell everything if you want to.", he offered. "I'll probably have no idea what to say, but I'll listen."

Billy smirked. "God, could you get any more adorable?" The way he said this made it impossible to tell if he was mocking or not. Steve blushed anyway and then watched Billy stand up from his bed, causing it to squeak and move a little under Steve. He moved to the stereo and turned it off before he turned around and faced Steve who was still trying to shake off this annoying blush.

"It's almost time to get Max and I better be there early so she doesn't try to run off on me again.", he said.

Steve looked around in the room until he found a clock and was

almost shocked to see how much time had gone with just them sitting here in Billy's room. "Okay.", he then agreed and stood up to follow Billy out of his room. Even walking out of his door felt like the wrong thing to do. Billy's smell faded and Steve immediately felt a little colder, hurrying to keep up with the other boy.

Steve fully expected Billy to brush through the door especially judging from the pace in which he was leading Steve to the exit, but he stopped and turned around, leaving them to stand in the middle of this unwelcoming house again, that Steve, now that he knew more about its inhabitants, hated more than he ever did before.

"That was good, right?", Billy raised his gaze so he could see directly into Steve's eyes. He looked uncertain and Steve had no idea what he was talking about.

"What do you mean?", he asked.

"This?", it sounded more like a question than the answer it was. "I mean, us, hanging out. It's good, not like, super weird or something..." He was mumbling obviously looking for the right words and babbling when he didn't find them.

Steve licked his lips and nodded. "Yeah, no, this is good. It's not weird." Maybe the last bit wasn't totally honest but again, Steve didn't want for Billy to think that they couldn't be friends. Even if that meant losing his mind trying, he would be a friend to him. Nothing weird.

"I hope so.", Billy bit his tongue. "Thanks for coming over. It was fun even if I really killed the mood with talking about my mom and all of that."

"Don't worry about that."

Billy curved his mouth into a smile that even reached his eyes this time and Steve felt like his inside was melting. Yeah, he would definitely make this work just to make Billy smile like that more often. Make him smile like this wasn't just chaos and a mess but something he enjoyed as well.

Billy looked at Steve just a moment longer before he let out a quiet sigh and went on to open the front door and letting himself and Steve out. They were both walking slowly side by side going into the direction of their cars. Steve couldn't tell who of them was really causing this slow pacing because all he knew was that he didn't really want to leave right now. Even after just spending time together, there was still this weeklong gap that made him feel like he missed out and they needed to make up for that. In a platonic kind of way, of course. He wanted to know what Billy had been up to, as long as it didn't involve Ally. And he wanted to tell what he'd been doing, without mentioning he pretty much had a breakdown after Billy left. But the way, Billy still looked like he was in a good mood made Steve positive they would get to that. Talk things through. Stay close, like it felt they were right now. That was good.

Before Billy got over to his car, Steve felt his hand on his shoulder for a moment that was slightly too long, to be really unintentional. Steve didn't mind, even if he had trouble not to show the shivers this simple sign of affection sent all through his body. But even if it felt good and Billy seemed to be trying to extend the time he could get away with his hand there for as long as it was somewhat reasonable, they needed to part eventually and now Steve was sitting behind his wheel and watched Billy drive away while he still felt this phantom touch on his shoulder, not sure if it was real or just Steve's mind playing tricks on him. He was sitting there a moment longer before he could convince himself to drive home himself.

Notes for the Chapter:

Wow, these two now made it almost a full day without kissing each other. Let's see how long they'll be able to keep that up ;)

I live for comments, so if you find the time, I would love to hear all of your thoughts! Of course, you can always message me on Tumblr @confettibites if you prefer that. <3

Also, Happy Holidays to everyone who celebrates! And to everyone not celebrating, I hope you have a great Monday anyway! :)

56. Almost scared

Summary for the Chapter:

Who would have guessed that Billy and Steve meeting in school on Monday morning wouldn't go too smoothly?

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Good things never last very long, do they? Well, at least the good feeling about him and Billy definitely didn't last long. It was Monday and Steve was willing to punch a wall if he had to watch this any moment longer, barely able to keep himself from angrily staring at the couple in front of him. They should get themselves a fucking room...

It wasn't an overstatement to say that Steve had been pretty much thinking about Billy for the rest of the weekend after he left Billy's place on Saturday and, by the end of it, he was almost looking forward to seeing him in school. If he was totally honest, he had expected Billy to show up before the weekend was over, to stand on Steve's doormat one night and to remind him of his promise. But by the end of Sunday Steve had accepted the fact that while he had been thinking about Billy constantly, this didn't necessarily mean, the other boy had done the same thing. It was frustrating! But this was life, wasn't it? You couldn't force people to feel a certain way, even if it was the only thing you'd wish for.

Earlier on this Monday morning then, Steve got to school pretty early compared to what he usually aimed for and ran around the place for a while before he stood in front of his locker and pretended that he knew what he was doing. That's where Billy had found him a little later. His face had looked a little flushed, probably because he hurried, even if it wasn't that late yet. He looked good. Just a little tired. But on a Monday, at least that's what Steve guessed, students usually looked tired. Billy looking as exhausted as he did, stirred that sour feeling in Steve's stomach on.

"Morning.", he had greeted Steve and even when Steve felt a little grudge for him, he smiled back at Billy.

"Good morning.", Steve said. "What's up?"

"Not much.", Billy's gaze drifted to the side of the hallway when more students arrived here, most of them on the way to find their locker and get prepared for class. It was loud and busy. Steve wasn't paying attention to anyone but Billy though. "And you? Had a good weekend?", the other boy asked him.

Steve wanted to snort. "Yeah, t'was good. My parents left last Friday so I got the place all to myself."

"Sounds inviting.", Billy said with a smirk.

"Actually it's kinda boring.", Steve said with a frown. "Been doing school stuff almost all day yesterday."

"Sounds better than my day.", Billy said. "Her Mom got Max a new wardrobe and I tried to build it up with her. Took us almost the entire afternoon."

Steve grinned. "Doesn't sound too bad to me."

"It would have taken half the time if that shitbird hadn't insisted on us using the stupid manual.", Billy snorted. "But at least we got it done somehow."

Steve imagined how that must have gone. Billy, obviously confident he was able to build a stupid wardrobe, while Max feared if she just let him do what he wanted, she would end up with anything but a wardrobe. He couldn't hide the grin that was crawling up his face.

Funny though. All it took was a short exchange of words with that boy to lighten up Steve's mood and make him forget about all the shit that happened.

But then, it didn't take much to make everything go to shit again.

Neither Steve nor Billy noticed the familiar female figure that was approaching them. They had only eyes for each other and due to

their talking and the noise in the hallway they didn't hear her calling Billy's name, before, apparently, all of the sudden, Ally showed up next to Billy. She grabbed him by the arm, raised herself on tiptoes and pressed a moist kiss on Billy's cheek, that probably felt soft and tasted like a sweet chopstick. The boy was pulling a face that would have been hilarious to watch. But right at that moment, Steve only wished the ground would open up and just swallow him whole. How much could one take on a Monday morning?

"Hey, Steve!", she greeted him with a shy smile. Obviously, she was aware that Billy and Steve talking wasn't a thing that just happened, at least judging by their actions in the last weeks. It was also proof that Billy, in fact, didn't tell her what happened and right now that was the only thing Steve was at least a little bit glad about.

"Morning Ally.", he said. He wished that she was just leave, very much aware on how much of a bad person that made him. "How was your party?"

"Great! You should have been there, Steve Harrington.", she said with a broad smile. She was still clenching onto Billy's arm, what was a great deal of annoyance for Steve.

"Maybe next time.", Steve lied. "Can't handle my liquor too well."

"That sounds familiar.". She said amused before she turned her head to look at Billy with a grin. "Someone could have had the same problem.", she teased.

Billy snorted. "I wasn't that drunk."

"You left without a word.", Ally raised a brow.

Steve wanted to quietly yet quickly disappear and not find himself in the middle of some marital quarrel for god's sake! But especially the haunted look on Billy's face made him feel like he needed to stay. This felt like some special kind of hell though.

Obviously, Ally quickly noticed that she might have said something upsetting. Billy was still making that face and while Steve expected

her to maybe ask him what's wrong, he was a little surprised, when she just positioned herself in between the boys right in front of Billy to draw his attention. She slung her arms around his neck and looked like she was about to kiss him. Steve wasn't looking at the back of her neck because he noticed Billy's hand around her waist. His fingers were moving in an uncertain kind of way, somewhere between encouraging and just nervous. What Steve hated most was the fact that he was wearing the ring from his mom and thereby brought it so close to Ally.

He looked away and almost sighed in relief when he saw Nancy and Jonathan walking in his direction. Judging by the frown on Nancy's face, she had already noticed his little dilemma. Even if Billy and Ally still weren't kissing, this was still awkward like hell and he needed to get off.

He closed his locker somewhat too loud what caused Ally to make a little jump and a few steps to the side, enabling Steve to look at Billy's face once more before he went off. "See you later.", he said. His face ached because it was physically exhausting to just grin and bear it. He saw that Billy swallowed a little harshly. He didn't look like he was having a good time right now but Steve didn't really care if he felt bad for lying at his girlfriend. Not his girlfriend, not his problem, right?

"Where are you going?", Billy asked.

Steve already made a few steps but stopped when Billy asked him a question. There was no denying about how much power that boy had over him. Steve also noticed that Billy had kind of brushed Ally to the side, who didn't look happy with the obvious lack of attention she was getting.

"Nancy and Jonathan." Why lie? Especially when Steve knew Billy wasn't too fond of him spending time with his ex-girlfriend. But this wasn't payback. Steve just liked to pretend for a moment that Billy didn't want him to leave right now.

"Okay.", Billy nodded. "I find you later."

Steve hoped, Billy would stop with the false promises. "Sure.", Steve

nodded. Another forced smile. That's what friends were doing, weren't they? Smiling? Pretending to like the other one's significant other? It might be for a totally different reason, but Steve felt like he was earning some friend-points right about now.

Ally was looking at him, too. She didn't look that happy either, but right now there was mainly confusion. Even if Steve didn't like her right now, not like he might have liked her at that party before she kissed Billy for the first time, he felt guilty, because out of all the people here, she was probably the only one able to comprehend how he was feeling, even if she didn't know enough to do so. She knew that there was something going on, something she didn't know about. She knew that right now she didn't have Billy's full attention.

Steve then walked over to Nancy and Jonathan who thoughtfully waited for him and then got him away from that disturbing scenery.

"Is that how it's going to be now?", Nancy asked bluntly. "You're going to torture yourself, so this boy has a friend?"

"I didn't plan that, Nancy.", Steve said, rubbing his face. "But no. I'm not going to just stand by and be an intruder in their relationship."

"I don't think this is what just happened.", Jonathan mumbled, drawing both Nancy's and Steve's attention.

"What are you talking about?", she asked.

Jonathan cleared his throat. "Nothing. I mean... He looked almost scared of her and that's pretty new, don't you think?"

Notes for the Chapter:

Billy definitely needs to take care of that mess with Ally and I think right now he knows that all too well.

As always, I love to hear your thoughts in the comments. <3

You can also find me on Tumblr @confettibites

57. Couples counseling

Summary for the Chapter:

Ally is upset and somehow she starts asking questions.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Jonathan cleared his throat. "Nothing. I mean... He looked almost scared of her and that's pretty new, don't you think?"

Steve snorted. "Yeah, sure. Billy Hargrove. Scared of her. You sure you've looked at the right guy?", Steve asked sarcastically.

"You don't think he acted weird?", Nancy asked.

"Of course, he acted weird.", Steve said. "Because it was fucking weird. We were talking and then she showed up like..."

"Like she's his girlfriend?", Nancy raised a brow.

"You might have a point.", Steve admitted under his breath. "But yeah, he didn't look too happy but that could be caused by anything. He said he had a shit weekend. And then he and Ally had a fight or something, so I might have nothing to do with this."

"I doubt that.", Nancy said. "What do you think?" She turned to Jonathan.

Jonathan just shrugged. "I don't know.", he said. "Steve could be right, too."

"See?", Steve asked blatantly. "He's on my side."

"That's not what I said.", Jonathan argued. "Just that he could be upset for another reason."

Nancy made a pout. "Fine.", she said. "At least we can decide that you

and him and her... That's not a good idea, right?"

"Hanging out with a couple is always weird.", Steve argued. He only noticed that he might have said something stupid when neither Nancy nor Jonathan said something in return and when he raised his head they both looked at him in amusement. "You're different!", Steve decided, feeling a bit embarrassed.

"You're just missing the point.", Nancy sighed. "It's weird because you like him and he likes you but he has a girlfriend. The girlfriend-part by itself is not really weird."

"You don't really know that.", Steve said a little upset.

Nancy looked at him and finally nodded. "You're right, I don't. I didn't even want to start arguing again. Just, if you can't stay with him, you can always come over and sit with us like you did before. Don't think that, to be a good friend, you have to go through all this and torture yourself. That's not what this is about."

Steve just looked at her, unsure what to say. "I'm not sure I can stay away.", he just said.

Nancy knew that right now it was best to keep it at that and to keep Steve distracted, so she started talking to Jonathan about something else and soon Steve joined the conversation and his face lightened up a little.

At lunch break, Steve had no idea what he should do. Look for Billy or find Nancy and Jonathan and sit with them like he usually did? Before he could decide on any of this, an unexpected figure showed up beside him. - For the second time today.

"Steve."

Steve almost made a jump when he heard Ally's shrill voice right next to him. He expected Billy to stand next to her but the girl was alone and she looked slightly nervous.

"Hey, Ally.", he said. He didn't stop walking but she just followed him.

"Where are you going?", she asked.

It felt like a trap. "Eat something? I'm probably going to sit with Nancy and Jonathan."

"Can I talk to you?"

"You already are.", he turned his face to her.

She bit her lips and looked more upset than she did before. "Please?"

Steve sighed and then he stopped by the side of the hallway and turned around to her. "Fine. What's wrong?", he tried not to sound too annoyed. After all, that was just going to be suspicious for her and that wouldn't help with any of his problems right now.

"Since when do you and Billy talk again? I don't remember you even talked in past couple of weeks, since...", she looked a little lost in memory right now.

"Yeah, I have no idea.", Steve mumbled. "We met on Saturday at Nancy's place and talked for a second. He just asked me something this morning." He wanted to add that there was no need to worry, but he couldn't bring himself to do that. In some way, he might have wanted her to be worried.

"Did he tell you what happened on Friday?", she asked then.

"At your party?", Steve asked. "Shouldn't you know?"

"He disappeared and he was really drunk. Do you think Nancy might have seen where he went?"

Steve almost choked. Bingo! "Didn't she and Jonathan leave early?"

"You're right. I mean, I probably better ask her myself. Thanks, Steve." With this, she headed in the direction of the cafeteria. Steve looked at her for a second before he followed.

"Shouldn't you be talking to him about that?", he asked when he was walking next to her again.

Ally snorted. "You an expert, now? He's not exactly the easiest to talk to."

"How would I know?", Steve asked acting innocent.

They walked into the cafeteria and Steve was already watching out for Nancy whose jaw dropped when she saw him and Ally walking towards her. But she put on a less suspicious face quickly.

"Ally. What are you doing here?", Nancy asked. She hugged Ally a little awkwardly. After all, the two of them were friends.

"Nothing. I mean, I just wanted to ask you two a question." she sat down next to Nancy leaving Steve a little unsure of what to do before he sat down next to her. If anything, this was even weirder than the moment with her and Billy.

"So shoot!", Nancy said curiously.

"Okay, so it's about Billy..."

Steve was surprised at how convincing Nancy acted like she was actually surprised. "What happened?", she asked.

Steve almost started laughing.

"Have you seen him before he left? Last Friday, I mean."

"I don't think so. Wasn't he with you when Jonathan and I left?"

"That's the point.", Ally said with a frown. "He was pretty drunk and then he was gone. I'm just worried he was with some other girl."

"I highly doubt that.", Nancy said, maybe a little too convinced.

Steve had to force himself to look away to keep a straight face.

"You think he would do that?", Nancy then asked.

"I don't know. It's not like we talk a lot."

"I don't think there is another girl.", Nancy repeated.

Steve found that the way she emphasized the word girl was a little over the top and really made this sound suspicious but since Ally had probably no idea what was going on, he shouldn't be worried. After all, there wasn't so much going on, anyway.

"Thank you." Ally sighed. "Maybe I should just ask him.", she was wondering.

Steve knew he was in trouble when after Ally walked off and he felt Nancy's eyes darting at him.

"What?", Steve asked with a raised brow.

"You know he's hurting her.", Nancy said.

"No, he doesn't.", Steve said, less convincing.

"Well, not physically but that doesn't make it less wrong. You want her to go through the same thing you did?"

"It isn't the same. She's his girlfriend."

"You know it's wrong.", Nancy insisted.

Steve sighed. "So what? What am I supposed to do? Tell him to break up with her? This isn't about me. If she's unhappy with him, it's her fucking job to break up with him, not mine."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that.", Nancy said. "I still think this is about you."

"Think what you want then.", Steve groaned and ran a hand through his hair.

Nancy smirked. "You think she's going to ask him?"

Steve snorted. "She must be really stupid to do this.", he found.

"You think?"

"He's probably going to just run off.", Steve suspected. "Or be mad at her. Either way, she's not going to like it."

Nancy rolled her eyes and sighed theatrically. "Why is this such a mess?"

"Tell me about it.", Steve snorted. "But I hope he deals with it soon because I'm not in the mood to do couples counseling."

Nancy started laughing. "Then why do I get the feeling, you enjoy it when the two of them are fighting?"

"Fine. Maybe I'm a shitty friend.", Steve admitted. "I almost lost it when you told her how sure you were that there isn't another girl involved."

"I didn't want to lie to her!"

"Well, you weren't really honest either.", Steve pointed out.

"Because it's not my business. But since you are the disturbing factor it might be your business."

"If I tell him to break up with her it's not going to make her any happier."

"They need to stop this bullshit at some point or she's going to get seriously hurt.", Nancy insisted.

Steve groaned again. "I don't think she really cares for him. If I had ended up kissing her that night at her party, it would be me and her now and not the other way 'round. She wants a boyfriend, not necessarily him."

"Now you're making this very easy for yourself, Steve.", Nancy raised a brow. "This thing is going on for a few weeks now. They've probably gotten closer and she grew fond of him. If she didn't care in the beginning, by now she probably does or she wouldn't worry that he's with someone else."

Steve pouted his mouth. "You're right."

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed reading, please share your thoughts in

the comments. I always love hearing from you <3

You can also find me on Tumblr @confettibites.

58. Easy

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve needs to get some air.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve didn't stay with Nancy and Jonathan for the whole lunch break, mainly because he was feeling slightly guilty because Nancy did have a point with all the things she said and the fact that he was holding a grudge against Ally didn't help anyone right now. He said, he wanted to get some fresh air, only to earn himself a concerned look not only from Nancy but also from Jonathan.

"Alone.", he clarified, not only to tell them he didn't want them to accompany him but also that he wasn't going to look for Billy right now. At least this was not what he planned on.

To make sure he wasn't going to end up in another awkward conversation and because he needed some time to think, he was strolling in the direction of the parking lot, pretending he needed to get something from there. As if anyone cared.

The weather wasn't bad so he by far wasn't the only one that stood outside of the school right now, just to catch a bit of sunlight before it was the time of year you couldn't leave the house without a scarf, gloves and a cap. Hell, Steve wasn't looking forward to wearing a scarf again so he liked this bit of sunshine.

Steve was merely focussing his gaze on the ground in front of him. He wasn't sure how much time there was left until the school bell would ring for class but he was pretty sure, he would have at least a few minutes, to wait by his car, maybe sit down in the seat and enjoy the silence.

He walked around the hood of his car and wasn't even paying attention when he heard a familiar voice said "Hey", causing Steve to

jump out of his skin.

"Fuck!", Steve cursed. He was gasping for air after his heart just made a jump as well.

"Jumpy again, huh?", Billy smirked. "Sorry, didn't mean to scare you."

Steve needed a moment to regain orientation after he came to his right mind again and he noticed that Billy's car parked right next to his and the boy leaned casually against it, sunglasses on his eyes and arms crossed over his chest. In one hand though, he was holding a cigarette and billows of smoke were fading into the air.

"You didn't... Fuck, I didn't see you there.", Steve shook his head but couldn't help to curve his mouth into a smile. "What are you even doing here?" He swallowed and kept standing right where he was.

"Could ask you the same.", Billy mumbled, pulling another drag from his cigarette.

"You go first.", Steve decided.

"Hiding.", Billy answered blatantly. "Now you."

"Just getting some air, I guess.", Steve said, a little unsure of what to do with that comment of Billy.

"Don't wanna know why I'm hiding?", Billy asked, a little amused. He looked up at Steve now, holding his cigarette in his direction for Steve to take. Steve didn't need to be offered twice and took it when he got the chance, inhaling the smoke that immediately calmed himself, probably less from the nicotine and more from the simple gesture of sharing something with Billy in the sun alone.

"It's probably none of my business.", Steve guessed. He returned the cigarette to Billy and stepped a bit closer so he could lean against the Camaro himself, leaving just enough distance between him and the other boy to not make this awkward or difficult.

"Probably.", Billy agreed. "Whatever. How's Nancy?" His voice turned a bit bitter, but it was barely noticeable.

"Fine, I guess.", Steve was unsure what to say because basically, Billy had been the only topic of discussion today and he didn't want to discuss all of that right now. "Ally was there a moment ago."

Billy looked up again, turning his face at Steve, this time a little more curious. "With Nancy?"

"Yeah."

"Looking for me?", he suspected

"She probably was after she left.", Steve shrugged.

"She asked about the party, didn't she?", Billy sighed.

"She suspects you ran off with another girl.", Steve told him.

Billy exhaled. "I have no idea if this is good or bad at this point, really. Did Wheeler tell her I was at your place?"

"No. I didn't and so she probably got the idea, not to mention this."

Billy nodded and gave his cigarette over to Steve again. "I start to owe her something."

"Nancy?"

"Yeah, her too.", Billy snorted. "Fuck..."

Steve knew better than to ask what this was about. They both knew this was a mess and that Billy stopped pretending it wasn't was probably a step in the right direction, no matter where that led them.

"I don't think she sees it as a favor. Ally asked if she'd seen you with a girl and she denied. No real lie."

"Maybe I should tell her I was at your place. Not all the details of course, but at least she'd stop asking, then."

"Might be a bit late for that.", Steve took another drag before he gave it back to Billy. "I told her I hadn't seen you that night. Sorry, but I..."

"Nah, it's fine. I'll deal with it another way then."

"When you stop hiding, you mean?", Steve raised a brow.

"Yup.", Billy agreed. Funny, Steve had almost expected him to get angry at that comment or to at least make a sarcastic comeback about it. "I thought about driving home and skipping the rest of the day.", Billy said after a moment of silence. The cigarette was burnt down now and so he dropped it and stomped it with his boot.

"Why didn't you?", Steve asked.

"Funny. I thought you would ask me why I was considering it in the first place.", Billy chuckled.

"Not the first time you skipped school.", Steve said.

Billy nodded. "Yeah, you're right, I guess."

"So?"

"What?"

"Why didn't you go?"

"Saw you walking over.", Billy said. He was looking at the ground in front of him now, arms no longer crossed but holding onto the car, leaving one of his hands not even an inch away from Steve's.

"Must have been standing here for longer, didn't you?", Steve frowned.

"Been walking around before. Then got to the car. Then saw you.", Billy summarized how he got there.

"I haven't seen you."

"You don't say.", Billy grinned, probably remembering the face Steve was making when he accidentally scared him.

"For a moment I thought you were doing the same thing.", Billy said.

"Driving off?"

"I guess you weren't."

"It might have crossed my mind. I just wanted to go somewhere nobody would talk to me."

"Worked out great, huh?", Billy snorted in amusement. "Sorry, if I'm bothering you."

"You're not.", Steve said. "I just... I don't know. Being inside was exhausting."

"I think I know what you mean.", Billy said with a sigh. He reached into his pocket to light up another cigarette. Steve frowned at that. He was probably more stressed out than Steve was.

"I'm not keeping you from driving off, am I?", he asked.

"Don't worry about that, pretty boy.", Billy smirked. He leaned forward when he lighted his cigarette, using both hands, one to use the lighter and the other to keep the wind off. When he leaned back against the car, the side of his hand brushed against Steve's. Steve was sure this was unintentional but they both didn't move to change that. "This morning was weird, wasn't it? I... that was just not right, I don't even know what to say." Billy shook his head.

"It was okay.", Steve lied. "Probably just need to get used to that."

"I'm not sure I can do that.", Billy said. He wasn't sighing but he was still breathing louder than usual.

"I mean... I could try to keep more of a distance again. Stay off your back at least as long as she's around."

"No!", Billy said a little to fast. "I... No, don't do that, okay? Unless you want to, but... I... shit I don't want to go back to where we were the last couple of weeks.", he was looking directly at Steve now and the honesty in his eyes kind of got Steve to hold his breath for a moment, bound by just his look and those blue eyes.

"Okay. I don't want that either.", Steve said when he finally found himself able to let his gaze drift away and breathe again.

"What do you want then?", Billy asked.

Steve tilted his head before he looked back at Billy. "Doesn't matter.", he decided.

"Matters to me."

Steve kept quiet for almost long enough to convince Billy he wouldn't answer this when he finally said: "I just want things to be easy."

He was looking at Billy even if this was quite the opposite of an easy thing to do and didn't even break the eye contact when he felt Billy's warm hand glide over his. This boy wasn't changing his expression while he did this so Steve was almost tempted to look down and check if it was actually him whose fingers were drawing circles on the back of Steve's hand. Don't stop, he thought. Billy turned Steve's hand around to gain access to his palm, without needing to look down himself. Steve could feel his whole body getting warm just by this tiny bit of movement.

"We should go back." Billy pulled his hand away way too early for Steve's liking.

"We still have time.", Steve argued.

"You wanna bet?", Billy smirked. "The bell just rang."

"Oh.", Steve looked towards the school building and saw that by now almost everyone had disappeared inside. "I didn't hear that."

Notes for the Chapter:

Now if that isn't what we all needed. Some more Billy and Steve longingly staring and casually touching. Just guys being dudes. I'm sure that'll help with the tension haha

As always, I love hearing your thoughts <3
You can also find me on Tumblr @confettibites

59. In my way

Summary for the Chapter:

It's after class and Steve is having yet another unexpected conversation.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Whatever was the real reason to make him do that, Billy wasn't driving home and instead he had been walking next to Steve to school without saying a word of explanation. Steve wasn't even sure he wanted him to talk but he liked to think that Billy was reacting the way he did because of that conversation with Steve at least partially.

In class then Steve tried his best to focus what, as usual, didn't work out too well, especially with him still having lots of thoughts on his mind and lots of things to figure out. And when school was over, probably mainly for that very reason that he had talked to Billy, Steve felt better about the whole day in general and he was more willing to overlook that strange encounter of the earlier morning. Yeah, maybe this could work out after all, especially when he focused on the way that it was still easy to talk to Billy even with that strange hand touching Steve didn't want to think too much about right now because it would just throw him off the track again.

So right now Steve was walking down the hall, planning on driving home when he found Jonathan waiting there a few feet ahead of him with the expression of having something on his mind.

"Hey, Steve.", he greeted, pretty much confirming Steve's first suspicion.

"Hey!", Steve smiled at him. "Where's Nancy?" Steve raised a brow. Even after spending significantly more time with Jonathan over the extent of the last couple of weeks, it was still never without Nancy. On the rare occasions, they have nonetheless found themselves alone

in the same room because Nancy had been up to get something or went to the bathroom, they never really talked just the two of them. Jonathan was usually the quiet type and Steve didn't want to force an awkward conversation onto him. Him coming up to Steve was really strange, considering all of that.

"Talking to a teacher.", Jonathan said with a shrug. "Do you have a moment?"

Steve looked down the hallway, his gaze following all the students that were rushing to get out of here, get into their cars and then head home.

"Sure.", he decided. He led Jonathan to the side of the hallway where they could stand without other people bumping into them on their way out. "What's the matter?"

Jonathan was looking around, too, a worried look on his face, but then this was so much part of his character, it wasn't upsetting Steve anymore. He would start to wonder once Jonathan stopped looking worried, from experience, this was when shit really started escalating. Now he returned his gaze to Steve, brows furrowed and head ducked a little, while he was carrying his backpack over one shoulder, shifting it a little so it wouldn't accidentally slide down. "It's about... you know?"

Steve bit his lip to suppress a chuckle. Yeah, he knew. At least he was pretty certain about that. "What about him?"

Jonathan sighed. Obviously, this talk didn't come easily to him and Steve tried to stay quiet to just have him talk.

"So, I just saw them.", Jonathan began his gaze on the ground and probably looking for the right words to say.

"Are you going to have me drag every word from you or are you going to tell the whole story?", Steve then asked impatiently. He really tried to stay quiet. But on his defense, he wasn't asking in a harsh tone.

For a second Jonathan looked like he was considering the offer,

followed by another sigh or just a heavy exhale and then finally the talking Steve had been waiting for. "So, you know I have class down the hall past the gym, right? So when I got there, I saw that..."

"Shut up for a sec.", Steve warned when he saw that Billy was approaching them right now. What a great timing. It just started to get interesting. But Jonathan got what Steve was saying and stopped right there before he turned to look over his shoulder just to be presented with a smug smile on that boys face when Billy reached them. He even put a hand on Jonathan's shoulder when he positioned himself next to him, causing Jonathan to crouch away a little.

"Hey." Wow, something definitely changed his mood. Billy was smiling at both of them very charmingly now. "What's going on here? Council of war? The experienced man giving relationship advice to the rookie?" Billy was talking loudly, much like the way he acted when he was new in this school, in a marking his territory kind of way. Steve wasn't sure, but his first thought with that was that Billy wasn't feeling confident right now and tried to overact on that.

Steve still rolled his eyes because of the comment about Nancy. On the other hand, better have him think this was about his ex-girlfriend rather than to have him know about the actual kind of exchange they were having right now because Steve was pretty sure, Billy would not like that.

"Could you walk off? We need to discuss something.", Jonathan said. Steve looked at him acknowledging the fact that he had the courage to tell Billy to basically get lost. Steve wasn't sure he had been able to just say that, even if he thought the same thing.

"You're not talking shit about me, are you?", Billy asked with a raised brow. This was meant rather as a tease than in honesty even if Steve had to look away for a moment to not have his face reveal too much. It sounded as if the question was addressed to both of them, but right now, Billy was just looking at Jonathan and obviously didn't like what he saw in him.

"How come, I you always show up in my way, Byers?", Billy then said in a threatening tone. It wasn't so much a question, especially judging by the way, Jonathan kind of ducked a little just before Billy took his

hand from his shoulder as if Billy had just squeezed very harshly. Billy raised his head more and took a step closer to Jonathan who immediately backed off by the same distance.

"Hey!", Steve said, stepping in between them before Billy would be able to scare Jonathan away. He placed one hand firmly on Billy's chest to push him off and held the other one just in front of Jonathan, kind of to reassure him, that he got this. "Stop the bullshit!"

"What? Just asking a simple question, Harrington.", Billy said, pronouncing his surname in a mocking way. Steve didn't miss that Billy was leaning into the touch on his chest, rather than pushing forward really. Why was he so on edge now? Where's the calm from before?

"Honestly? Not everything is about you, Hargrove.", Steve then said. He mainly found the heart to do so because Jonathan looked like he would run in any second and Steve really wanted to hear what he had to say before Billy scared that boy to death.

"What?", Billy took a step forward to place himself really eye to eye with Steve, chin raised a little to appear more intimidating. On any other person that might even have worked. Steve just tried to stay calm, even when the smell of cologne and smoke hit him and he much rather wanted to hug Billy until he stopped looking angry than to tell him to leave. At least he would have preferred that on any other occasion because with Billy acting like an ass in front of Jonathan, Steve couldn't agree more on Jonathan's request for him to go away.

"I think, you heard me.", Steve repeated in a cool tone that came out of him easier than he thought.

Billy clenched his jaw and looked at Steve for another moment, that felt like an eternity, before he looked over at Jonathan once more. Steve could hear him grunt but then he turned around and walked off at a fast pace, obviously not happy with how this situation either.

"Fuck.", Steve mumbled. All the tension he just built up left his body causing him to feel a little lost.

"Yeah...", Jonathan agreed. "That might be about what I wanted to tell you."

Now that statement just got Steve's attention and he abruptly turned around, because he was just staring after Billy. "How so?"

"He was fighting with Ally.", Jonathan finally got out. "Just before class. They were going at each other's throats and she looked like she was about to shred him to pieces honestly before another girl pulled her away. I'm sure he didn't notice that I saw that."

"You heard what this was about?", Steve asked, unable yet to fully process this information.

"No idea.", Jonathan looked over his shoulder where Steve could see that Nancy was walking towards them. "But I'm pretty sure you're going to find out.", was the last thing Jonathan added before he walked over to Nancy who looked at them with a big frown on her face.

Steve leaned against the lockers for a second picturing what this fight might have been about. Maybe he should just talk to Billy.

Steve was pretty sure it was due to Jonathan that he brought Nancy to just walk past Steve with a nod and a smile and without a questioning. He didn't stay inside much longer and walked to his car a few minutes later, trying to get his head around what the fuck he was supposed to do now.

Notes for the Chapter:

Yeah, Billy's in a bad mood now and Steve has no idea what to do about that because that acting was just stupid and weird but he also has no idea what happened between Billy and Ally so... As usual, more questions raised than actual ones answered but just stick with me while I try to maneuver my way through this slow burn bullshit :D (Also it should be acknowledged that those were probably the most words said by Jonathan in any chapter of this story! So proud of my boy trying to be helpful and yet

again having to face Billy while doing so.)

As always, I love to hear your thoughts on this chapter and the whole story, so if you find the time please leave a comment <3

You can also find me on Tumblr @confettibites

60. Just drive

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is trying to come up with a solution of how to fix things with Billy.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

While Steve is driving home, he's tense and nervous. Of course, he has a few ideas of what that conversation between Billy and Ally might have been about but he was pretty sure most of that was just wishful thinking. And after all, no matter what that had been about, with pushing Billy away afterward and having him in that shit mood it wasn't like things between himself and that boy were good right now. Shit. He might have fucked it up. They both have. Steve grabbed the wheel of his car even tighter, not caring that his knuckles turned white and his hands ached a bit. What should he do?

Steve's first thought about dealing with this situation was to apologize. Maybe even to buy something to make up for it but that was just stupid. Reminded him of the afternoon with the flowers at Nancy's place. Yeah, that worked out so well, so fuck that idea! It wasn't him that needed to apologize because with Billy acting all batshit crazy and like a giant asshole in front of Jonathan, Steve would step in between any second. What was that even about? Jesus, it definitely felt like it was a bit more than just Billy being in a shitty mood.

But even when Steve had decided, not to go down this apologetic route in this situation, he still ended up in front of a store. When he got out of the car, he slammed the door shut too hard and felt like he wanted to punch something. Fuck, he was just going to get some beer. There was almost nothing left anyway so why not make some use out of the fact that he was here already. It wasn't like he could buy Billy flowers anyway, at least if he didn't want the other boy to take the bouquet and hit him with it.

He didn't just buy the beer. Hell, even at the register while he was paying Steve hated his own stupidity. He wasn't going to use this. Fucking chocolate is not going to brighten that boy's mood anyway and in the end, Steve would probably eat it himself. Whatever. That was so weak. And with Billy not even letting him pay for a stupid pizza he certainly wouldn't allow Steve to buy himself out of this shit. Especially after he still wasn't the one that did anything wrong in the first place. He should have just driven home.

Steve threw the six-pack of beer and the bar of overpriced chocolate on the passenger seat of his car and then he was sitting behind the wheel again, in a shitty mood and cursing every other driver on this road no matter if they were rushing or dragging. If they weren't going in the speed Steve wanted them to go then fuck them. Fuck! What if that was it and Billy would stop talking to him yet again? He basically sent him away and he was probably already upset so even if he acted like a dick he probably didn't deserve this. At least Steve felt bad for it, no matter if Billy deserved this or not.

Every time Steve's gaze hit the things on his passenger seat, he started ranting to himself. Good thing he was alone now and nobody could hear him dragging himself. Just idiotic. He knew he wasn't going to give it to Billy so why buy it?

He was still angry with himself and upset with how that fucking afternoon went when he finally pulled the car into the driveway where there suddenly a human figure appeared just in front of him.

Fuck! Steve hit the breaks and only got the car to stop inches away from what appeared to be nobody else than Billy Hargrove, eyes wide open and staring at Steve as if he had just tried to kill him right there. Even if Steve was still pretty much in shock he didn't miss the redness on Billy's cheek just underneath his eye that looked like a fresh bruise. Fuck, why was he even here and where was his stupid car? And who punched him? Steve was panting, still clenching onto the staring wheel when Billy walked towards the passenger seat and pulled it open.

"You need to be anywhere?", Billy asked. His voice sounded strange but that could also be because Steve was still hearing his own heartbeat.

"No?", Steve turned to him.

"Good. Just fucking drive somewhere then.", Billy ordered. Steve almost thought this was Billy's way of telling him to fuck off but next thing Billy was climbing into the car, ruggedly shoving the beer and the chocolate in the leg room in front of him and then he was sitting right next to Steve.

Steve still had troubles processing what just happened and he even thought the bruise could be from running into Billy just a second ago, but he must have noticed if he hit the boy.

He turned around to face Billy, who was leaning back into the seat now. From what Steve could tell, the boy was breathing just as heavily as Steve did, but Steve couldn't tell if this was because Steve just almost ran over him or for a different reason. "Fuck! What happened to your face?", he finally asked.

"Can you just shut up and drive? I... Just fucking drive, okay?", Billy turned his head and looked at Steve with those big blue eyes that looked way less angry than before.

So Steve nodded. And then he did what Billy wanted him to do. He looked behind him to get the car onto the street and just drove.

"Where?", he asked after a moment.

"Don't care.", was the prompt answer.

Out of the corner of his eye, Steve could see how much Billy was shifting in his seat. He leaned forward to turn on the car radio, skipped over a few stations just to decide to turn it off again and continue to move what would have made Steve way more nervous if it had been somebody else than Billy. This way he was mainly worried and wanted to help, even if he had no idea what to do. That bruise didn't look too bad but it must have hurt and Steve could almost feel the stinging and pulsating pain as if it was his own.

"Why didn't you drive?", Steve asked. Good question. Casual question. Just ask where he has his car. Has he ever been over to Steve's place without it? It wasn't too much of a distant but Billy without his

Camaro just didn't feel right to Steve.

"Doesn't matter.", Billy answered.

Okay. Not a good question. He gets it. His bad. Steve tried not to cringe.

Steve stayed quiet. Better to say nothing than to say the wrong thing, right? He wasn't sure where he was driving either, just that he was going in a direction where there weren't any houses or stores. Some abandoned road where he couldn't accidentally run over something for that matter.

Right next to him, Billy was still shifting when Steve could hear that he just knocked over the bear, creating some noise with that. "Shit.", Billy cursed. He leaned down and to Steve's dislike pulled up the six-pack and the chocolate bar he had just mindlessly thrown down there a few minutes ago. "What's that? Going on a fucking date, Harrington?" Bitterness again.

"No.", Steve blushed. His answer sounded too much like a question. "Stopped by the store on my way home, that's all."

Billy snorted. "Yeah, for beer and chocolate. Sure.", Billy said in disbelief. "But let me tell you, probably needs a bit more to win some bitch's heart than just that." Billy swallowed and then he clenched the handle above the door, leaning his head to the side of the window as if he wanted to get more distance between them.

"I wasn't... I'm not going to give this to anyone.", Steve clarified.

Billy didn't say anything but at least he stopped moving so fucking much when Steve pulled the car onto some road that led through the woods. He needed to slow down because there were lots of branches on the road because nobody really went there.

"You know... We don't need to talk or whatever.", Steve mumbled when the silence became unbearable.

"You don't fucking say.", Billy hissed.

"I honestly don't know where to drive, Billy. You want me to drive

you to a doctor to get that eye checked or whatever?" That was a stupid question. It wasn't that bad, even if it already looked darker than when Billy got into the car. Steve just wanted to know what happened and how Billy ended up in a fight when he Steve sent him away.

"Stop the car.", Billy just said. He didn't even make it sound angry, but he didn't leave much room for discussing that either.

"Billy...", Steve turned his head to him.

"Stop the fucking car, Steve!", Billy repeated, way louder now.

Steve did. He stopped the fucking car by the side of the road next to some forest and waited for things to go to shit. For a moment he thought, Billy would just keep sitting there but he didn't stay silent for long.

"Thanks, I guess. I'll find my way home." With those words, Billy got out of the car and started stomping into the woods in a direction that definitely didn't lead back towards town.

Steve watched him do that for a few seconds when he released a groan and got out of the car himself.

"Stop it, you giant idiot!", he shouted after Billy, following him into the woods.

Billy turned around with a smug yet slightly manic grin on his face. "Why? Like you care all of the sudden?"

"I always cared. I still do. Now tell me what the fuck happened.", Steve said, still with anger in his voice.

"No way, amigo.", Billy decided. He shook his head and turned around again. But Steve could notice that he was already slowing down. That was a good thing.

"Fine. Don't then. But you know that's not the way back, right?"

Notes for the Chapter:

That took a surprising turn for me but I like where this is heading. Definitely raised the stakes a little and also these two certainly need to be alone somewhere. There are more than just a few questions to be answered. Let's see whether I can make these stubborn idiots talk :D

As always, I love to hear your thoughts on that chapter! <3

61. My fault

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy continue to talk.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"Fine. Don't then. But you know that's not the way back, right?"

For a moment Billy did not answer. But then he stopped walking and so Steve did the same thing. It's not like he didn't want to get closer and overcome the distance between them, but he was afraid this would just make things worse.

"I'm not stupid.", Billy said. He was still facing away from Steve and his voice sounded a little trembly. "Fuck! I don't even fucking want to go home!" With that, Billy kicked against some branches that were laying on the ground. They broke apart with a loud cracking noise. After that Billy turned around, his gaze still on the ground rather than on Steve but Steve could still see how winded up he was. Fuck, if it was on him to judge, Billy looked like he was about to start crying and that look on his face made Steve feel a pain in his chest

"It's going to be dark soon and we shouldn't be running around in some forest at night.", Steve said. He tried to sound reasonable. It might not be the right moment to get emotional himself.

Billy snorted. "No reason for you to be here anyway.", he stated.

Steve just kept his eyes on him, catching Billy's gaze the second the other boy dared to look at him. Billy's face immediately softened up a little and Steve felt all kinds of feelings rise up inside himself.

"Come back to the car, alright? We don't need to talk. We just sit there for as long as you want. I won't leave.", he said. Fine, it sounded emotional. It sounded emotional and vulnerable and Steve knew that. Given the chance, he would still do the same thing because after he heard that, even if it felt like an eternity for Steve

until that boy's face changed, Billy lowered his gaze and he nodded before he started walking towards the car again.

Steve meant it. He wants to know what happened but even if Billy doesn't wanna talk about it, he'll stay. He'd listen.

Billy walked past Steve so he turned around as well and followed him. On their way back that turned out to be longer than Steve expected it to be, Billy pulled out a cigarette and lighted it.

Billy slowed down more and more when they walked out of the woods and closer to the street. "Where even are we?", he asked, his head browsing up and down this abandoned street with potholes and dirt all over it.

"Just somewhere close to town. Nobody ever comes here.", Steve explained. He still had the feeling that Billy, by asking Steve to get driving, had been wanting to get away from something or someone. He wanted him to know that this was pretty much a safe spot, at least if it came to dodging certain people.

Billy nodded. He still looked kind of jumpy and walked left and right for a few steps while Steve leaned against the car and tried to calm himself down. He thought that as long as he stayed calm, maybe it would wear off to Billy and he would be able to relax some more. Because right now he really looked like he wanted to punch something.

"Fuck...", Billy ran a hand through his hair and breathed a little heavy before he looked at Steve. "Hey, do you mind if I have one of those beers? I promise I'll replace it, before your date or whatever."

Steve rolled his eyes. "I already told you it's not for some girl, Jesus!..."

Billy snorted. "Don't tell me you bought all this for Byers.", he grumbled. "Weird enough that the princess doesn't get her hands dirty anymore and sends him to question you. Better not get attached." Billy raised a brow.

"Fuck off!", Steve said. He shook his head in annoyance. "I bought the

stuff for you, alright?"

What was the point of lying anyway?

"What?", Billy looked bemused and actually stumbled a few steps back before he caught himself.

Steve felt a brush crawling all over his face and hoped it wasn't too noticeable. "I don't even know. So have a beer, eat the chocolate or whatever. I'm an idiot, so let's just forget about it.", he said.

Billy looked at Steve with a bit of concern on his face for a while but then he nodded and went over to open up the passenger seat next to Steve. Steve didn't want to watch him, so he went over to the hood of the car. He wasn't in the fucking mood to see Billy's face once the boy took a closer look at that overly expensive chocolate bar. He probably didn't even like chocolate, so this was just altogether stupid. Why did he tell him that? Steve climbed onto the hood of his car and then laid down there, his head resting against the window. He held his eyes closed for a moment, probably because he still felt embarrassed. But for now Billy didn't make fun of him so this was probably a good thing, right?

Steve could feel the car move underneath him when Billy got onto the hood next to him.

He didn't say a word for at least a few minutes. At least it felt like forever for Steve and he wasn't sure if this was good or bad. For now, they were both here and neither of them was running away and at least in Steve's opinion, this was some kind of progress in a way.

"I'm sorry." Those were the words with which Billy broke the silence. He wasn't talking very loudly, just loud enough for Steve to hear him. But it sounded honest and Steve could feel his own frown wear off. Yes, talking was better.

"What for?", Steve asked.

Billy snorted. "For acting like an asshole in school. And then again...", Billy explained.

Steve felt a smile crawling up his face. "Don't worry 'bout it.", he said.

He still wasn't looking over at Billy, at least before he heard the sound of a can being opened.

"No. I.... That wasn't about you or him... not really, I mean... I just should have gotten away when he told me to.", Billy said. Steve was pretty sure he had never heard Billy stammer that much.

"What are you talking about?", Steve asked.

Billy was looking at him now. "I didn't like the look of it. You talking to Byers.", he clarified.

Steve watched him while he took a sip out of the can of beer. "Jealous?" After actually saying that Steve wasn't even sure why he said it or how he found the courage in the first place but it was too late now anyway.

Billy just looked back at him, putting the can down. He didn't even choke on that accusation. "I guess.", he said.

Steve couldn't believe he just heard that. "Fuck..." He swallowed. He was unable to look away though.

"Yup.", Billy agreed with a shaking of his head. "It's fine. I'm... I will apologize to him when I see him, okay? I wish it weren't always this messy, but that's my fault, I guess..."

Steve just tried to keep breathing. Why did he fucking say that? "I think, it's both of us really. Messing things up.", he then said.

Billy took another sip of his beer and then held the can over for Steve to take it and have a drink himself. Steve took it and, of course, their fingers touched for a moment doing that.

Billy leaned back down against the window again and Steve could hear him sigh. "Feels like being in a fucking memory, doesn't it?", he asked.

Steve frowned. "You're thinking of that party a few weeks ago.", he suspected.

"I am.", Billy confirmed. "It was a good night."

"Yeah.", Steve nodded. "It didn't feel real back then. Us talking. Without starting a fight."

"Still doesn't feel real.", Billy found. "I can't even say why I showed up there that night. Just something about you asking me. And then you almost stood me up.", he smirked.

"I stayed, didn't I?"

"You did. You're better at this.", Billy said.

"What?", Steve asked.

"Us? I don't know.", Billy sighed again. "I talked to Ally in school, you know?"

"About what?" Steve was looking at the sky above him now. It felt easier in a way, mostly because like this, he was less worried, Billy would become silent again.

"I told her that we needed to talk. She asked if I wanted to break up with her. I wasn't able to deny it.", he exhaled loudly. "I swear if it weren't for one of the girls that pulled her away, she would have kicked my ass there and then. She's so mad."

Steve didn't say anything to this. Now that Billy told him, he wasn't sure how he felt about it. He certainly wished for that boy to end things with Ally, but in this moment, everything felt unreal in a way.

"Say something.", Billy begged.

Steve closed his eyes before he turned around to Billy. Billy was looking at him as well.

"What do you want me to say?", Steve asked.

"Just that you don't hate me. That would be great.", Billy frowned but he managed to raise a corner of his mouth into an awkward half-smile.

Steve rolled his eyes. "Of course, I don't.", he said.

Billy shook his head. "I'm sorry for all of this. You asked for things to be easy, yet it's the exact opposite of easy.", he mumbled. "I just can't lose this. Lose you. Not for Ally or anything really."

Yet, Billy ran away, the first chance that he got? And then he kept his distance and stayed with Ally. So why the hell should Steve believe him now?

Steve sighed. "What exactly do you want, Billy?"

Notes for the Chapter:

I feel Billy is trying very hard right here but he definitely has some things to prove.

As always I love hearing your thoughts on this chapter :)

I wish all of you a happy and successful new year
<3 I'll be back with another update tomorrow!

62. Beer and chocolate

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy continue to talk. In the beginning, this works out fine.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve sighed. "What exactly do you want, Billy?"

"I... I just want you to be with me. Whatever it takes so you don't hate me.", Billy mumbled.

"No.", Steve said. He sighed and shook his head.

"No?", Billy asked with a frown.

"No.", Steve repeated firmly. "You're not getting out of it that easily. Not with saying what you think I want to hear.", he shook his head again. "Either you're honest for a change or... hell, I don't know what, but don't say anything just cause you think I would like to hear it."

"Okay.", Billy agreed. He also nodded, as if it needed more than just a verbal confirmation.

Steve waited for him to say something. Say something that was honest and that wasn't simply based on what he felt like he had to see, but yet there were minutes of silence in which both of them couldn't hear more than their own breathing and the rustling of leaves in the trees that swayed left and right with every gust of wind.

"Why did you buy me chocolate?", Billy finally asked. His voice sounded harsh compared to the silence of before and when Steve looked at him again, he saw that Billy was holding the chocolate now. He must have taken it out of the car along with the beer before, maybe hiding it or simply placing it in a way so Steve hadn't been able to see it before.

Steve felt a blush creep up. "Why is your face bruised?", he counter-attacked with a question.

Billy looked him straight in the eyes and Steve could see that the boy was starting to smirk. "How about you tell me and then I tell you?", he offered.

"From how I see it, you still owe me. You go first and then I tell you.", Steve argued.

Billy sighed. "I owe you, huh? You might have a point." He swallowed and a frown returned to his face. "It's not really an exciting story to tell, really. I mean... fuck, it's basically just me being an idiot."

"Tell me something I didn't know.", Steve mocked with a grin.

Billy smirked. "Careful there, pretty boy.", he warned. "Well, basically I drove home from school like a maniac and picked a fight with my dad. Didn't end well, but I've had worse, so..."

"You're dad did this?", Steve asked, shifting the grin to a worried face.

Billy just kept looking at him. "Told you, it wouldn't be any exciting. I ran off. This is when you basically picked me up at your doorstep." He shrugged.

"Fuck.", Steve said. "Did you do anything?" A father punching his son in the face wasn't really a concept that came easily to Steve. Even if he'd fought a lot with his own father, things never got physical, so he thought that Billy must have provoked him at some point.

"Talking back, refusing to take Max to one of her friends... It's my fault, I shouldn't have gotten there in the first place. Not in this mood."

"It's not... He shouldn't..."

"Don't waste your breath.", Billy said. "Now you owe me your part of the story." As if to support his request, he raised the chocolate bar in Steve's direction. "What's this about?"

Steve sighed. His mind was still busy processing what Billy just told

him and if he was totally honest, he didn't really feel comfortable to tell Billy why exactly he bought all of this. He wasn't even sure he knew the reason himself.

"I went to the store and bought beer and chocolate.", Steve started.

"Tell me something, I didn't already know.", Billy asked. His eyes were still on Steve's face, but he started to slowly unwrap the paper off the chocolate, drawing Steve's attention with this. "Shit looks expensive." Billy frowned.

"I didn't feel good after telling you to go away.", Steve admitted. "Thought about apologizing."

"For what?", Billy asked with a chuckle. "What did *you* do wrong?"

"I don't know. This just felt like a fight and I wanted to do something about this."

"Were you going to actually give this to me?", Billy asked and looked down at the chocolate.

"Probably not. Just keep it in my car and hate myself.", Steve rolled his eyes.

Then Steve heard a cracking sound and saw that Billy broke off a piece of chocolate to eat it. He couldn't actually keep his eyes off and followed every one of Billy's movements, especially resting his gaze on the other boy's mouth. The way Billy's tongue slipped out to catch a piece of chocolate from his lips was enough to send a heatwave all through Steve's body and then made him look back up into the sky again, merely so he wouldn't get caught staring.

"It's good.", Billy said. "Probably too expensive. But good." Steve could hear him smirk.

"It looked good. I didn't look at the price.", Steve said. So much was true. He noticed that it cost a bit more when he paid for it but it wasn't like he had any trouble coming up with the payment anyway.

"God, you're so preppy!" Billy laughed. "Of course, you don't look at the price of things."

Steve didn't say anything in his defense. After all, Billy didn't make this sound like an accusation but rather an observation.

"Is there some beer left?", Steve asked after a moment.

He could see Billy reaching for a can, just to find out there wasn't any left. Before Steve could tell him to just leave it, Billy got down from the hood and came up with two other can's from the inside. He threw one over to Steve before he climbed up there again.

"You still look upset.", Billy stated. He wasn't leaning down against the window like Steve did but kept sitting upright, so he could keep watching Steve.

"Don't worry.", Steve said. He opened the can and sat up, so he could drink. If anything, sitting here on a car's hood by the side of the road and drinking was really stupid. But even if the topics were hard to talk about and to listen to, it still felt nice being here. The reason he was frowning was that Billy still hadn't answered his first question.

"Honestly?", Billy asked. "I don't even understand why you're still here. Because I certainly don't deserve this. Not even your company, after all of this shit. I fucked up so much, when I showed up at your house on Friday, you should have just kicked me out."

Steve smirked. "You wouldn't leave.", he teased.

"If I told you, I wouldn't run off again, would you believe me?", Billy asked.

Steve looked at him, shaking his head. "You won't even answer my question.", he said.

"Isn't it obvious?", Billy asked. He put the can of beer to the side after taking another big sip of it.

Steve had no idea where he was going with that. Because, if it was obvious, they wouldn't need to be having this talk right now.

But instead of explaining what he just meant, Billy licked his lips before he got closer to Steve, moving slowly in the very beginning. He placed a hand on Steve's chest, pushing Steve back down against

the window and then, next thing, Billy straddled Steve right there on the top of the car by the side of the road, thereby getting almost unbearably close.

Steve wanted to complain and make them talk things out first but as soon as he rested his hands on Billy's thighs he lost track of what he wanted and just wanted this moment to last forever. Billy didn't lose another second to lean down and kiss Steve. His mouth tasted like beer and chocolate, hot and perfect and for the first time kissing him, Steve wasn't afraid.

Billy held Steve's head with both his hands, his finger's tangling into the other boy's hairs, pulling in a needy and desperate way. Steve let him. More than that, actually. He was doing the same, one hand on Billy's thigh, gripping him firmly, the other arm around Billy's back to pull him even closer if that was actually possible.

"I... You'll still have to answer, you know?", Steve reminded Billy with a husky voice, using the split second they both took to actually catch their breath again.

"I will!", Billy promised. "I will." He guided his lips back to Steve's. "Fuck, I missed you so much." He ran his fingers over the side of Steve's face, his thumb brushing over Steve's bottom lip while Billy looked at him with big eyes.

"I...", Steve sat up so his chest was close up and touching with Billy's again, closing his arms around him to keep him from losing his balance. "I know I promised to stay here with you but, how about we drive over to my place? I don't want to be rushing things or..."

"Yes!", Billy interrupted him. "It's probably a smart idea."

Steve grinned and kissed Billy again, unable just to get up just yet. "Yeah. I mean, someone could be driving down here."

Billy moved a bit, not yet getting off Steve's lap but Steve was just reminded of how hard they both were. Damn, that felt good and Steve couldn't help it but shift a little to get some needed friction.

For a moment, Billy looked at him almost a bit horrified but then he

leaned forward to suck on Steve's bottom lip, before letting his tongue slip in the other boy's mouth. Steve was close enough to moan anyway but when Billy reached down between them with his hand to palm Steve's dick through the thick fabric of his jeans, Steve couldn't help himself and let out a groan against Billy's mouth.

It might have been the hardest thing to do this whole day, but Steve somehow managed, to not only grab Billy's wrist to stop him from touching Steve but to press against his chest to get some space between them. "Car. Now.", he ordered. Billy just grinned, but then he nodded.

Notes for the Chapter:

What should I say, they're both touch-starved, so talking about their feeling will have to wait a little longer. Stick with me, we're going to get there :D

I love reading your thoughts on this in the comments
<3

63. Still not running

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is driving them to his place and they have a hard time keeping their hands to themselves.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Steve was almost certain he'd never been this hard before. Also, he had never taken so long to get the damn key in the ignition, it was almost embarrassing. Good thing, embarrassment wasn't that high on his list of priorities right now. Billy on the other hand...

Before he could actually start driving, Billy had grabbed him by the collar of his shirt and pulled him into another kiss, neither of them was able to stop anytime soon.

"Billy, I...", Steve tried to argue before he lost his focus in Billy's mouth and in his touches and the movement of his tongue. *Fuck.*

"What?", Billy asked with a grin.

Steve sighed, one arm behind Billy's neck to keep him that close and not taking the chance of them being apart for just a second. "I can't possibly drive like that.", he said. He didn't make it sound like much of a problem though, especially while still pretty much clenching onto Billy.

Billy chuckled and ran a finger over the soft part of skin that was exposed from Steve's neck.

Steve moaned and turned around a bit more. "Fuck...", he verbalized his thoughts from the very beginning. He caught Billy's bottom lip between his teeth, licked and sucked on the other boy's mouth until he could feel Billy shudder in front of him.

"Do that again...", Billy encouraged in a blissful tone.

Steve couldn't help but grin and repeat what he just been doing only to hear Billy groan from deep down his throat. "You like that?", Steve asked teasingly.

"Fuck yeah!", Billy nodded and then he swallowed before his already bruised lips hit Steve's again. They continued this exchange of teasing kisses a bit longer until Billy pulled back just a little, enabling them both to catch their breaths. "Touch me?" Even if it was phrased much like an order, the way Billy was saying it sounded more like a beg.

With no need to be asked that twice, Steve reached over, his hand resting on Billy's thigh for a second before he found the other boy's crotch and damn, not only was that pretty impressive, he must be aching hard as well. As soon as Steve's hand got to the fabric of Billy's tight pants, making contact, Billy moaned and bucked up into the touch. "Fuck, you did this before?", Billy asked, sounding husky and out of breath.

Steve pulled his hand back and frowned because, for a second, he was reminded of how their first kiss ended, with Billy accusing him of doing this to other guys regularly.

"Only myself, I guess.", he answered with uncertainty in his voice. He hoped Billy wouldn't interpret this hint of fear as dishonesty because he had no idea how the hell he could prove he never touched another guy before, never even thought about it, before Billy. *It's just you.*

But Billy chuckled and then he kissed him again, thereby eliminating the worries that had been coming up in Steve's mind. "Now, that's really fucking hot.", Billy commented almost sounding affectionate.

"I bet you look fucking pretty like that." As if to prove his point, Billy cupped Steve's crotch again, definitely squeezing harder than Steve had done on the other boy a moment ago, causing Steve's whole body to squirm while he released a mindless "Ah".

But Steve could only take this so long.

"No, no, no, I'm seriously gonna cream my fucking pants if you continue. Stop it!", he said hastily, coming to his mind just before any damage is done.

"Yeah?", Billy raised a brow, stopping his movement yet not pulling his hand away.

"Yeah." Steve nodded, again way to aroused to actually be embarrassed.

Billy studied Steve's face for another moment and then moved back into his own seat. He rubbed his forehead and then nodded. "Drive now. Fuck! God, I want to touch you so bad."

Simply the fact that he sounded so honest with this made Steve's dick twitch in excitement in his pants and for a second he feared he would just cum from Billy's words. But he was able to contain himself. He nodded and started the car to get them over to his place.

The car ride felt like an eternity. Out of the corner of his eye, Steve could see that Billy was moving and shifting next to him, yet again appearing restless but for a totally different reason, that got them both to breathe harshly and forced them to keep their focus on anything else but each other, if they didn't want to risk an accident.

Steve almost missed the right turn twice in a row, the second time causing that he had to pull over quite harshly.

"You wanna get both of us killed?", Billy sounded amused.

"Do you want to drive?", Steve asked annoyed. "Or walk?" He clenched the wheel more tightly, knowing his knuckles were already white.

"Can't take any criticism?", Billy continued with the teasing.

"Ask me that again in an hour.", Steve swallowed, allowing himself to look over at Billy for a moment and take in how heated he still looked. Steve was sure, he looked rather distressed at this moment, even if Billy didn't seem like he was complaining about the sight.

"You really think one hour will be enough?"

It was more the promise in Billy's eyes than the one in his voice that got Steve to return his gaze to the road and increase the tempo a little bit. He wasn't going too fast by a lot and certainly wasn't risking

anything by driving in this part of town, but this already took way too long.

Steve didn't even have his car parked in the driveway when Billy was all over him again, his hot mouth open and hungry and his hands in Steve's hair, on his neck, everywhere. Steve wasn't complaining, he needed this just as much if only to confirm that the drive hadn't cooled anything up between them. Everything felt just as needy and desperate as before and yup, Steve was pretty sure they wouldn't take close to an hour if they continued at this pace, but he was definitely up for a second round. Or a third. Or...

"Inside.", Steve mumbled. "Come on, not in the freaking driveway!" He wasn't really complaining but reacting to Billy's hand that crawled under his shirt and found his nipple.

Billy just acted all innocently, even if that smug grin wasn't any convincing.

A moment later they were both out of the car and rushing to the doorway, Steve fishing for the key and Billy looking around to make sure there wasn't anyone watching them right now before he placed a hand on Steve's butt that made the other boy drop the keys in surprise.

"Jesus...", instead of complaining or squatting down to pick the keys up, Steve caught himself leaning back into the touch, encouraging it and moaning quietly when Billy leaned forward and kissed his neck right at that spot he'd left a mark weeks before.

"Now let me get this stupid door open before we start doing it right in front of my neighbors.", Steve finally managed to get out. He heard Billy chuckle but at least he backed off a little bit so that Steve was able to pick the keys up and take to unlock the door.

As soon as the door got unlocked, Billy pushed Steve through so fast that he almost wasn't able to pull the key out in time. Billy kicked the door shut behind them and there they were, eye to eye and now all alone in a house, they had all to themselves.

"You're still not going to run?", Steve asked with a raised brow.

"Still not going to run.", Billy agreed.

"Because there is no going back if we continue." Steve swallowed.

"Yeah, I know.", Billy nodded, his eyes still on Steve. "I promise, I want this."

Steve exhaled in relief. "Good." The next moment, Steve had pushed Billy back against the door, causing their bodies to collide and Billy to gasp, before he was closing his arms around Steve to pull him closer.

But even if there was pulling and touching and kissing and things got heated pretty fast, Steve could feel that Billy was slightly tenser than he was when they were still in the car.

"We... if you want to take things slower than we just...", Steve wanted to offer just to be silenced by Billy's lips on his own a moment later.

"Sorry, I... I just can't believe this is happening.", Billy admitted. "I never... I've never done this."

Steve wasn't quite sure what to say because he didn't have any more inside on what they were doing than Billy did, apart from that this felt good and right. But it looked like admitting to his worries or at least vocalizing them changed something in Billy because that smug grin returned to Billy's face and then he started pulling Steve's shirt off.

This was better. Steve's shirt fell on the ground and they were moving again, Billy pushing Steve backward without a real goal or direction, apart from each of them, trying to undress the other and thereby crashing into furniture or against the wall before ending up kissing for several moments again. By now it was like breathing, Steve was pretty sure he was addicted to Billy's taste on his lips and the wet softness of his mouth that was just so different from every other kiss he'd ever experienced. In fact, all of this was so distracting that Steve didn't even recognize the fact that he was the first one to be naked while all he managed to get off Billy was his stupid shirt that had been unbuttoned half-way in the first place. Okay, he might have

noticed it when Billy pushed down the shorts over Steve's hips but he became painfully aware of it when Billy all of the sudden took a few steps back, leaving Steve right in front of the stairs and looking back to a trail of his own clothes that led the way back way to the front door. Steve couldn't help but frown because this left him more vulnerable than he expected. But when he dared to look at Billy, all he could see on his face was fondness.

And when Billy opened his mouth, Steve feared he might say something that could bring an end to this before it even started but with his eyes wandering over Steve's body, the only thing Billy managed to say was an enthusiastic "Yes!"

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay, before you end up lynching me in the comments for letting this chapter end there, I really didn't mean just to tease, I just have a limited amount of writing time and these characters just tend to take their sweet time with everything. Just know that there will be another chapter tomorrow (as always) and I promise I will get to the smut eventually. So, enough of me complaining. Just know that I'm probably just as frustrated with this as you are. I still hope this chapter is entertaining, I sure had fun writing it!

As always I look forward to reading your thoughts on this chapter in the comments <3

64. Can I...?

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy and Steve continue to make out and things get more heated up very quickly.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"You done just looking at me now, you idiot?", Steve asked, both brows raised and one hand on his hip, trying not to sound too heated up even though he was still out of breath.

Billy grinned. "Not quite. Maybe turn around?", he mocked.

"Fuck you.", Steve said with a roll of his eyes, but not quite able to hide his own smirk, because this look, Billy was giving him, damn was it flattering. Steve doubted anyone else had ever looked at him like that before and he could very well get used to it.

Billy was laughing. "So that's a no?", he tilted his head, making it sure Steve knew that this wasn't just a rhetorical question.

"If you want a fucking show, you gonna have to pay me.", Steve came up with a witty feedback.

Billy darted his tongue out, no longer able to keep up the distance between them, pushing Steve against the banister behind them. "That how you afford this place?", Billy purred into his ear, one hand on Steve's chest, the other one in his hair. "The family business?" He was mocking.

"Yeah. It's prostitution.", Steve said sarcastically. But then he was slinging his arms around Billy's neck to pull him into a kiss again.

The kiss was forceful and Steve slightly hit his head against the metal of the banister behind him, catching a worried look from Billy Hargrove. "We better move this to a bed, huh?", Billy asked.

"Sounds reasonable.", Steve agreed, rubbing the back of his head with a hand, even if it probably wouldn't even be a bump.

Billy made a step back and gestured to the stairs to make Steve go first. Steve knew this wasn't about being a gentleman and not so much about Steve leading the way. This was mainly to finagle a look at Steve's rear. After being kissed like that, Steve was willing to let him have this and took the lead.

"Careful. Don't trip.", he warned in a mocking tone.

Billy just groaned and just when they both reached the upper floor, Steve felt Billy's hand on his ass which what have made him jump if he hadn't somehow expected this. What he didn't predict was the way, his body reacted, with his knees getting weak and himself almost grinding back until he felt Billy's chest behind his back.

"Don't worry. Imma pay you later, pretty boy.", Billy purred, licking over Steve's exposed neck. His tongue left a tingly and strange feeling on Steve's neck and Steve had almost asked him just to repeat that. But he didn't want to distract Billy who was now nuzzling against his neck, probably leaving another mark there. Steve just hoped it wouldn't be so damn obvious as the last one was. But what he wanted more was for Billy to continue to touch him.

"I swear, if you make me wear a fucking scarf for weeks again, I will...", Steve warned.

"What?" Billy smirked and placed a few wet kisses on the bruised part of his skin.

"You know very well what I mean.", Steve said.

"Don't worry, you still look pretty."

Billy pushed Steve further until they both stumbled through the door into Steve's room. Steve turned then and pushed Billy against his door so it fell shut and Billy could lean against it, while Steve got his finger onto the button of Billy's jeans, opening it up and slowly pulling down the zip. Steve moved extra slowly and let his fingers run over the delicate skin on the over boy's belly because he could

see Billy twitch in excitement underneath him.

He didn't pull Billy's pants down just yet but decided to devote Billy's upper body some more attention. Part of him taking a time was to repay Billy for being a fucking tease since they started making out. "God, you're fucking ripped.", Steve praised, his fingers running up and down Billy's chest, following the lines of his muscles.

Billy grinned proudly. "You like that?"

"Yeah.", Steve nodded. "Even if it's fucking distracting."

Billy raised a brow.

"Because you never button up your damn shirt!", Steve explained with a chuckle.

Billy started laughing and pulled Steve against his chest. "Not the only one, being a damn tease though.", he said, head now buried in Steve's hair.

"How have I been teasing you?", Steve asked a little scandalized.

Billy snorted. "It's the look on your face most of all. Distress, confusion but then almost eagerness. When you looked at my ring last Saturday and touched my hand... God, I almost threw all my good intents overboard, just to pin you down there and kiss your brains out. Not talking about the multiple times I needed to rush out of the fucking showers because looking at you shampooing your stupid hair gave me a massive hard-on.", he admitted.

"You've been literally spooning me right there", Steve pointed to the left side of his bed, suddenly in a contest on who of them had tortured the other one more, even if it was still entertaining both of them. "Grinding against me and then fucking leaving, first chance you got."

"I... Fuck you felt so good that day. Smelled amazing too.", Billy admitted, disarmed by the memory. "The things I wanted to do to you." Billy swallowed and leaned forward to kiss Steve again, almost desperate and a little shaky this time.

Steve put his arms around Billy's neck, not necessarily to pull him closer but just to hold him, because he wanted to show him, things were okay now because they were here and this was fucking good.

"Like what?", Steve asked, curiously, when their kiss broke off due to both of their need to breathe.

"Let me show you.", Billy announced. He pushed Steve back now, not rushing but definitely on a mission. Steve's knees gave in when the side of his bed brushed against the back of his legs and next thing he was sitting on the mattress, Billy almost falling over him. But he held his balance and even made a step back now, running a hand through his hair as if thereby regaining some sanity.

Steve saw that Billy was looking down at his crotch, licking his lips and damn, if that didn't give him ideas, as well.

"Can I...?"

Was he saying what Steve thought he was saying?

It wasn't the words coming out of his mouth but rather the look of his eyes that confirmed Steve's suspicion. Billy fucking Hargrove was asking Steve if he could go down on him.

"Fuck... Yeah, sure!", Steve said with big eyes. He was just sitting on the side of the bed and watching Billy now, as he was going down on his knees and running his fingers over Steve's inner thighs. All of that was revoking the memory of his dream one morning after Billy had left and all that stayed in Steve's room, in this room, was his scent and the heat of his body and his gorgeous image that wouldn't leave Steve's head. Damn, that dream had ended way too soon. But while Steve's dream of Billy had been frustrating, unreal and too clean around the edges, seeing Billy's eyes on himself, watching him lick his own lips, while his fingers slowly got closer to Steve's dick was a million times hotter.

"I... If I do something wrong, tell me, alright?", Billy asked, sounding less confident than he usually did.

But again, it seemed like simply admitting to his fears helped him,

because the smug grin returned to his face and he closed one hand on the base of Steve's dick, stroking him twice, before leaning down and licking over the tip. Steve held his breath, a wave of pleasure running through his body, even before Billy closed his lips around him and started sucking. Billy's eyes locked with Steve and seemingly enjoying every movement on Steve's face because he didn't look away for a second.

Fuck if that wasn't the hottest thing Steve had ever experienced in his life. Sure, girls had been going down on him before, mostly after he asked them nicely and had been dating them for some time. Neither of them was as enthusiastic and almost every girl made it appear like a favor that they were doing and not really enjoying. Billy looked like he was enjoying this almost as much as Steve did, his lewd tongue moving on Steve's dick so obscenely. Steve couldn't help but held Billy's head, fingers gripping his hair more tightly now that he got close.

In the beginning, Steve bit down on any sound that tried to slip his throat, quietly moaning at the most, but the more he looked at Billy as the boy held tightly onto Steve's thighs and was so eager to make him feel good now, the less he worried about just letting go and he started not holding back any longer.

"Fuck... Billy!", even though he tried to keep looking at Billy and how fucking hot he looked with his lips wrapped around Steve's cock, he was throwing his head back now, feeling shivers going all through his body. Damn, if he continued this, Steve wouldn't last much longer.

Actually, he was really fucking close. "I'm gonna... Billy, I think, I'm gonna...", he tried to warn Billy, but instead of getting away, like girls in the past had, he took Steve even deeper into his hot mouth and Steve couldn't help but groan and pull ruggedly on Billy's hair. And Billy fucking hummed around his dick. Steve was afraid for a second, that Billy was complaining about the hair-pulling, but then it hit him, the feeling of Billy's vibrating throat. In addition to the look in Billy's eyes, a little teary but so fucking hot, this took Steve over the edge and he was coming right into Billy's mouth, barely keeping himself from bucking up into it.

Billy kept him in his mouth, working him through his orgasm and

smirking as Steve released a whole series of inarticulate sounds and 'Ahs' and 'Ohs'.

And when Steve came down from his high again, seeing Billy wipe saliva and cum off his face but actually having swallowed after this instead of gracefully spitting it out, blood was rushing right back into his dick. "Did you just fucking swallow?", Steve asked in disbelief.

Billy obscenely licked his lips and grinned. "What? You wanted some?" Instead of waiting for Steve's reply, he straddled Steve again and kissed him, until they both sunk back into the mattress. Steve couldn't believe that he was just tasting himself in Billy's mouth and this was so stupidly hot.

Notes for the Chapter:

This chapter just took more time than I planned for it, so sorry if any of you was already waiting. I hope, it turned out good and you all enjoyed some smut because we've probably all been waiting for that for about 100k words lmao.

As always, I love reading up on your thoughts on this in the comments <3

To get in touch, you can also reach out to me on Tumblr @confettibites

65. Insatiable

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy continue to have a pretty good time.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Billy was still on top of Steve, somewhat hovering over him, pinning both of Steve's wrists left and right from his head and kissing him until Steve was sure, he knew the inside of Billy's mouth pretty much as well as his own. Not that he was having enough yet. Even though his mouth was getting noticeable bruised from all of this sucking, the scratching of teeth, Steve just couldn't help but get lost in kissing Billy. With his hands pinned in place like that, he was pretty much unable to do anything else than kiss back, but he wasn't complaining. Being handled like that felt great. He managed to free one leg though, and used it, to hug it around Billy, turning their hips to meet in another angle now, granting both of them more friction, causing some gasps and moans.

"Insatiable, aren't you?", Billy purred, licking over Steve's jaw, before demanding his mouth again. "Would be fucking you right now, if it weren't for the lack of the right utensils."

The idea of Billy doing that to him was frightening and exciting at the same time and after just having one of the most mind-blowing orgasms of his life, Steve wasn't going to deny that boy anything.

"What do you mean?", he asked, a bit confused by Billy's phrasing.

Billy leaned back a bit to catch a gaze on Steve's confused yet aroused and blushed face. He licked his lips and grinned smugly. "You're kidding right?"

Steve's look didn't change.

"Fuck, you're just genuinely a good guy, aren't ya?", Billy chuckled. "I'm talking about lube. Believe me, you don't want to do it without

that."

"So you did this before then?", Steve asked him.

"With girls.", Billy clarified.

Steve blushed more.

"What? No Hawkins girl ever allowed you to do that?", Billy teased in a playful way.

Steve shook his head. "Never really considered this.", he admitted. "You got a lot of girls to do that with?"

"A few. You have to ask them very nicely.", Billy explained with a smirk. But then he shrugged, reminding himself that the present was way better than any memory this might have been revoking. "You don't think you're parents have some, do you?"

Suddenly a thought was running through Steve's head and he started, pushing Billy off him eagerly. "Fuck, I think *I* do.", he mumbled, coming up to his legs.

"You sure you never hooked up with a guy before?", Billy asked, his voice in a mix of jealousy and curiosity.

Steve snorted and didn't even bother to look at Billy for that. Instead, he went over to one of his cupboards. "It was a present of Tommy and Carol. For my birthday last year. They probably thought it was funny. No idea, why I kept it. Maybe I thought it would end up coming in handy in some way.", he explained.

Billy laughed. "If you find some, I might end up sending them a thank-you-note."

"It must be somewhere...", Steve worried, reaching up to the upper part of one of his cupboards. He remembered quite vividly how he hit the bottle up there so his mom wouldn't accidentally find it when she was looking for something else in here. He never really thought about it afterward.

Billy sighed appreciatively. "Take your time, pretty boy."

Steve didn't even need to throw a gaze over his shoulder to know that Billy was smirking and enjoying the view of Steve, who now was clumsily taking an old box out of the cupboard, putting it on the ground and peeking inside. But when he did dare to look over, mainly because Billy had been quiet for a bit too long, he could see that the other boy now had his hand right at his crotch, his pants wide open, reaching inside and slowly touching himself as he looked at Steve, his grin growing wider as Steve saw him.

"Jesus, just give me a second...", Steve complained a bit. Billy put on an innocent face and, while shaking his head, Steve emptied out the insides of that stupid box. He shouldn't just keep throwing junk in there, then he might be able to find stuff in time.

Steve could very well remember his latest birthday, even if he had been shitfaced in no time. He was practically able to see Tommy and Carol both sheepishly grinning as they gave him the bottle, not even wrapped but with a tiny red bow around the middle. The gift was also complemented with a nasty comment about Nasty and since Steve had already grown to become more distant to both Tommy and Carol, he didn't end up caring so much for that thing, not even sure if they were serious or just trying to be funny. He did remember Carol somehow mentioning that this was the good stuff and that they were going to enjoy it, but Steve didn't want to think any closer about what Tommy and Carol might or might not be doing in their own free time.

Down at the bottom of the box, Steve finally found the bottle, just as he remembered it, right with the red bow around its middle. It was just all a bit dustier than it was when he put it there. Steve pulled off the bow and then raised it triumphantly before he walked over at Billy, whose eyes grew wider at the sight.

"Fuck, I shouldn't be that surprised anymore.", Billy commented. "Not by this place. Or you." He shook his head.

Just the admiring look on Billy's face and how sweaty and gorgeous he looked, his lips still swollen from kissing and going down on Steve, got Steve already half-hard again, while he walked over to Billy. In preparation, Billy finally stepped out of his jeans, kicking it to the side and revealing his dick. For a moment Steve wasn't able to

look away or do anything than stare how Billy was obscenely leaking pre-come onto his belly. It probably made a slut, but right now Steve didn't want to do anything more than to push Billy back into the mattress and lick over his abs and his Billy, taste him and make him tremble underneath Steve. He threw the bottle of lube onto the bed next to Billy and before the other boy could figure out what Steve wanted to do, Steve had his hands on Billy's shoulders, forcing him back and leaning down to let his own ideas be followed by actions.

Billy gasped when Steve leaned down on him and let his tongue run over each of Billy's abdominal muscles. Billy moaned and bucked his hips up, desperate to find some friction against Steve's body.

"Don't make me come just yet.", Billy warned, his eyes half-way closed and his voice breathy.

Steve smirked, admiring the look on the other boys face, while he planted wet kisses there. "Don't worry. I'll have you hard again in no time.", he teased.

"Come on!", Billy finally came to his senses. "Let's try this stuff. You still down for that?", he asked. He leaned back up again, no longer granting Steve access to his chest and belly.

Steve looked at him, a bit scandalized at first but then mainly curious. He had found it, even if thinking about the way he got the lube in the first place didn't necessarily make him more eager to have it used on himself. On the other hand, the look in Billy's eyes, his pupils large and dark, was very convincing.

"I... Yeah, okay.", Steve nodded. "What do I do?"

Billy put on a sharkish grin, grabbing Steve's head and pulling him into a kiss again.

"Maybe just... C'mere, on my lap.", he then mumbled, probably a bit overwhelmed by all of this himself.

Steve was still a bit insecure about all of this, but he agreed and allowed Billy to pull him onto his lap, immensely turned on by the way he felt Billy's dick pressing against him.

"Just tell me if anything is... not good or too fast or... you know?", Billy asked. He was putting a lot of effort into not sounding concerned or unsettling. Steve trusted him, trusted that he would stop if Steve decided he didn't want to continue or if this would just turn out being too much.

Steve's whole body was tense and tickling in anticipation, one shiver following the next, especially once he heard Billy pop open the bottle. He didn't dare to turn his head and look at him, hands both fisted into the sheet and waiting for Billy to finally do something.

Billy was very careful, lubing up his finger and then taking his hand to Steve's butt, not yet touching him. "Fuck, you're so pretty.", he let out, almost making it sound like it was just a verbalized thought.

Steve swallowed and lost a bit of the tenseness. He felt one of Billy's hands slowly stroking the skin of his hips and his butt, kneading the flesh, teasing until he almost got Steve moaning just at this, close to whining for more. That's when Billy guided his lubed-up finger to Steve's entrance, teasing the rim just for a moment, before pressing the first knuckle in.

Even if Steve should have had enough time to prepare for this, the unfamiliar feeling made him gasp. Billy had his other hand on the small of Steve's back, caressing him, giving him just a moment, before he pressed in further.

Steve moaned at the stretching feeling, that was a bit painful in some parts but definitely bearable.

"You're doing great.", Billy reassured him.

Steve just nodded as if to allow Billy to continue with this. He could take that.

Billy gave him another moment, before he added some movement into this, curling his finger inside of Steve, gently pressing in and out.

"So good.", Billy continued with the praising, as Steve relaxed more and more into this movement, allowing Billy to go just a bit deeper, until...

"Ah!" Steve almost crumbled down Billy's lap when Billy hit a spot in him that just made him see stars for a moment, with waves of pleasure running through him and his own dick twitching in excitement.

"What?", Billy asked fearfully, pulling out immediately not to hurt Steve.

"Fuck! Don't pull out!", Steve complained, his hip pressing back mindlessly to repeat that delicious feeling, even though Billy's finger was gone for the moment.

"That was good?", Billy asked amused, his hand now rubbing against Steve's cheeks again before he brought his finger back, almost eagerly taken by Steve, leaving Billy in awe.

"Do it again, please", Steve begged.

Without hesitating, repeated the movement and got Steve trembling by this, gasping and moaning and pressing his hips back into Billy's hand, encouraging him to go on.

"Fuck, you really like that, don't you?", Billy asked with a smug grin on his face.

"Ah...!", Steve agreed, not able to say anything more articulate just now, because Billy had soon learned how to hit exactly the spot that drove him crazy.

While Steve was still moaning, Billy took the opportunity to add another finger. "Oh god, you feel so hot. So ready. Fuck...", Billy commented, a little breathy because Steve looked so fucking stupidly hot just there on top of him, not just taking Billy's fingers but downright demanding more of them. Billy was almost embarrassed by how close he got just by the sight of this, by the sounds Steve was making.

Steve didn't miss that Billy was getting close just by that, even if he found himself in a state of pure bliss with Billy hitting his prostate again and again. But fuck, if they wouldn't be able to have this right now.

"Come on, just fuck me now, Billy!", Steve demanded, voice a little shaky.

And how could he possibly deny that?

Notes for the Chapter:

I know, I know... Bitch-move, to end it right there, but this chapter is already way longer than it was supposed to be. More will follow tomorrow. Looks like I'm not quite done with the smut yet ;)

I love to hear your thoughts on this in the comments
<3

To get in touch you can also reach out to me on
Tumblr @confettibites

66. Think you can take some more?

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve just wants to feel Billy and Billy, of course, is obliging to that.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve could feel Billy hesitating for a moment and simply that was almost driving him insane. By now he felt sweaty and like some heat was rushing all the way through his body, quite possibly letting him explode if Billy wasn't going to do something about it.

"Just let me add a third finger...", Billy worried.

Steve, underneath his hands, was still panting. "Billy. Please." Steve was well aware of how desperate that sounded but at this point, he simply couldn't bring himself to care for these kinds of things.

And whether it was Steve's words or simply the sight of him, still spread out on Billy's lap, next thing Steve felt himself being handled onto the mattress of his own bed by Billy. Even then Steve felt almost unable to support himself standing on all fours. His arms felt like useless, soft limbs, tingling all over instead of being obedient.

Steve felt shaky and more on edge than he ever was before. Even after waking up from that frustrating dream, things had never been so intense. And although he just came, he was so hard again, his own dick leaking precome against his belly. When Steve heard the bottle of lube being popped open again, he dared to look over his shoulder, only to find Billy standing behind him. That boy now had one hand on his own dick, spreading the lube, and the other one rested firmly on Steve's hip. His thumb was gently brushing over Steve's soft skin, while his fingers were gripping so firmly, Steve would probably end up bruised right there.

Billy was guiding his dick carefully in the right direction and Steve

had to restrain himself not to immediately buck back when he felt the tip right at his entrance. Fuck, that was so filthy yet so hot.

"You sure?", Billy asked once more. His voice was noticeably deeper now, way huskier than it usually was. Steve was sure, Billy was using just as much restraint not to give in and rush into this as Steve was giving. But now he couldn't possibly wait any longer for anything and needed to really feel him.

"Billy...!" Steve's own voice sounded different, too. Breathly and shaky. Not that this was a surprise. Steve felt like his whole body was burning with anticipation. He wanted to feel Billy inside him. He wanted to touch himself too, but he didn't dare to reach for his own dick because right now he needed every support to keep himself up.

And then Billy pressed in.

He wasn't rushing this, pushing in inch by inch, groaning because Steve was so tight.

In the meantime, Steve, at least for a moment, had forgotten how to breathe at all or at least stopped while his body was adjusting to being filled and, judged by what it felt like, being owned by another person. Of course, there was this mild burning sensation and the stretching was a bit uncomfortable at once, but Billy was taking it slow enough for Steve not to be overwhelmed by that.

When Billy was fully buried inside him, Steve was pretty sure his mind just went blank and he was seeing stars, gasping sharply and inhaling deeply for his lack of oxygen from before.

Billy's second hand was now on Steve's hip as well, clawing it, helping Steve to keep up at the same time as granting Billy some support as well. "Fuck, you feel so good, I can't...", he was panting.

Steve bit his own bottom lip. *Just move.* He wanted Billy not to hold back anymore, to give him everything that he got right now, but something deep inside him didn't dare to ask.

But Billy started moving anyway, taking up a slow but steady pace in which he was pumping into Steve, driving himself and the other boy

crazy by how slow it was and how agonizingly delicious that felt. Steve's fingers were clawing the mattress and he was focussing so hard not to be overwhelmed by that, tensing just for the fact that he didn't want this to be over too soon, by coming or by overthinking. He just wanted to feel Billy, feel how tightly he was gripping Steve's hip while he was trying to calm himself down as well, but also how hot he felt deep inside Steve, needing a few tries but soon hitting that good spot really frequently, eliciting a few gasps from Steve.

"Come on!", Billy encouraged. "Don't start being quiet now. I wanna hear how you like my cock inside you."

"Fuck...", Steve panted. Billy wasn't wrong. Steve had been really vocal while he just had Billy's fingers inside him. Maybe because he was already collapsed onto his lap then, no need to hold onto anything. Now letting go felt risky and tempting at the same time. "Fuck... Feels so goo-ood." Steve was closing his eyes now, just letting himself getting pulled in by the sounds and the feeling of Billy pumping into him.

Billy groaned but didn't slow down his pace. "Yeah, that's right." Steve could hear that Billy was smirking. "Think you can take some more?"

"Billy. Please.", Steve was gasping.

Instead of obliging to that, Billy stopped moving again, once he was balls-deep inside Steve, causing Steve to moan for real this time, his whole body was trembling. And on top of it all, Billy was taking a hand from Steve's hip, just to clench into Steve's hair and pulling onto it to force Steve's head back a little. Steve couldn't help but groan at the pain, not complaining but bucking back against Billy to make him do something. "Billy please what?", Billy asked in a purring tone. His voice sounded like it was coming from so close and it sent a shiver down Steve's spine.

"Jesus, just fuck me, please. Faster. Harder. Just fucking move please.", Steve tried to vocalize his thoughts.

"Very good.", Billy praised him, immediately doing just that. One hand was still in Steve's hair, pulling and forcing him into a weird

angle that was more painful in one way but also allowed Billy to go even deeper and drive Steve almost crazy with this. He wasn't slow now, really pumping onto Steve and turning the other boy into a moaning mess that almost couldn't hold itself up when Billy's hips hit him harshly.

While Steve now easily surpassed Billy's expectations by being louder and whinier than he could ever dream someone to be, Billy wasn't really quiet either. Except for instead of moaning and gasping, he was releasing deep groans and almost animalistic sounds. At least Steve thought that was how he sounded and he loved every single sound Billy was making while holding Steve in place and, judging by what it felt like, fucking him into oblivion.

"Billy, I..." Steve had sensed a familiar feeling of more heat rushing to his groin and wanted to warn give Billy a heads up.

"Yeah, I got ya. Come for me.", Billy encouraged. Steve felt a release from the grip in his hair that came so sudden that he almost complained about it. But then Billy's hand reached around and found Steve's throbbing cock, squeezing and giving it one, two, three strokes until Steve was coming, spilling thick, white stripes onto the mattress and Billy's hand.

"Ah!"

Billy kept not only touching Steve through his orgasm that somehow felt like it was lasting even longer than the last one, he also pumped into him a lot quicker now, chasing his own climax.

Steve was down on his forearms now, lids half closed still high on that bliss when he felt Billy's cock twitching inside of him. That caught Steve's excitement because damn, Billy coming inside of Steve, that sounded super hot. He wanted to feel more now just to make sure he would never forget about this.

"Pull my hair.", Steve ordered.

He could feel Billy pause for the glimpse of a second, maybe just to process what Steve just asked him.

"Please.", Steve added, just to make sure to say it the way, Billy wanted him too.

"Fuck, yeah.", Billy agreed breathy.

Then his hand was back in Steve's hair, pulling tightly backward, making Steve gasp. Billy was leaning over him now, his hips still pressing into Steve at a fast pace, but a big part of his weight supported by Steve underneath him. And Steve was amazed by that. Amazed by the pain and the pleasure and Billy's desperate movements, so ready to find release. His breath was hitting the nape of Steve's neck.

A few minutes after Steve just came, Billy was coming inside him, to Steve's surprise biting down on Steve's shoulder a bit harshly while his hand was still pulling at Steve's hair. The feeling of Billy's twitching dick, coming inside Steve was the most intense thing he's ever felt.

With Billy's climax somehow causing them both to lose their rhythm, more of Billy's weight rested at Steve and they both fell down, ending up collapsed on top of Steve's mattress, breathing heavily and shoulders brushing against each other while their gazes were headed towards Steve's ceiling.

"Did you just fucking bite me?", Steve asked a bit puzzled, his eyes half-shut and his hand searching for that aching and bruised spot on his shoulder. It didn't bleed or anything but he was definitely going to feel that for a few days.

Billy just smirked next to him. "Didn't sound like you wouldn't like that a minute ago.", he stated. "Fuck you sounded like you wanted me to downright demolish you."

Steve felt a blush crawl up his face. "I... shit, that was just fucking intense."

"Yeah.", Billy agreed, turning his head to the side so he could face Steve.

Steve did the same thing. He swallowed. Fuck, this was just wasn't

going to good. They felt like being on the glimpse to awkward silence and Steve was afraid this could end up scaring Billy away again, because fuck if that just didn't kill a lot of the tension that had built up between them. He almost felt physically lighter now, but if that meant anything would change between them, he'd rather have the carefulness back that they've shared before, very aware that they should never let themselves get to close. Only that after having Billy inside him, there was no such thing as getting even closer, at least on a physical level.

So instead of overthinking this any more, Steve was turning to his side and then he leaned over to kiss Billy. He was afraid, Billy might push him away, reject him, but he was melting into this kiss immediately, pulling Steve closer. And for the first time Steve thought, things might not necessarily have to turn bad after this.

Notes for the Chapter:

Oh well, that turned out to be just smut with a bit of angst in the end. I feel like, Steve would definitely be one for enjoying it if things got a bit rougher. After all, this whole pressing down onto this bruise to make it feel more real, kind of set up the basis for that boy liking a bit of pain. Also, I'm already curious how the two of them will work things out now. There is still a lot to talk about and after having just shared this experience together, this doesn't necessarily have to come easier. But enough of me blathering. I guess I just got a bit riled up by writing that.

I love hearing your thoughts on that chapter in the comments <3

You can also leave a message to me on Tumblr @confettibites

67. Don't hate me

Summary for the Chapter:

They should be talking. Doesn't work out too well.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"Just give me a moment to catch my breath, alright?", Billy was smiling when he softly pushed Steve to the side, stopping the kiss.

Steve swallowed and laid down in a bit of a distance again, needing to calm down after this as well.

Billy's chest was rising and lowering at a steady pace while he let his gaze wander through the room as if this was the first time he could really pay attention to it. He hadn't been inside here for weeks.

"Hey, that's my book, isn't it?"

Steve didn't need to look at Billy to know that he was pointing at his nightstand where the book was laying.

"Yes, it is.", Steve felt that he was blushing a bit. "Sorry, I should have given it back to you."

"I wasn't reproaching you. Did you read it?"

Steve nodded. He wanted to tell him that he pretty much fell asleep with the book on his chest every day until Billy showed up drunk on his doorstep again. But that would mean, the conversation would probably take a turn that left them at an even more vulnerable stage and Steve didn't think that would be smart right now. Not while he could still feel his neck sting after Billy's bite. Not while he still felt Billy inside him.

"Steve, I...", Billy's voice sounded a bit remorseful when he turned to his side so he could face Steve. "I don't know what to say."

Steve kept his gaze on the ceiling. Looking into pretty blue eyes was just as dangerous, as saying the wrong words. "It's okay. We don't need to talk.", he decided, noticing the uncertainty in his voice. "I guess, this was just about to happen, right?" He wanted to make it sound funny, take the tension away, that was slowly building up. It came out mostly depressing.

But Billy still nodded. "Yeah, it was.", he said. His voice got quieter.

Steve exhaled audibly, clenching his jaw. "Are you... fuck, do you think that we shouldn't have done this?", Steve asked. He still didn't look at Billy. He didn't want to know, knew that Billy's face would give away what he was thinking.

"No!", Billy immediately said, reaching his arm over to grab Steve's wrist for a second. Steve wasn't sure if he tried aiming for his hand and then decided against it, but Billy's hand stayed there, firm and in a way comforting. "No, I'm not. I mean... fuck, I don't know, but I'm not regretting this or anything."

"Okay.", Steve said. He wasn't calmed a lot by this, even if Billy didn't sound like he was lying. "I... I don't know if talking right now is a good thing. Do you know what I mean?"

He felt a bit lost, if that was even the right word.

Billy just nodded. "Yeah.", he agreed. He took his hand away from Steve's wrist, leaving yet another piece of his skin marked in a way, feeling hot as if the lack of physical contact was more hurtful the longer it lasted. "You mind if I stay a bit longer, though?"

"No, of course not. You can stay. I told you, you could always come here.", Steve said a bit pushed back by this question.

Maybe this was the problem. Maybe he was too clingy again. Maybe Billy needed space and maybe Steve did so, too. Fuck. Kissing just a moment ago had felt so good, so right and now there was this unfamiliarity between them that was growing with every word and every moment of awkward silence. Like this just changed them and they didn't know each other anymore. Steve wanted to run for his life and crawl into Billy's skin at the same time, craving distance and

closeness, as though they were the same thing. He wasn't sure which desire was stronger. Only that this in-between state wasn't bearable.

It's his own fault, isn't it? Rushing into this, somehow even enforcing this. And now he was marked and this thing between them felt a bit flawed. Stupid idea, altogether. What they should have been doing is talk things through. Talk about why Billy had been with Ally for weeks before he remembered who Steve was and talk why he was with him and not with her anymore. Talk about why he always showed up here when things went bad but weren't anywhere to be found when Steve felt like he was dying. But yeah, just fuck it out of your system, a great way to solve things! Even better, just do it on the day he just broke up with his actual girlfriend! Or didn't. At least it didn't sound like the actual grown-up breakup when Billy was talking about this earlier. Fuck, that was just so stupid.

Steve was sitting up and he could feel Billy's cum inside him. He had been able to ignore the sensation before but now it just felt weird and a bit gross, if he was totally honest. He just wanted to go to the bathroom, shower, let the memory fade a bit or at least get out of this moment right now.

"Sorry, I'm... I should go to the bathroom.", Steve explained, his brows furrowed. It was uncomfortable how Billy looked at him like he just knew. But his face looked kind, still, a bit blushed. Steve didn't hate him, even if he couldn't bear looking at him right now.

"You want me to...?" Billy left his sentence unfinished because Steve interrupted him.

"No! No, I'm just... I'll be back in a minute, okay?"

Steve was shaking a little and hoped Billy wouldn't notice. What even was Billy supposed to do?

Billy didn't say anything to that and he didn't try to come along when Steve stood up and started walking. Steve kept his gaze forward. He knew he was walking awkwardly, clenching his butt but still feeling something run down his thighs. He didn't want to look at Billy, so he could pretend that boy wasn't just seeing this. See what you have done to me. It was easier this way, less shameful, but Steve felt like

he really needed to hear Billy just say something.

Once in the bathroom, Steve immediately headed to the shower and put it on. The water started out freezing cold but he didn't wait, couldn't, he just wanted to stand under the rain right now until it washed the bad things off. Not the touches. Never. But the bad thoughts they've been evoking. He didn't want to wash Billy away. He just couldn't bear the thought of this having changed anything between them.

The shower turned warm, maybe too warm for Steve's liking. He didn't pay attention to anything and remembered the feeling when Billy pushed him off after the kiss or when he took his hand off Steve's wrist. This wasn't in any way reasonable. They didn't fight. Things weren't broken yet and Steve still felt his eyes filling with tears. Fuck. He hadn't even cried after his breakup with Nancy, so why was he doing this now? They didn't break-up. Nothing happened. Well, something happened. They had sex. And it was good, fuck, it was really really good. But it was also scary. Billy said he wasn't regretting this. Steve wasn't. Not really. Just a bit. Just in a way that maybe it wasn't the righteous thing to do because they both have been dangerously vulnerable today. Both just back together after keeping a distance for too long. Both acknowledging the fact that there was something that pulled them together. But they still haven't talked. How could they talk? It was just hands and mouths and skin and nakedness and pain and pleasure and all if it made the words meaningless, even if they would try saying them now.

Things were fine. Steve shouldn't be feeling as shattered right now. It was just sex. The first time with Billy. The first time with a guy. But still, it hadn't been bad. It was good. Billy felt good. Looking at him felt good. Kissing him felt great. Feeling him inside, filling Steve up, god, thinking about it made heatwaves run through Steve's body all over again.

So why was he crying?

At least the shower was calming. It was comforting because it wasn't silent and he could actually feel it. Steve wiped his eyes when he turned the shower off. He had been standing there for long enough to be clean, using a cloth and soap, too.

Steve grabbed a towel and stood in front of the mirror that didn't show him any reflection because it was fogged. Steve leaned forward and wiped it with a hand, seeing how red his eyes were. He didn't look good, not how he should look. After all, this had been something he'd wanted for some time now, wasn't it? Since they kissed for the first time, Steve had pictured sleeping with Billy. It had never been like this because this had been the real thing, not just some stupid idea. But a real thing, a real and good thing could still be wrong if it happened at the wrong time and for the wrong reasons. And ending up in bed just because you're too scared to talk and at the same time too scared to lose the other one definitely fit into that category. Steve didn't know what that meant to him, but what he was most afraid of was that Billy was thinking the same thing he did right now. He wished he would be standing next to him now, that they would both be brave enough to talk through this. Steve couldn't start that now, not while he looked like this and was on the edge of crying like the idiot he was.

A knock on the door surprised him and made him stumble a bit, without actually falling.

"Steve? You're okay?"

Steve wanted to dare Billy to look at him. To ask him whether he looked okay./p>

He'd been inside this bathroom for too long. Got Billy worried. Fuck, that's not what he wanted to do.

"Yes. I'm fine." Steve's voice didn't break. That was good. It sounded cold but that was tolerable.

"I... I'm heading home, okay?" Billy sounded uncertain. Steve didn't want him to leave but he didn't want him to see him cry either. If he stayed more things could get broken.

"Okay."

"Okay.", Billy sounded like he was repeating Steve just with more disbelief in his tone. "I... Fuck, I still don't know what to say. Let's talk tomorrow."

Steve didn't answer this. The tears were back, warm, plenty of them running down Steve's cheeks as he looked at the door and wished for Billy to just open it. To come here like he had been before. Look at Steve in the mirror. Kiss him. Leave another mark, Steve didn't care anymore. The world could see every bruise if that meant Billy didn't really regret this. Steve moved closer to the door so he was standing right in front of it, yet he wasn't able to reach for it.

For a moment he couldn't hear Billy move. Steve listened closely. Maybe he was gone already. But then maybe a minute later there were steps, Steve could hear Billy taking the stairs and, probably once he found all his clothes and put them on, the front door fell shut and Steve instantly stopped crying. Now that was his own fault, right? Steve didn't really think about what he was doing, but he clenched his fist and hit this stupid door in white anger. It was firm, solid wood, hurt the skin of his knuckles that were pulsating in pain the second after. Steve could see that his fist was bleeding at two spots. Just a bit, nothing to worry about. Steve left the room with only the towel, hoping Billy didn't really leave. He didn't know if he wanted to apologize for anything but he wanted to see him. He wanted to hug him and really try to talk about this.

A bit late for that, right?

Billy wasn't downstairs. The trail of clothes had grown slimmer because only Steve's were left. Steve didn't pick them up yet and got back into his room. Everything left here was the smell of Billy that reminded him of touches and words, that might not have been the right ones, even though Steve didn't want to change any of them, now that he had thought about this.

It took Steve a moment to notice Billy's book was right on the spot they have been laying a moment ago, sharing postcoital bliss. Steve needed to take a few steps closer to notice what was wrong with it, but he had to actually pick it up to believe it.

With a black marker, Billy had written "Don't hate me" right on the light cover in big and angry letters.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm late with the upload because this chapter just fucked me up tbh. I don't even know what to say. I don't particularly enjoy writing angst or fucking this thing up between them because I want them to work through this and be good and talk about their feelings and get together for real and all that. Lmao, probably hard to believe after that chapter. But I do think that actually sleeping with Billy is a huge mindfuck for Steve because he'd been thinking about this a lot and he'd been waiting for them to get closer. And now he's scared it destroyed something of what they had, while kind of making things worse himself. For everyone who ended up a bit riled up after this chapter (like I did), I promise this story won't end on an angsty tone. And I'll do my best for them to work things out. They are both just scared right now. There was no fight or anything, so nothing that can't be repaired. Yeah, the latest rambling was probably just to calm myself. Anyway... I think I'm done now.

As always, feel free to share your thoughts in the comments. <3

And for everyone who hates the angst: I'm really sorry.

68. Just keep moving

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is trying to distract himself and that isn't working too well.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Don't hate me. Don't hate me. Don't hate me. Don't hate me.

Steve studied every single letter, every harsh edge, and every strong black curve as if there was more hidden inside than just this simple request. As if the size of the writing or the angle could give him any inside of what was going on in Billy's mind rather than he didn't want Steve to hate him. But that was all there was. A simple 'Don't hate me'. Well, not that simple, Steve thought. Although, of course, he didn't hate Billy. Never had and probably never would.

But you could hate a person's actions without hating the actual person, Steve was pretty sure about that.

Steve probably did. And didn't. Fuck, why was that so complicated? Thinking of Billy, just imagining his face, those big blue eyes and his smug grin, imagining his smooth voice and how it sounded at least one octave deeper when things got more heated, all of that was enough to plant a stupid smile on Steve's face. But thinking about the fact that his lips, that lips that tasted so gorgeously like smoke and heat and comfort, have been pressed against some other mouth just earlier, kissing almost as eagerly, it made Steve want to punch another wall, even though his knuckles still pulsated in a bit of numb pain. Steve asked himself if Billy had marked Ally like he did it with Steve and he hated himself for thinking about this. For wanting to know all those painful details. If Billy ever pulled her hair. If Ally's skin felt like it was burning once he stopped touching her. If she could ever hate him.

So Billy was gone. Again.

And it was his own fault. Steve's fault. At least, this time it was. For leaving Billy here when they should have tried to work things out. But Steve didn't trust it. This silence. This blissfulness. It felt unreal because it was built just on something physical. They were both feeling good because they had given in to this urge. Because giving in was easier than doing the right thing and talk about what they both wanted. And now they couldn't trust a word that left their lips afterward. Couldn't be held accountable, too. Not after they've shared this moment and Billy had been inside him. This made everything almost as meaningless as if they've been telling lies. But comforting lies could feel so better than silence.

Billy had said that he didn't regret this. Steve tried not to think about that too much. He wouldn't remind Billy of his words if the other boy decided he didn't mean them anymore. Things would be escalating soon enough. Maybe, they've already started.

There was always tomorrow.

And now Steve was afraid of tomorrow. Because tomorrow meant to face everything. Or to back off again. Go the easy road or the hard one. Go back to friends. No friends. Lovers. Billy would most certainly not want that. Not after Steve freaked out the way he did. Sure, this had been good. Good sex. Great even. It was Billy, so of course, it was great. For Steve at least. He had no idea how Billy felt about it. Especially after what happened then. Because in some way, Steve did almost the exact same thing Billy had done many times before. He made them ignore what happened and then he left. Funny to think about it that way. Especially after being on the other side so many times, he should have known it better.

Steve let his thumb brush over the black words. They didn't smear anymore. The black was permanent. Has been there for too long. Steve wasn't sure if he trusted them or if they were meaningless, too. Left here and forgotten about, just like this book. Just like Steve had been. Interesting that he chose the book though. Could have taken one of the paper sheets while he was getting the pen. But no. Maybe Billy needed the drama. To make sure Steve would find this.

Steve threw the book on the bed, tempted to change the sheets. He felt reminded of when he tried to get rid of Billy's smell, his memory.

He felt in so many ways like he did before things went bad for the first time that it was almost physically painful, much more than just bruised knuckles or a shoulder bite. Getting rid of any signs of Billy in this room wouldn't be so easy now, that he'd left a mark on Steve that was more permanent than a bruise could ever be. So instead of changing the whole bedding, Steve just found the spots that got filthy and cleaned that up. Couldn't sleep in his own dried-up cum, couldn't he? Not that he planned on going to sleep anytime soon, even though it was getting dark outside now.

Steve walked downstairs. *Just keep moving.* People, that moved, didn't think so much, right? He really needed to be doing something right now. So he started by picking up the clothes he left and began tidying up. He didn't stop there though and even ended up vacuuming the floor later, just to keep himself busy. He stayed jumpy though and every noise from outside made him look up. He just wished to see the bright orange tip of a burning cigarette in the darkness outside of a window. In a way, he failed Billy today with making him leave, right? Steve didn't forget that his father had hit him. And because Steve freaked out, he had to go back there. Maybe he was taking a walk before. Maybe he would return later. Steve hoped that he would do that, but when he was sweaty, wiping down the countertops of the kitchen that his mom had already cleaned before she left, it was close to 11 p.m. and Steve was pretty sure Billy would not show up there here today. And Steve was pretty sure that this was his fault.

He attempted to sleep on the couch last night. Didn't want to hear his back creak in a weird way that evoked memories of his hands clenching into the sheets while Billy was pulling his hair. Too dangerous. But the couch wasn't a safe place anymore. Not after Billy had slept there just a few days ago. No matter how much Steve tried to keep his mind clear, to look at things from a distance, Billy's face kept showing up. Angry and riled up with a bruise on his face. Grinning and dangerously charming before he leaned in to kiss Steve. Blushed face and his lips wrapped around Steve's dick... Steve was turning from one side to the other, unable to find rest. But he kept telling himself that this was better than his bed. This was better. Right?

In the darkness of the living room, Steve wasn't so sure of that

anymore. His eyes were wide-open like only insomnia could make them be, staring into this big, dark nothing in the vain hope of finding some rest. He tried to change his position. Sat up. Turned around to have his head face into the other direction, just to end up right where he started after all. He noticed, that his butt felt sore, especially sitting up. Hopefully, that would be over by tomorrow.

Steve's hands were restless, too, as if all they wanted was to hold onto another body. A warm and firm body that was just made to be touched. Steve sighed. Instead one of his hands found the bite mark on his shoulder. The skin was pretty bruised there and Steve loved that a simple touch sent him back a few hours, made him feel Billy's weight on top of him, his hot breath behind his neck and then this stinging pain. He shouldn't like this as much as he did, but then, here he was, alone, why shouldn't he deny himself those simple thoughts. After all, this wasn't fantasizing. And thinking about anything they've done could never make things worse. They both knew what happened. And if that would end up being the only time they ever had sex, Steve would take care of that memory and go back there every time he needed. And he definitely needed to do so know.

Thinking of Billy in a moment before things turned bad even got him to relax a bit more. He sunk more into the firm cushion of the couch and started to calm down.

Steve's fingers trailed down his hips to find the exact spot where Billy had held him firmly. Of course, there was a bruise forming, too. It was too dark to see if it was visible but right now, Steve found comfort in being marked even if it had scared him before. He remembered the way Billy had looked at his bruise when he pulled the scarf down, too afraid to talk, but there was adoration in his look. That's when they should have talked in the first place. Before things with Ally really started.

If he could turn the time back now, Steve would. Not far and not necessarily to talk or even to stop them from sleeping together, but to ask him to stay when Billy had been behind that door. He might need more than beer and chocolate to ask to be forgiven now, even if they still both did nothing wrong. He just wished for Billy to be silently laying beside him. They just did the wrong thing at a wrong time. Steve hoped, Billy would see it like that. That he would agree on

taking a step back. Not to be strangers again, but to be able to talk about what they both wanted from now on.

Now everything Steve had to do, was to figure that out for himself.

Notes for the Chapter:

Steve has calmed down a bit now and that definitely helped. It's probably helpful to look at things from a bit of a distance and he's made some progress with that. Nancy would be very pleased with him, actually wanting to talk about things haha

Thanks again for all the lovely comments yesterday!
As always, I love to hear your thoughts on this chapter. <3

69. Find him

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve's going to school, prepared to talk with Billy.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

The next morning came like it had to after an eventful night: Full of promises and yet so normal that it felt like all the fears and questions of the time just passed were nothing more than just a weird dream, not real enough to call a memory. Steve waited so desperately for this switch in his head to turn and for himself to have all the answers he's been begging for. Instead, it was just a day like any other and the sun was shining as if it was making fun of the darkness inside of him. How could the world keep turning when he felt stuck, motionless, left behind? How could he continue with the normalcy when it felt like he had long moved on to something else?

But then, as strange and disconcerting the daily life felt, it was also the best remedy for when you're feeling broken. Not that it provided real help, but it numbed the pain and kept you busy until you could work on that later. And sunshine on a nice day made it awfully hard to brood over your feelings and contemplate, even if it was a school day and there wasn't much time to enjoy it.

When he was sitting in his car and driving to school, Steve had already been awake for a few hours. The restlessness of his evening didn't cave in at night or allow him to drift into a deep sleep. Instead, it had him waking up again and again until he decided to stand up as the sun was rising because it wasn't like continuing to doze off was actually getting him any more awake. What got him awake instead was coffee and the fear of what's about to come. Nothing could wake you up like that.

It wasn't that he was actually doing anything until he had to get ready for school. He left nothing that he could clean up anymore to keep him busy and no homework left to keep his mind occupied. In

the end that got him so anxious and unsettled that he started looking for a cigarette. It's not that he had been smoking lots since he had gotten together with Nancy but he didn't throw away whatever he had left, so he was pretty confident to make a find somewhere.

Of course, he ended up in his room that got him feeling weird all over again, looking exactly like he and Billy left it before. On his bed, there was the book with his words on top. Also, Steve saw the bottle of lube there, almost a remnant in itself. Steve forced himself to not look too closely. If he remembered correctly there had been a pack of cigarettes in the box where he was looking for the lube yesterday and it didn't take him longer than a few minutes to dig it up and carry it downstairs. He'd found a lighter earlier on so without delays that got him standing by the pool, lighting up the cigarette and just standing in the early morning sunshine for, the brows a bit furrowed because the light was slightly blinding him. Steve soon found that smoking wasn't really doing what he wished it would. Not necessarily because it didn't calm him down, but because it didn't come with Billy to share it with. Steve couldn't help but decide that every cigarette must be disappointing if it hadn't been between Billy's lips before. He still finished it, if only for the familiar taste on his tongue.

The rest of the time he'd spent thinking.

So when he drove, his mind was pretty set. He got out of the house early of course because he had no idea of what time Billy had in mind when he announced that they would talk today. Before school? After? Steve would be there, he would talk whenever Billy decided too. As to what Steve hoped to get out from this conversation, the indecisiveness of the day before was gone. If anything, Billy continuously showing up before his closed eyes and in his mind had shown him that he wanted them to be together, whether this was for the better or worse. He wanted to know what Billy was feeling and if he was feeling something that was at least a bit similar to what Steve felt, they would go on from there.

It shouldn't be so hard to tell a person you just had sex with that you liked them.

And Steve would tell him if he wanted to listen. Tell him how he felt when Billy left and tell him why he freaked out yesterday, even if he

hasn't really figured it out himself right now. But he was sure that he wasn't running away from Billy because it was as if they were tied together and something kept pulling them closer, even now and even after everything that happened yesterday. And if Billy didn't want to lose this and if he wanted things to work out then maybe they actually could.

Steve snorted and grabbed the wheel tighter until his knuckles were showing. Damn, that sounded so fucking easy in his head. Like, sure, just lay out everything that's inside your heart. Put it on display. Let him look at that and decide if he still wanted to have you. Even when he saw that you're broken because your hearts been turned into pieces once and it's still bruised up from the time you two haven't been together. It's his choice and that's what scared Steve the most. With every girl, he'd always been confident. He knew they liked him and they were easy to talk to, easy to work his charm on. With Billy things were different. The stakes were higher. There was more to lose.

Steve pulled into the parking lot as one of the first students, parking his car in a way that made it easy for him to see who was coming while he kept there, sitting and waiting.

For quite a bit of time, this was an okay thing to do and Steve stayed relaxed and pretty sure about what was going to happen. But the parking lot got fuller by the minute and now that it was crowded and Billy was still nowhere to be seen, Steve was sick of it and left the car to go inside instead. Maybe he was just late. Maybe he was skipping the first period. But no chance he was going to miss practice later, so Steve would go and talk to him then. Or at least show him that he wanted to talk. That he wouldn't run away this time.

"What happened to your knuckles?"

When Steve was browsing through the huge crowd of students during lunch to find a blue pair of eyes, Nancy had discovered his bruised-up knuckle. Good thing this was the only bruise she could see because Steve was wearing a polo and it didn't show anything deeper down his neck or on his shoulder.

"Punched a door.", Steve said mindlessly. Only the silence that

followed threw him off so he added: "By accident."

He looked over at her and saw that Jonathan didn't sit next to her? Did he leave? Did she send him away? Had he even been there in the first place? Steve frowned as he noticed how absent he had been just about now.

"How do you punch a door by accident?", Nancy asked a bit bemused.

"Accidentally?", Steve tried. "I don't know, I just moved weird and then I hit it and... I don't know. Looks worse than it is, actually."

"I would ask you if you got into a fight but you would look way worse if you did.", Nancy decided.

Steve grumbled, fighting a blush that was crawling up. He had the urge to tell her that he wasn't necessarily losing every fight and the chance of him kicking someone's ass was high enough to not have her made fun of him. But he didn't.

"Jonathan told me, that Billy acted weird yesterday. That he had a fight with Ally."

"He told me, too.", Steve said. He knew that Nancy probably knew that. He also knew that she was only telling him so he would tell her what he knew about this whole Billy and Ally thing. But right now and with Billy still nowhere to be found he would much rather not do that.

"Yes, I know.", Nancy said with a sigh. "Did you see him?"

"He showed up when Jonathan told me. Acted weird and left when I asked him to.", Steve said. He kept drumming on the tabletop with his fingers and tapping his foot. Not for the sound but because he couldn't sit still right now. Not with the topic of their conversation getting closer and closer to what Steve really wanted to avoid talking about.

"And you didn't see him afterward?"

"What do you really wanna know?", Steve asked a bit sick of this whole questioning. Maybe telling her something would get her shut

up. It wasn't like any word leaving his mouth would get Billy here any sooner.

"Your hand looks like you've been fighting. You keep staring into the distance. And everything while a certain boy is nowhere to be seen. Call me crazy for suspecting that there might be a connection somewhere...", Nancy said sarcastically and then she rolled her eyes.

"I...", Steve tried to come up with a lie that explained what happened. "We were fighting. Not physically! I would definitely look worse if we did that.", he admitted when he saw Nancy's eyes widen. "Honestly I have no idea where he is and it's freaking me out."

"Did he break up with Ally?"

"Probably."

"For you?"

"I have no idea.", Steve returned his gaze to the tabletop in front of him. "Can we not talk about this now?"

"Don't you have practice today?"

"That's what's weird.", Steve decided. "Sure, he skips school often but he always shows up for practice."

"You think this is about you?"

"I don't know. I hope it isn't.", Steve's voice got more silent.

"Things have gone pretty bad again, haven't they?" Nancy sounded compassionate and she placed a hand on his shoulder, moving a bit to calm him down.

"Pretty fucking bad.", Steve decided. Then he looked over and saw how Nancy looked at him, an awful lot like she'd looked at him during his breakdown. "Not as bad.", he clarified. "Don't worry. I just need to know if he's okay."

No reason to pull Nancy into the mess that's inside his own head right now.

"Go then.", Nancy suggested.

"What?", Steve looked at her all puzzled.

Nancy put on an encouraging smile. "Skipping practice won't hurt you. Knowing you it much rather saves you from getting hurt."

Steve snorted. "Very funny."

"I mean it, though.", Nancy reassured him. "Find him. Talk about whatever you need to talk and you'll probably both feel much better."

Damn, for someone not knowing what happened, Nancy sure had a great bit of inside into this mess of a situation.

"And if he's not here because he doesn't want to see me?"

"He can't avoid you forever. And at least then you would know for sure and stop making this face."

"What face?"

"This face. Your face.", Nancy said, trying to find the right simile. "Like a child that lost its favorite toy or that isn't allowed to have a dessert."

Steve looked at her in disbelief. "That's definitely not how I'm looking!", he said firmly.

"Pretty close.", Nancy decided with a smirk. "And stop sidetracking. Are you going to see him now?"

"And if he's not at home?"

"Go home yourself. Try again later. It's going to be fine."

Steve was ashamed about how the thought of a sudden confrontation got his heart to beat faster and his breath to go a bit erratic. As much doubt as Billy not being in school had added this whole dimension of fear to this day, of picturing whatever reason he could have to stay at home, it also made things easier in a way and allowed Steve to think about things. It allowed the time to pass by a little sooner, as it

always did when you're worried about something. In the end, no matter how long he waited, he would probably never feel confident about talking to Billy and the images of Billy looking at him in anger because he never wanted to see him again or of Billy being hurt weren't going to disappear until he found out what happened. Nancy was right at least when it came to the point that it was better to see and find out than to keep worrying.

Steve nodded. "Okay."

Notes for the Chapter:

A bit of thinking. A bit of Nancy giving some advice. I tried to work through this day and the plot a bit faster, so it doesn't feel like we're stuck too much. That doesn't mean that I'm going to fasten the overall pacing of this story, but I felt like I could have very well ended up with three chapters of Steve thinking about things in school while I'm pretty sure that would have turned out a bit repetitive.

As always, I really appreciate every comment and I love to hear your thoughts <3

70. Sick

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve has a lot of mixed feelings about seeing Billy and he's facing quite a few obstacles.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Why the fuck was he doing this again?

After Steve actually verbally agreed on going to see Billy, Nancy didn't allow any further delays. It still took more from her than just a few reassuring words to get Steve to move. In the end, she was almost physically dragging him to the school's entrance to make him go and even then it was only because she pointed out that he was making that face again and he was not in the mood on taking more criticism on that right now.

Now sneaking out of school before it actually ended, even when it was already past noon, was always at least somewhat scary. Because at least in Steve's opinion, it was at least ten times more likely to run into a teacher when you're doing something forbidden. And considering his luck, that teacher might end up being the coach and then he couldn't go anywhere.

Trying hard to avoid any unpleasant interaction, Steve kept his gaze pinned on the ground as he was walking towards his car, heart still beating a lot faster than it should. And of course, he didn't end up leaving unnoticed and pretty much stumbled right into a bunch of guys he was playing basketball with and that had been his friends some time ago.

He caught a few dismissive looks.

"Where do you think you're going?" Naturally, it had to be Josh he was running into. To say that the few weeks in which he and Billy didn't interact with each other cooled things off with him would be a

lie. His face was healed up by now, just as Steve's was, but he'd still spit out a few Nasty comments just with the difference that neither Billy nor Steve reacted on them. But especially with Billy, this guy was still having some kind of weird rivalry.

"Dentist appointment.", Steve mumbled the first thing that came to his mind. His gaze was going past those guys, already finding his car that suddenly appeared oh so distant.

One of the guys let out a snort, obviously not really believing this. Steve had to admit that this wasn't the best lie because they all were encouraged not only not to miss practice but to make sure to schedule appointments accordingly. But Steve would deal with that later and when he actually had to.

"Kind of last minute.", Steve added, to make it sound more urgent.

"You've seen Hargrove?", Josh then asked a moment later. He just looked doubtfully but at least he let go of the dentist thing for now.

"Why would I?", Steve asked, trying to sound sure of that and not have his fastly beating heart affect his voice.

"Don't know. Aren't you like talking again?" Josh was talking in that nasty tone Steve hated. He also hated that he and Billy talking in the hallway obviously was strange enough to be talked about in school.

There were a few chuckles. "Ally probably kicked his ass.", another one proposed an answer to Josh's question.

Josh grinned amused by that idea.

"I need to go.", Steve said, trying to use the missing attention to get going. And if he started walking the chance of them stopping him again was way smaller.

"Whatever..."

Steve could hear them talk and laugh, feeling like it was about him or Billy without really being able to understand any of the words. At least now he could get to his car and nothing else was in his way anymore.

He drove off the parking lot fastly but slowed down soon after until he was pretty much dragging. Leaving was one thing but he was still scared to reach his destination, thinking more than once how could just head home instead. He was afraid of what he would find, of what was waiting for him there. The day had been way too long to have a good feeling about this and it didn't get any better the closer he got to Billy's place.

Steve was unsure of what to think when he saw Billy's car parked outside. In some way his mind had been already convinced that Billy was just gone and nowhere to be found. But here it was, sitting there as if nothing had happened and nothing was wrong. In some way just like it was waiting for Steve. Steve asked himself if Billy was doing the same thing. The other thing slowly throwing him off was that Billy's car wasn't the only one being parked in front of the house. But the other car was smaller and not Neil Hargroves as far as Steve could tell. Maybe it belonged to Max' mom, Susan. Steve frowned as he noticed that he was trying to procrastinate, already sitting in his parked car way too long. Steve didn't like that there were more people there instead of just Billy. Whatever conversation they should be having was best held alone and without any listeners. And even alone it would most certainly be awkward enough. With Max' mom around it simply wouldn't work.

But pretty much sounding like Nancy's voice in the back of his head, there was something telling him that after just driving here, he couldn't just chicken out. He could at least give it a try. Show Billy that he cared and that he wouldn't keep standing on the other side of the door for longer. At least as long as Billy still wanted that.

When Steve let his gaze drift to the side to face the front door, some other doubts were rising up inside of him. In some ways going to find Billy when he obviously didn't want to see Steve was something like forcing someone into a corner. And Steve shouldn't be surprised if that backfired. Going here meant leaving Billy with nowhere to run off to. But Steve firmly told himself that he would leave if Billy wanted him to. If he looked like he didn't want to see Steve right now, Steve would be up and gone before he could actually ask him to go. But again, Nancy had a point. He would never know how Billy reacted if he didn't have the hard to do so right now.

Steve only allowed himself to sit there for a moment longer, going through the lines he'd come up with in his head. What he wanted to say. Could they really make this work? But everything sounded fake. Pathetic even. Like he had no idea what he actually wanted. So maybe he was better off just going with his instincts. At least thereby he wasn't taking too much of a risk of stuttering or messing his laid out words up. He didn't want whatever he said to sound like he learned it by heart before. He wanted Billy to know that he actually meant this and that he was sure now. Sure enough at least to take this risk. And hopefully, Billy wouldn't reject him or send him away.

Well, fuck it... Steve got out of the car and made a few steps towards the front door. He hesitated, stopping mid-movement and ran a hand through his hair. He might be better off just going home and really thinking things through, right? Or at least to wait a moment to calm down. He took a step back and sighed loudly. Damn, he owed Billy at least so much. Hopefully, he couldn't see Steve running back and forth like an idiot on his front lawn. Shaking his head, Steve approached the door for real this time, even when his heart felt like it was beating so loud, that it drowned any other noise.

Steve stood in front of the door, looking over his shoulder and to his car once more before forcing himself to take a deep breath. And then he knocked.

For a moment there was just dead silence.

Then Steve could hear Steve's coming closer and a second later there was a red-haired woman opening it, that was probably Max's mother.

"Yes?", she asked.

Steve froze. Fuck. It had taken him literally ten minutes until he gathered enough courage to walk up here and he didn't even come up with any excuse for why he was here to see Billy. What should he go with? Casual visit? School stuff?

"I, uh... Is Billy here?", Steve asked to buy himself some time.

"He's sick.", Susan said with a deep frown on her face.

"Oh... well, I brought him homework." School it was. That was good. Or at least it wasn't going to raise any suspicions.

Susan looked a bit irritated and then she started browsing Steve as if she was looking for something, the frown on her face growing even deeper. *Fuck*. Steve felt a blush crawling up. He wasn't carrying anything with him, no bag no papers and nothing that looked like whatever he said was true.

"Oh, uh... I'm just going to tell him. It's a... a task we were given.", Steve mumbled, scratching his own head and then running a hand through his hair to fix it.

Steve still had a look on her face as though Steve was a possible intruder that was going to rob her any second now. Her shoulders looked tense and her gaze kept drifting to the side as though she was looking for help.

"I don't know if he's awake." Susan sounded worried, probably hoping this was going to get Steve to leave.

"It's... I mean, it's pretty important, but I wouldn't want to be disturbing him or anything.", Steve said. He looked at her all puppy-eyed and hoped that it would make him look less threatening as though, as he might have to admit, him looking threatening had never been an issue before.

Susan sighed. "Wait a second. I'll go and take a look.", she looked over her shoulder and into the room. "What did you say was your name again?"

For a moment Steve was thinking about saying the wrong name until he figured out that there was literally no point in that. "Uh, it's Steve. Steve Harrington." He forced his face into an awkward smile that, of course, wasn't returned by her.

Billy's stepmom just nodded without any signs of approval on her face. Then she just left Steve there, right in front of the door and without any homework, he could actually be giving to Billy. Even if this interaction got him distracted pretty well, Susan going to see Billy and telling him that Steve was right here, got Steve worried all

over again. Not only about what he was going to say but for Billy. If Susan thought that he might be asleep, was he really sick? He had looked yesterday. Thinking that Billy could actually be not well was even worse for Steve than just imagining Billy faking all of this so he didn't have to see him. He just wanted Billy to be okay. Steve swallowed.

And then he could hear some coughing from inside the house and immediately Steve tensed up all over. Damn, that didn't sound healthy. What happened to him?

Susan was back a moment later, announcing: "He's awake. You can go and see him."

"Okay, thanks.", Steve nodded. He couldn't really help it that his eyes were widened in fear and by the way, Susan still looked like she didn't want to have him around, she probably noticed this as weird behavior as well.

Susan then brought him to Billy's room even as though Steve could have very well found there by himself. He looked at her, actually scary to face Billy just yet until she closed the door behind him.

Steve could hear Billy move in his bed and turned around to see a very pale and very ill-looking bed sitting up in his bed with a cigarette dangling in his mouth.

He was coughing. "Am I dreaming or is that you Harrington?"

Notes for the Chapter:

So, that got a bit longer again. I liked that chapter, but actually letting those two idiots interact with each other is already getting me nervous. They always end up messing up my plans, so yeah, let's see how that goes haha!

As always, I love hearing your thoughts in the comments <3

71. Don't hold me responsible

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy start talking but Billy isn't too well.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"Am I dreaming or is that you Harrington?"

Steve would be lying if he said he wasn't feeling the hint of a flashback when Billy said this.

"Yeah, it's me...", he answered, biting down on the remaining part of that sentence. Why make this any weirder than it had to be?

Steve was so captivated by the way Billy was staring at him with widened eyes that it took him a moment to notice the whole scene. But when he did, it almost gave him physical pain. Damn, this boy certainly wasn't faking an illness. That or he had perfected this craft. His bed was full of used tissues, the blanket pretty much pulled right up to his red nose. The rest of his face was unusually pale and he looked really tired. But with the early afternoon sun shining through the window, providing him with a golden shine he still looked almost angelic, like an oil painting of some saint he saw when Nancy made him go to a museum with her once. Steve didn't know anything about art, he just knew that he couldn't look away just yet.

Only the fact that Billy was still smoking even though he was suppressing coughs the whole time, threw Steve off. Damn, even he knew that this wasn't good when you were having a cold and you're already having a sore throat.

Steve raised both eyebrows "You shouldn't be smoking. That's no good when you're sick.", he said with worry in his gaze.

"It's not particularly good when I'm well, either.", Billy shrugged, obviously not really thinking about stopping.

Steve rolled his eyes, moved closer and before Billy could figure out what he was doing, he took the half-smoked cigarette out of Billy's mouth. He felt Billy's scandalized gaze on him when he browsed the room for an ashtray before deciding not to waste this. So he just sat down on the side of Billy's bed. Billy moved a bit to the side, making room for Steve and then he watched him taking a drag. Steve was hoping this one would calm his nerves, more than his morning cigarette was able to do.

"So you're here to steal my cigarettes?", Billy asked him a bit annoyed.

Steve rolled his eyes before he turned to look at him. "Officially, I'm here to bring you your homework.", he clarified.

Billy raised a brow. "First of all, we pretty much don't attend the same classes.", he stated. "Also you're not carrying anything with ya. You made Susan believe that shit?" He snorted but that made him cough again.

"Told her, it's a task I could just tell you.", Steve said. He was blushing a bit because of course, Billy would think about that in a second while Steve stumbled into this situation pretty much unprepared.

"What are you doing here? Shouldn't you play basketball?", Billy asked. "You know? Wearing some short shorts, getting all sweaty..." Billy's voice got deeper but then he started coughing again.

Steve smirked. Billy couldn't be that unwell as long as he could still talk shit like that. In a weird way, that calmed Steve's nerves a bit.

"Why are you sick?", Steve asked.

Billy slowly shook his head without losing the smirk on his lips. "I asked first."

Steve swallowed. "You also asked two questions.", he said.

"So you owe me two answers.", Billy's smirk slowly wore off while he watched Steve finishing off the cigarette. Then he pointed at the overflowing ashtray next to his bed.

"Think I owe you more than that.", Steve said, exhaling a bit sharply because this was slowly getting more and more terrifying. He didn't want to say the wrong thing.

"Go easy on me, will you?", Billy released a nervous chuckle. "I'm sick." As if to reassure Steve of that, he coughed again, causing Steve to tense up a bit more by the side of the bed.

"Okay. Well... You weren't in school. I came here to talk. I didn't go to practice because... fuck, you know it's hard enough to focus on shit when you're there, but when you're not I just think I'm going crazy.", he blurted out, without really thinking about how that might sound.

Billy just looked at him without change. His eyes were still widened. He still looked sick and nervous.

"I... it's just that I didn't think you would turn up here, you know?", Billy tilted his head slightly. Steve could see that he was looking at the pack of cigarettes next to him, without reaching out for it.

"Well, feels like we left things unfinished yesterday."

"Really? And I thought I even made you finish twice.", Billy bit his lips and then the smug grin was back on his face.

"Very funny.", Steve rolled his eyes. But fully biting down on a grin himself was harder than it should be. Billy just being Billy and acting like himself just had a calming effect on Steve and it was hard to feel annoyed for long. "I think it's your turn now. With answering questions."

"You want me to explain, why people get sick?", Billy asked amused. "Should have paid more attention in school then. This isn't fucking tutoring."

"I want to know why you're sick. You were fine when you left."

"Wouldn't call it fine, but sure...", there was a bitterness in Billy's voice that made Steve clench his jaw.

"Billy, I...", he started to say something when Billy interrupted him.

"Shut up. You want me to tell you or not?"

Steve nodded, afraid to actually say something.

"Whatever. I mean, I had a bit of a sore throat on Sunday already. I think running around in the woods and sitting outside in the afternoon didn't help. Also, I ended up strolling around half the night and I wasn't really dressed for that. So, add everything up: I'm an idiot and now I have a cold.", he said. "You're good with that answer?" Billy rolled his eyes as if he was fully expecting Steve to reproach him with something.

"You were... Why didn't you...", Steve started to start the sentence twice. He wanted to ask Billy, why he didn't go home. More than that he wanted to ask him why he didn't stay. In the end, both of those questions were very stupid and he shouldn't be bothering him with them any further. "Fuck. I'm sorry, Billy.", he said instead. He didn't look at Billy while he said it but he raised his gaze immediately afterward.

"Don't be. It's not like you're responsible for whatever shit I do...", Billy grumbled.

"I shouldn't have made you leave.", Steve said. Even if it was hard and he felt like he would start to tremble soon, he kept his eyes locked with Billy's.

"That's not what happened."

"It's... I fucked up yesterday, okay? And I'm sorry that you left and that you're sick and..." Steve sighed. He could have added a lot more to that list but the expression on Billy's face made him stop.

"So, you're not here to tell me to fuck off?"

Steve snorted and then he firmly shook his head.

"You sure?", Billy raised both eyebrows. "Fuck, you looked like I fucking violated you yesterday, I mean I...", he started coughing again, this time obviously because this got him a bit riled up.

"I... Fuck, I didn't mean to. I just freaked out and..." Steve noticed

that he was fidgeting with the hem of his shirt, so he stopped and forced his fingers to relax what was much harder said than done. He turned his whole body more towards Billy. "This was all me being scared, alright? It wasn't your fault."

"You don't regret that we... that we had sex?"

Steve could see that it cost Billy quite a bit of effort to actually say that out loud. It made both of them cringe a bit but Steve still continued to shake his head.

"No. I mean... Was it the smart thing to do before we talk about stuff? Probably not. Still would have done it, though.", he forced his mouth into a half-smile. This better was convincing.

"Fuck...", Billy sighed and it looked like his body lost quite a bit of tension until he needed to cough again. This time the coughing was a bit worse and Billy actually had to sit up to calm down and stop it again. Steve almost reached over to place a hand on his shoulder when they both heard a knock at the door.

Both Billy and Steve turned at the door when Susan got in. She brought two glasses of water and looked a bit irritated by the sight she was presented with. "I'm leaving. I'll make sure to get some tea before I pick up Max.", Susan said, as she gave Billy one of the glasses and before handing the other one to Steve.

Billy nodded and took a sip that would probably help him with the coughing. "Thank you, Susan."

"You're welcome. Also, you should rest."

"We'll be done in a minute.", Billy reassured her.

"Okay.", Susan left as promptly as she got there and she closed the door behind herself.

Steve turned to Billy again who looked a bit stiff. "We're not sitting to close, are we?", he worried.

"Nah. She probably doesn't care.", Billy shrugged.

Steve drank some himself and then he put his own glass and Billy's to the side, so the other boy didn't have to reach over himself.

They could both hear the chink of keys before a door fell shut and Susan had left the house, thereby leaving them alone.

Steve could almost physically feel the tension between them return. Maybe because Billy's breath next to him all of the sudden sounded ten times louder than it did before, even so much that Steve could feel that it was kind of messed up and he couldn't breathe in too deep. Also, he became hyper-aware of his own heartbeat, becoming the second loudest noise in the room after Billy's breath. He noticed Billy shifting and how his gaze kept wandering around Steve yet never really met him, while he probably thought about sinking back down in the bed again and regaining some distance between them. Where again did they get interrupted?

Without really thinking about this or maybe with thinking too much about this Steve turned around a bit more, until he was taking almost as much space of the bed as Billy was. Billy finally looked up at him, judging by the expression on his face just as unsure of what to say as Steve was.

Steve's fingers twitched a bit, while he fought the last bit of hesitation left and then he leaned in towards Billy and with Billy's eyes widening, even more, Steve stopped a second, his face just an inch or so away from the other boys and then he kissed him. It was soft, lips barely touching enough to really count as a kiss, at least in comparison to the other kisses they've exchanged. But it still made Steve immediately feel better.

"You shouldn't... You'll just get sick.", Billy mumbled. His forehead was now leaning against Steve's as if he had trouble to keep sitting upright.

"I don't care.", Steve decided and then he kissed him again. Still soft and gentle but this time for longer. This was less about the act of kissing itself and more about them touching, being close, breathing the same air and finding something that they had both believed was lost.

Maybe a minute later, maybe two, Steve felt a firm push against his chest, pressing him away a bit. Billy broke off the kiss, before turning to his side and coughing again, still sounding terribly unwell.

"Don't hold me responsible if you catch something...", Billy grumbled, his breath only slowly getting back to normal.

Steve put on a winning smile before he announced: "I never get sick."

Notes for the Chapter:

In a bit of a rush now. So yeah, probably not the smartest thing to be kissing Billy right now but then both of them never really demonstrated much of an ability to make smart decisions in this fic haha. And also let's see whether having a cold will teach Billy to button up (i think not lmao) :D

As always, I love hearing your thoughts in the comments <3

Also a disclaimer: Probably no new chapter on Saturday. I'm terribly busy this weekend, but I hope I can make it on Friday and Sunday. More details tomorrow, because I'm already late...

72. Don't worry about me.

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy continue to talk.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve put on a winning smile before he announced: "I never get sick."

Billy snorted. "Yeah, me neither." His hand moved to his own neck because obviously the snort just didn't help with a sore throat and hit him with a feeling of pain there.

"You want some water?", Steve asked, his smile leaving for a frown.

"If you're gonna play nurse, you should have gone for a different outfit, Harrington.", Billy said with a smirk, before eying the water on his bedside table.

Steve got the hint and then the water and gave it over to Billy, who took a few sips before returning it to Steve.

"I should probably leave so you can get some rest.", Steve wondered.

Billy clenched his jaw at this before he sunk back into the mattress. "I mean...", he coughed a few times. "Susan won't be back for half an hour or so. No need to rush out."

Steve nodded. "Okay."

"Fuck, I mean, I've been laying here all day, bored to death.", Billy complained. "Susan turned off my music earlier and trying to read gave me a fucking headache."

"You want me to get you some painkillers?"

"Nah, it's fine.", Billy shook his head. "Maybe just say something."

"What do you want me to say?", Steve asked, his mouth curving into a smile.

Billy's brows furrowed a bit as if he was insecure about what he was actually asking here. "I don't know. Tell me about your day or whatever...", he pressed his lips together and shifted a bit into a more comfortable position.

Steve nodded slowly, thinking about what to tell Billy. "I ran into Josh and a bunch of other assholes when I sneaked out of school.", he said. That was an easy thing to say, nothing too overwhelming or weird. Nothing to make Billy feel uncomfortable.

Billy just grunted. "Did he give you some shit or what?"

"I guess he tried.", Steve shrugged. "I told him I had a doctor's appointment. Probably didn't believe me."

"You definitely need to work on your fucking lies, Harrington. It almost hurts to just listen to them.", Billy shook his head.

"Yeah, I know.", Steve made a pout. "He asked about you, too, you know?"

"Why the hell would he ask you?", Billy asked with slightly widened eyes.

Steve sighed. "I don't know. Guess someone noticed we were talking yesterday."

Billy groaned. "Yeah. Of course, they did."

"I don't think... Well someone said that you probably got your ass kicked by Ally and that's why you were not in school. It wasn't about me and you."

"I should kick their asses for talking shit.", Billy was looking really pissed right now.

"Maybe wait a few days.", Steve suggested. "I think you're lacking a bit of the physical constitution it needs at the moment."

"Well, fuck you.", Billy rolled his eyes.

Steve couldn't help but smirk.

"Tell me something else.", Billy said. He was suppressing a few coughs again, probably because the anger got his heart rate up.

"Any requests?", Steve asked.

"Tell me what you did, after I left.", Billy said. His voice was getting lower on that one. Also, he wasn't looking at Steve anymore and held his gaze down on his hands that were fidgeting on top of the bedding.

"It's... You really want to know that?"

"What?", Billy asked sarcastically. "You don't want to tell?"

Steve sighed. "I...", he looked at his own hands and noticed the bruised knuckle. "I punched the door." He tried to make that sound funny but when he raised his hand to show Billy, the other boy took it and pulled it closer to look at the bruised up parts, carefully running his fingers over them, until Steve was hissing because Billy hit a part that hurt.

"Fuck...", Billy mumbled almost silently.

"I looked for you before I found the book. But you weren't there anymore and you didn't come back. I spend the rest of the night, tidying the house and slept on the couch." So, that was it, right? Showing exactly how fucked up Steve was after Billy left last night. That's what he wanted to hear, wasn't it?

Billy looked up at him. "You're a fucking mess, aren't you?", the way Billy said this sounded almost lovingly. At least a part of it was meant in admiration or at least affection.

Steve just exhaled and didn't know what to reply. He'd thought the same thing more than just once. It was one of the main reasons why he feared this couldn't work out. Because Steve was a mess and this thing between them was messy. And in most terms, there wasn't even so much they could do about that.

"But then I was the one strolling around angrily for half the night because I thought I finally fucked things up, so we're probably even on that.", Billy decided. Steve could see that he would start coughing again and reached over to give him the glass of water. But Billy just furiously shook his head and coughed a few times until the urge was gone. "You know that I'm sorry, right?"

"What for?", Steve asked. He really expected Billy to say something hurtful just then. That he was sorry for taking this thing between them too far. That he was sorry for what that had made of them, of what he and Steve had become. He was almost scared enough not to ask.

"I... Fuck, I show up on your freakin' doorstep in the middle of the fucking night, totally shitfaced and acting like an asshole and you still allowed me to stay, hell, you even allowed me to talk with you again. And then here I promised not to fuck things up and not to let this go to shit again. Because you wanted it like that. Easy or whatever. Never felt fucking easy, but, damn, I really aimed for that. For making the right choices. Not to run off first chance I got. I didn't want to push things before I knew what was happening but then yesterday I just snapped and you were still there and... fuck you didn't even ask twice before letting me in your car like a knight in a fucking white armor...", Billy shook his head. "Made me stay with you. Maybe we should have talked. Maybe we should have just thought about things. Like what we wanted or whatever. But I was already so riled up and you were just you and how could I not have kissed you? How could I have said no when you offered me to go to your place?" Billy's words were followed by another line of short and dry coughs. "All I'm saying is that I really meant it when I said that I wouldn't push you. That I tried to make it easy. I'm just not good. And I'm sorry for that, I guess..."

Steve had looked at him the whole time he spoke. He noticed the shift in Billy's voice from sounding confident in one part and downright broken in another. He saw how Billy's eyes kept twitching and moving around, uncertain and unsteady. He just looked uneasy during all of this and Steve would have stopped him, when he had believed Billy would have actually done that. Just because he knew that this emotional talking might not be the best thing while he was

that sick and every increase in blood pressure resulted in more coughing.

But actually hearing what Billy had said made Steve feel hurt and relief all at the same time. Because Billy shouldn't take all of that on himself, yet it meant that he cared enough to do so.

"Just say something, okay?", Billy asked.

"I... It's not your responsibility, to keep both of us from fucking things up, alright? Jesus!", Steve said.

Billy didn't look convinced and just let out another sigh before barely nodding his head.

Steve noticed that his face, after all of this talking, had become way more red than it was when Steve came here. Without really thinking about it and while remembering a time when he had been really sick himself as a kid, he leaned over and placed his palm on Billy's forehead. Billy looked a bit irritated but let Steve do it without jerking away.

"Fuck, you feel really hot.", Steve said. At least that's what he thought. It wasn't like he had any idea what he was talking about really. He took his hand away, while still looking directly at Billy.

But Billy just grinned. "Thanks.", he said. He even winked at Steve, causing the other boy's expression to shift into a smile.

"Because you have a fever.", Steve clarified.

"I still take that compliment. Can't be too picky nowadays.", Billy claimed.

"That's fine with me." Steve licked his lips.

Billy groaned audibly and then he sat up again. "So... What's the plan, Harrington?"

"What plan?", Steve raised a brow.

"Aren't you just the kinda guy that has a plan for things? I know you

said that you wanted to know what I want. And I know that I want this to keep going, but if... I just think if we don't have a plan it's not going to work out and we fuck up and I'm a bit sick of that."

"Quite literally.", Steve smirked. "I really wish I had one. I thought the plan was to talk. And this is good. Talking. Better than not doing it.", he said. "I just really thought that part would be easier."

"I know what you mean.", Billy nodded. "I never thought, I... Fuck, I really never had something like that for... before you." He swallowed. "And I try really hard not to fight that anymore."

"How about we go on from there and see what happens?" Steve's forehead was in a big frown because he was aware of how lame that sounded. But Billy still nodded.

"Just be lenient with me."

"Just get better soon, okay?", Steve asked Billy.

"I will. Can you just..." Billy didn't even need to finish his sentence because his hesitation at the end and the way he was looking at Steve's eyes at first and at his mouth then, gave the other boy an idea and even with Billy possibly being contagious and passing on some mean gems, Steve couldn't help but kiss him. Make them both feel a bit better because this conversation wasn't easy for any of them. Steve cupped Billy's cheek with his hand to hold him and he kept the kiss light so Billy could breathe enough not to end this with another cough attack. The way, Billy was leaning into him as if he was totally surrendering to Steve and everything he was giving him, made Steve feel all warm. If it were up to him, he would have just laid down there with Billy, keeping him warm, maybe just talk to him for a while until he felt better. The thought of leaving him alone here without company while he wasn't well, didn't appeal to Steve whatsoever, but Susan had been gone for a while now and it wouldn't look good if she came back and still found him here.

So Steve pulled back and looked at Billy for a moment. If he could stay, he would. "I should go, right?"

"Don't worry about me.", Billy smiled. "I'll be better in no time."

Notes for the Chapter:

I think they both made a bit of progress with that and are at a clearer position, at least when it comes to knowing what the other one is feeling without really confessing their feelings for each other verbally yet. This is not the part to jump head over heels into some kind of relationship but to admit that this is something that is possible for both of them. I'm curious where this takes them. I guess we'll find out in the following chapters, haha.

As always, I love hearing your thoughts in the comments <3

Disclaimer: Probably no Update on Saturday. Also possibly no Update tomorrow or Sunday. I aim to update, but if I don't find the time, I should be back on Monday.

73. Burnt

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve's throat feels a bit weird but that surely doesn't mean anything.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Both Steve and Billy prolonged Steve's stay with every excuse they could come up with until it was just not the reasonable thing to do anymore, at least if they didn't want to get into trouble. So Steve drove home, even when the thought of leaving Billy somewhere where he had to be sick all on his own and nobody was taking care of him, planted a big frown on Steve's face. He would have taken any excuse to stay or to take Billy with him, take care of him until he was feeling better, but there wasn't any and so both of them were meant to wait until things changed. Steve thought that it was kind of like putting whatever had developed between them on ice. They couldn't go forward or back right now. But it wasn't a full stop either. Maybe this forced separation threw Billy off just like it did with Steve and it would end up bringing them closer together anyway. Or maybe this was just Steve trying to get something out of this bitch of a situation.

When he got home, he felt a bit dizzy. He explained that with the recent turn of events and didn't really think more about it, until he later noticed, right when he was sitting on the couch and watching T.V. to have the time pass by just a little faster, that his throat started itching. Steve groaned. That's just fucking great...

Steve jumped up and felt a bit nauseous due to the sudden movement. He better fought that upcoming flu with hot drinks and vitamins and maybe he could even find something that helped in his parent's medicine cabinet. After all, he never got sick, right? Right now he felt like an idiot.

Steve wasn't a tee person. He was a hot chocolate person and that's what he started making. Also taking those fizzy tablets that contained

vitamin C won't hurt him, so he threw two of them into a large glass of cold water and drank it all up while occasionally stirring his milk to prevent it from burning or boiling over.

In his parents' medicine cabinet, Steve found a few things that could help, too. He also found a hot water bottle that could be a good idea to use. You couldn't really be getting a cold while keeping yourself nice and warm, could you? But Steve's confidence in not getting sick shrunk down with every minute passing.

Actually, this whole situation felt pretty awkward in the first place. Mainly because kissing someone that was sick was pretty much just playing with fire. And now Steve was complaining that he got burnt. On the other hand, this was pretty fast to be showing any symptoms. So maybe he picked it up yesterday. Damn, there certainly had been enough contact between them, enough exchange of body fluids to make the danger of infection very likely. Whatever. Steve much rather spent some days in bed than not to be kissing Billy. Or to not have slept with him. And in some way, it felt like Billy needed him today, just as much as Steve had needed to see him and that was nice.

About half an hour later, Steve had forced himself to drink the steaming hot cocoa. He might have burnt his tongue a bit while attempting to do that but that was mainly because he thought, the hotter the liquid that he was drinking, the more likely it was to be killing all the germs that felt like they were nesting in his throat. He was laying in bed now, sweating actually, because he was wearing a warm sweater and also he had filled up the hot water bottle and shoved it under his blanket as well. He was napping over a few times, feeling himself getting more and more sweaty and when he woke up later after the sun had set, he felt that his throat had not gotten particularly better. But his headache was gone for now. Steve went down and got himself another glass of water and a bite to eat, before going back to bed. Even after this nap he felt exhausted to some degree, but he couldn't go back to sleep just yet. He ended up grabbing Billy's book again and started reading after spending too much time just looking at Billy's writing on the front page.

It was comforting, that it still smelt like him in here. But it would be more comforting, to have him here, even though Steve's ability to be

of actual help got less existant as the time went by. Steve just hoped, he wouldn't get the coughing part, too. He hated that, especially with a hurting throat and his compassion for Billy just grew bigger, the worse he got himself.

But it was not as bad. Not as bad as Billy. At least that's what Steve kept telling himself as he was trying not to give in on his own exhaustion too much and read a bit. That would get him tired again. That book just had a calming effect that he wasn't so sure what that was about.

Around midnight, Steve had gotten up for the second time. This time not only to refill his drink but also to find some kind of painkiller. Good thing there were still some in his bathroom and he didn't need to take the stairs down. It still was a fucking ride because the first time his feet touched the cold ground, not cold by objective means of course, but in comparison to the heat in his bed, it felt like he had fallen down the stairs or something, everything was aching and every move sent pins through his bones that made him clench his jaw and almost hiss in response. He made sure not to stay up for too long and rushed back to bed after he drank something and downed some medicine, now definitely sure that he must have caught this flu yesterday because no way kissing Billy just a few hours ago could be resulting in this.

When his alarm rang on the next morning, Steve felt like he was having the worst hangover ever. The pain, that the meds had numbed last night, was back with a grim force and made every attempt to move painful. Steve tried to sit up but he finally allowed himself to sink back down and just call the day sick. No point in sitting in school and feeling miserable. All he could archive by that was infecting the other. So he stayed in bed and managed to get a few more hours of sleep before he just started laying in bed and waiting for the time to pass.

Around noon Steve not only was starving, he was also bored to death. Another thing that made him relate to Billy even more and made him crave the same kind of attention that he had been giving the other boy yesterday. Not necessarily the kissing part, although that would be pretty damn good right now. No, he was longing for company. For someone that would talk to him. He was craving this so much

actually, that he even thought of calling his parents if only to let his mom know that he was sick and he stayed at home from school today. His mom told him about the medicine he had already found himself. She advised him to get some rest as well, not that he was lacking in that department right now. But then his parents had a meeting and Steve was left standing there, a blanket wrapped around his shoulders, by now wearing two sweaters and the receiver in his hand but without anyone in the line. He even thought about calling someone else, just to hear someone talk, but everyone he knew was in school or at work and it wasn't like he could call Billy, because he probably wasn't alone and if he was, then he definitely wasn't going to pick up the phone, because he was just as sick, if not even sicker.

So Steve made himself some food and another cocoa and then he headed for the couch. He put the television on just to have something distract himself from feeling miserable. It wasn't doing much on that behalf but Steve much rather heard something else than his own breathing.

He probably felt asleep once again because when the doorbell rang later on it woke him up and almost caused him to jerk out of the bed. He then decided that opening the door with a blanket wrapped around him might not be the most grown-up thing to do. So he forced himself to face the cold and made his way there only to find himself eye to eye with a very concerned Nancy and a slightly less concerned Jonathan, whose face grew all sympathetic when he saw the suffering look on Steve.

Nancy immediately took a step forward and put a hand on Steve's forehead. "You belong to the bed, Steve Harrington.", she decided.

"And you call me to the door just to tell me that?", Steve grumbled. His voice still sounded deep and not used to talking.

Nancy tilted her head and smiled. "I thought you might have gotten in trouble yesterday."

"I didn't.", Steve said.

"Billy wasn't in school either."

"He's sick, too.", Steve said without really thinking about it.

Jonathan raised both brows while Nancy looked a bit puzzled. "And now you're sick.", she repeated.

"I... Yeah.", Steve just said blankly.

"So...", Nancy tried to start a sentence, obviously not quite sure what she actually wanted to say. "It was a good thing that you went there, right?"

Steve just tiredly nodded. "Yeah. We talked for a moment.", he said. "Sorry, Nance, I can't really focus right now..."

"Yeah, of course. Do you need anything?"

Steve actually considered asking them, to provide him with company and stay for a while but then they would only end up sick as well. "No. I just lay down and get some rest.", Steve announced. He already turned halfway. "I mean, you can stay, but you probably end up catching that shit, too."

"Resting sounds like a good idea. Just call me if you need anything, right?"

"I will.", Steve said, even if he was pretty sure he wouldn't do it.

Notes for the Chapter:

So much for never getting sick, right? Poor boy.

As always, I love hearing your thoughts in the comments <3

I wrote this yesterday on the train so that basically counts as the Friday chapter, even if I'm posting it now. I arrived at my parent's house now and I didn't have time to post yesterday. I won't write another chapter today and we'll see if I manage to get something written tomorrow. But I'll be definitely back on Monday and this won't be the last visitor on Steve's door.

74. Soup?

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve gets another visitor.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

It took him a few hours but as the afternoon continued, Steve was actually considering calling Nancy. Talk to her, ask her to come by, just anything. But of course, having a stupid cold didn't really justify being an annoying and needy mess and there was no real reason for him to call Nancy apart from him being bored. But the actual amount of time he spent thinking about that and planning excused brought him over the whole afternoon, especially on times when he wasn't napping or feeling too bad to actually think anything.

When a bit later the doorbell rang another time, Steve was really irritated by that. He questioned if he was dreaming or if this was just a manifestation of his own wishful thinking, but in the end, he got up anyway, looking forward to finding Nancy on the other side and pretty eager not to make her leave as soon this time.

The way to the door was still just as painful and Steve didn't bother to go without his blanket, so he was tightly wrapped as he pulled the door open.

"Oh shit, dude. You look awful!"

Steve blinked. He lowered his gaze a little bit, squinting his eyes as he realized who was standing there.

"No, I don't!", Steve complained, pulling his blanket a bit closer as he was facing Dustin.

Steve saw that Dustin's bike was parked behind him and that he was carrying something big inside of a plastic bag. He was wearing a mouthguard around his neck. Steve couldn't help but shake his head as he saw Dustin looking almost like a medical professional just there

in front of him.

"What are you doing here?", Steve asked, raising a brow.

"Brought you soup.", Dustin said, raising the seemingly heavy plastic bag as if that answer just was the most obvious thing and Steve was an idiot for not knowing that.

"Soup?"

"My mom made it.", Dustin said with a proud face. "Can I come in now?"

"You'll just get sick.", Steve warned.

Dustin snorted. "Don't worry, dude." With that, he pulled up the mouthguard so it was guarding his mouth and nose, hiding most of his expression from Steve. "I'm prepared!"

Steve chuckled. He just shook his head in a bit of disbelief and made a step to the side to let the boy walk in.

Dustin walked as if he'd never done anything else, carrying his bag into Steve's kitchen. The boy knew his way around here because Steve had watched him a couple of times over here when Mrs. Henderson was busy for longer. He even spent a few nights here when his mom was out of town.

The boy carried on with pulling a big and probably hot plastic container out of the bag and then opening it up while releasing a bit of steam.

Steve couldn't help but immediately feel better when he smelt this homemade chicken soup, almost unable to believe that anybody would do something like this for him.

"Where do you keep your bowls?", Dustin asked, turning around to Steve.

Instead of answering, Steve just walking past him and pulled two bowls out of a cupboard.

"When did your mom find the time to do this?", Steve asked as he gave Dustin the bowls.

"Oh, she usually keeps soup frozen for when I'm sick.", he shrugged. "She just heated it up when I told her, you're being sick all on your own here."

Dustin pulled a ladle out of a drawer and filled soup into both of the bowls. Steve wasn't sure if he would be eating with him, but he couldn't help but smile as he was sure Dustin would stay a bit.

"How do you know that?"

"Because the freezer is full of pre-cooked soup?", Dustin asked a bit irritated.

"Not that, you shithead. That I'm sick.", Steve shook his head.

"Oh!", Dustin turned around. "I was over at Mike's and Nancy mentioned it. She must have been here just before."

"Oh, yeah, she and Jonathan have been over after school.", Steve said. He saw that Dustin was attempting to carry both of those steaming hot bowls into the living room, so he walked over and took one out of his hands to lower the risk of the boy burning himself with hot soup. They managed to get the bowls over to the coffee table and then Dustin sat down on the couch next to Steve.

"So what did you do?", Dustin asked. "Did you just catch this out of nowhere?"

Steve clenched his jaw and stirred the soup with a spoon. "Didn't wear the right clothes for this weather.", he stole Billy's excuse. "Probably just caught this from someone else."

"Like Max's brother?", Dustin asked seemingly casual.

Steve choked and burnt his lip on the spoonful of soup he had been bringing to his mouth. "What?!", he asked a bit too upset.

"What?", Dustin watched him with big and curious eyes.

"Why do you think I caught this flu from Billy?", Steve asked. God, he hoped that this didn't sound too suspicious.

"No idea.", Dustin shrugged. Seriously, if that boy was acting, he was doing a damn good job. "Max said, that he'd been laying in bed since Monday night. And that he's a pain in the ass, while sick."

"Why that?"

"Her parents were on a date yesterday and he called her a lot to bring him water and food and whatnot. Max said, he probably just wanted to talk to her but when she asked him if she should stay he just was a bitch about it."

"Hey!", Steve warned, mostly because of the language and just a bit because Dustin was talking shit about Billy.

"Or an asshole. Whatever. He sent her off and called her again ten minutes later."

Steve rolled his eyes, fighting an upcoming smirk because that was just a lot like Billy. Actually, this story made him feel a lot better because at least Billy was taken care off and Max didn't just let him lay there on his own.

"How's the soup?", Dustin asked after a moment.

"Great.", Steve said without any hesitation. His mom didn't really have a lot of signature dishes and she certainly wasn't one to make stuff that took longer than half an hour to make. So if Steve was feeling unwell, he mostly ended up with a cup of hot chocolate. Of course, that wasn't bad but homemade chicken soup just had something special to it, that made you feel better no matter what the problem was. "Also, thank her from me, will you? And also thank you for coming over here."

"Don't sweat it.", Dustin said. "We all get sick. It just sucks when you're alone. I always hate it when my mom's at work and I'm home alone. It's super boring."

"I agree.", Steve said with a smile. "This morning was worse, though. The last afternoon nap really helped."

"You sure 'bout that?", Dustin asked in disbelief. "You still look like something just chewed you up and spat you out."

Steve snorted. "Thanks.", he said sarcastically.

"So did you catch this from Max's brother?"

Again, Steve was pretty much caught by surprise by that question and couldn't help it when his eyes widened.

"Dude. Steve. I swear. If you lie to me, I carry the soup right back home. I saw you and him at the car on Saturday. Talking. Smiling. All that shit. Don't tell me that didn't happen, because I saw it. And the other's saw it, too! Even Max! I thought you agreed to not meeting that asshole anymore!" There definitely was a bit of reproach in Dustin's voice that made Steve feel bad. He didn't like the fact that Dustin hated Billy and he didn't like lying. But also there was like no way he could tell that boy what was really going on. Not as long as he hadn't fully figured that out for himself.

"I... We just talked for a moment, because he just came there. We know each other from practice and he isn't as much of an asshole anymore."

"Not as much means that he still is an asshole. Max says so, too!", Dustin argued. At first, Steve had a bit of trouble taking him seriously with that stupid mask on, but he sounded as if he was really meaning it and now Steve was wearing a concerned frown.

"Max is his sister, so of course they fight. Billy is my friend, just as you are.", Steve finally explained.

Dustin just kept looking at him as if this face to face would change anything about Steve's opinion.

"But he got you sick.", Dustin said after a moment as if that was an argument to prove that Billy had a bad character.

"Not on purpose.", Steve was talking quieter now and he shook his head, as he said this. Seriously, this whole arguing thing just gave him more of a headache.

"You don't know that!"

"Sure, he got sick just to get me infected. That what you're saying?", Steve asked sarcastically.

"It's not impossible that that's what he's doing." Dustin defensively raised his hands.

"Just give that guy a break. He's probably feeling worse than I am right now."

"Why would he?", Dustin looked at him doubtfully.

"Well, for one thing, nobody brought him any of your mom's amazing soup.", Steve said, trying to cheer Dustin up.

"Because he doesn't deserve any.", Dustin just stated. "You sure you want to be his friend?"

"I am. If I change my mind, I let you know."

Dustin nodded, but he still didn't look fully convinced. "I still don't know how you ended up that sick. Last summer Lucas was having a cold and we've all been over, spending the day with him, watching tv and talking. Not even any mouthguards... Nobody caught anything and we've been in the same room for hours!"

Steve's frown grew a bit deeper. That was definitely the wrong moment to tell Dustin more about his relationship with Billy. If that boy couldn't understand why Steve would want to be friends with him, he certainly wouldn't understand why Steve would be kissing him. Certainly, after Steve had been with Nancy before.

"I don't know.", Steve just said. "Maybe we just sat too close or I haven't been getting enough vitamins beforehand and just was an easy target for those germs. I have no idea, man."

"Well, good thing it's just the flu. You should be better in a couple of days.", Dustin said, now a bit more cheerful. "Also, I'll talk to Max. Ask her what she thinks about the two of you being friends.", he announced.

"I'm not sure if I like that.", Steve grumbled.

"If you want me to like that asshole or at least to stop hating on him, you gonna have to deal with that."

Steve sighed and then he nodded. The soup was already warming him up but talking and thinking that much had him on the edge of exhaustion. So he just dropped the spoon into the bowl and leaned back on the couch, pulling the blanket a bit tighter around him.

Dustin had picked up the remote control now and unmuted the T.V. to find something that, in his words, didn't suck. Steve just let him and wondered what Dustin or the other kids would think if they knew about him and Billy.

Notes for the Chapter:

Poor Steve. Not only is he still pretty sick, Dustin's also really harsh on him for this whole being friends with Billy thing. I think it would be really important for Steve not to feel judged by Dustin (or the other kids) for his feelings for Billy. We'll see how both of them are going to handle this once the thing between him and Billy is a bit harder to hide.

As always, I'm looking forward to reading your thoughts in the comments! <3

As I already announced in the comments, there is a high risk that I won't be able to upload a chapter on Tuesday. I'll be meeting with a friend in Berlin that day and although I'm planning on writing on the train, I won't be back until pretty late and if it's like super loud there I won't get anything done in the first place. Just know that I still love writing this story, and I still love uploading every day. Just the past couple of days (and the few that are coming up now) have been pretty stressful and busy. As soon as that changes, I'll be back to my normal uploading pace and I'm really looking forward to that :)

75. Are you feeling better yet?

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is getting another unannounced visitor.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Since he had gotten sick, Steve hadn't felt as good as he did with Dustin by his side and a bowl of steaming soup in front of him. He always loved spending time with that boy, no matter how what circumstances brought them together but that he would voluntarily stay here with Steve and talk to him and watch T.V. with him meant a great deal to him.

But after seven p.m. passed, there really wasn't any way to justify that boy staying any longer. Even with Dustin complaining loud and harshly, Steve insisted that this boy better headed home before it was getting too late. After accepting his fate, Dustin sighed theatrically but he patted Steve on the back before getting up and walking towards the door. Steve followed him and wondered when Dustin didn't even go into the kitchen to pick up the still more than a half-full container of soup.

"Won't your mom want it back?", Steve asked with a frown. After she'd made as much of an effort he didn't want to anger her by keeping her kitchen utensils.

"First of all, she wants you to be better. Just drop it off when you're over the worst.", Dustin said.

"Okay. I will.", Steve promised.

"And also it like super heavy and I don't want to carry it.", Dustin shrugged.

"Sure.", Steve couldn't help but grin at Dustin. "Thanks again. For coming over. That was really nice and I really feel better now."

It really had been nice.

"Sure thing.", Dustin's smile grew wide. "Also sorry for bitching at first."

Even if Dustin had started arguing about this whole Billy thing, in the beginning, he soon switched the subject and went on to tell Steve about his day or to talk with him about the shows on Steve's television. Dustin had told him how he had managed on gaining the top score back in the Arcade earlier. He also told Steve how Lucas broke his bike while racing against Max on her skateboard and now all he did was bitching about it, even if it was already fixed now. Steve just loved listening to Dustin, no matter what topic he was talking about. He loved watching the funny faces he made and the fact that Dustin seemed to enjoy Steve's company just as much. So he could definitely overlook the fact that Dustin didn't like the idea of Steve and Billy being friends. Or at least he could do that for now.

"Don't worry 'bout it.", Steve said, accordingly.

"I hope you get well soon, man.", Dustin added. "I'll better get home before my mom worries."

Steve followed Dustin to the door. "And tell her I said thank you for the soup. Good night."

"Good night, Steve."

After saying goodnight, Steve forced himself to stand in the doorway for way too long and he watched as Dustin was riding off the driveway on his bike. Steve didn't leave until Dustin was out of his side, ringing once as another goodbye. With a smile on his lips, Steve pulled the blanket tighter. Then he sighed and he walked back inside.

And now he was alone again.

As thankful as Steve was for Dustin, that boy's company and the soup of his mom he's brought Steve, he was soon feeling alone again. And not even another bowl made him feel that much better, even though it was probably the best thing Steve had ever eaten, at least if he had

to decide on that now. It was so delicious, he had already thought about asking Mrs. Henderson for a recipe.

But more than any other thing, Steve wanted to see Billy right now. He wasn't even sure what he would do if he was granted that wish. He only needed to make sure if Billy was fine. And to be around him for a few minutes. If Billy moved to the side a bit, his narrow bed definitely provided them with enough space for Steve to lay next to him. To lean against him, hear his breath and feel the warmth of his body. But thinking about Billy always included imagining those almost violent coughs that made Steve tense up inside. Damn, he hoped, Billy was doing better right now. Steve sure was feeling a bit better. But then his cold never had him to cough and you couldn't really compare the bit of a sore throat and aching bones Steve was having with the situation of Billy a day earlier.

Even if Steve was feeling better, he still stayed at home on the following day.

After Dustin left and Steve finished eating another batch, he was back in his bed with his hot-water-bottle again, pulling his two blankets up to his nose and making himself as warm as cozy as humanly possible without having another person next to him. But damn, having Billy there would definitely have made everything so much better.

Steve definitely didn't expect another visitor though. As soon as the door rang and got him to sit up from the couch in the earlier afternoon, Steve wasn't sure if that was the postman or if maybe Nancy or Dustin were here to check on him, but he certainly didn't expect to look into yet another face.

"Max?", Steve asked, very irritated as she was standing there in front of him, her hair red and long and framing the annoyed look on her face.

"Here.", she grunted as she gave him a folded piece of paper.

"Uh...", Steve took it and looked down at his hand with a big frown.
"What's that."

"My stupid brother sent me. Just like... answer it, I suppose and I'll

be on my way.", she explained.

This didn't help with Steve's irritation. But with her mentioning Billy, Steve was definitely getting more curious and he started unfolding the piece of paper. Even after that, it was still really crumbly and the handwriting was a bit harsh to decipher. Steve was still immediately able to recognize Billy's handwriting on there, biting down on the smile that wanted to crawl onto his face.

Heard that you got sick, too. Are you feeling better yet? -B.

He wrote. Did that mean, he cares?

Steve didn't know, how Billy knew that Steve was sick, but somehow that short note still managed to make Steve feel all warm on the inside. He loved the way Billy wrote from the first time he had given him notes on his essay but having him write something on a more personal note made Steve love his writing even more.

"Answer it.", Max instructed.

Steve looked up as if Max had just pulled him back into reality with that comment. "Huh?"

"Just write an answer and I'll take it back to him.", Max leaned against the doorframe and rolled her eyes.

A bit nervous now that he was actually supposed to do something, Steve walked back inside his house to get a pen. What was he supposed to write? He couldn't really write something long after Billy hadn't written more than two sentences.

Steve put the paper down and read it once more, thinking about an answer. He finally decided to keep it just as short. He wouldn't want to raise any suspicion from another person and he couldn't really make sure that nobody else was reading this.

Yeah, I'm better. Are you? -S.

Steve didn't fold the paper when he walked back towards Max and didn't get to that part, because she pulled it out of his hand, eagerly.

"I swear if you just wrote another question...", Max sounded threatening.

"What?", Steve swallowed as if he had just been exposed.

"Well, my asshole brother might think that I have nothing better to do than delivering his stupid notes, but I do!", Max said annoyed.

"Oh, uh, wait then...", Steve said.

Max rolled her eyes and with a groan, she gave the note back to Steve. Steve pulled up the pen again and started scribbling down his phone number as well as the addition **Call me if you can.**

When Steve was looking up, he noticed that Max had been looking at his writing, obviously not caring very much for his or Billy's privacy. But Steve just overlooked that because certainly, you could ask another guy to call you on a purely casual level. She certainly wouldn't end up expecting them to be more than just friends, right.

"Just tell him to call instead.", Steve explained his writing. "My parents aren't home anyway so he won't be disturbing anyone."

"What is this even about?", Max asked, still sounding annoyed. "Dustin's been trying to talk to me about you and Billy the whole fucking day. I swear I was very close to kicking his ass... Not enough that this asshole is bothering me the whole day because he can't leave his stupid room, now I get reminded of him in school, too and even run stupid errands?!", she sounded more and more discontent the more she was telling Steve.

But at least, Dustin talking to Max explained how Billy might have gotten the information that Steve was at home and being sick.

"I... Nothing. It's about nothing, I... sorry if you get pulled into some of this."

"So, you're like being friends now?" Max raised a brow. "Well, I mean, he stopped making angry comments about you some time ago but then weren't you like not talking for quite a bit?"

"Seems like we're being friends again, yeah.", Steve confirmed.

Max looked at him for a very long and very discomfoting moment until she finally sighed. "Well, as long as you don't bother me with those stupid notes, it's fine, I guess. At least he's less angry so hanging with you must have somewhat of a good effect.", she shrugged. "And also he finally ended things with that stupid girl." Max rolled her eyes.

"Ally.", Steve said. The way he pronounced her name made it sound almost haunted.

"I don't like her.", Max decided.

"Me neither.", Steve blurted out, catching a confused look from Max immediately that made him blush a little.

"Yeah, well, I'll give him the stupid note, alright. But don't complain to me if he doesn't call."

"I won't.", Steve promised. He nodded, to confirm this even more. "Just tell him, I'll be fine in a few days. Like, back at school and all that."

"Whatever.", Max said, but Steve knew she would be delivering that to Billy. "He's a bit better, too. Also, way more annoying." She rolled her eyes.

"So, he's not coughing that much anymore?"

Max looked at him super irritated. "Have you seen him?"

"Been there on Tuesday.", Steve asked with a lower voice now. "Homework.", he then added.

Max didn't really look like she was buying it, but at least she wasn't arguing with him on that.

"Yeah, the coughing got better, too. Especially after he cut down on the smoking a bit..."

"That idiot.", Steve shook his head in disbelief while he was smiling.

"Yeah, tell me about it." Max groaned.

"You probably have to head home, right?"

"I'm supposed to be home before our parents get back, so yes, I should get going." Max made a step back and grabbed her skateboard that had been leaning against the wall of Steve's house.

"Thanks, Max.", Steve smiled at her.

"Get well soon, Steve."

With that, Max was on her way and rolling down the driveway just as Dustin had done it the night before.

Notes for the Chapter:

Steve is slowly getting better, thanks to people taking care of him. And Max definitely hopes, for her own sake, that Billy will get better soon, as well. I like the idea of Max just talking about her day and what happened to her and Billy freezing all of the sudden. "WHAT. Harrington's sick?!" And Max is already groaning and rolling her eyes, suspecting that she'd made a big mistake because Billy wouldn't shut up about this until she agrees on checking on him lmao.

As always, I love hearing your thoughts in the comments <3

Also, probably no chapter tomorrow due to my exciting Berlin travel plans. If there's an update, it will be uploaded pretty late, because I can't post, before I'm back home.

76. I would have stayed

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is waiting for a phone call, but he's not sure how he feels about it.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

As soon as Max was gone, a wave of regret was rushing over Steve that made him cringe immediately. Fuck. It was too late to get Max back here now, wasn't it?

He should have stuck with keeping it low. All Billy had done was to ask if Steve was feeling better now and what did he do in return? The phone number was too much, that's for sure. And the "Call me" was just over the top. Steve felt a blush crawling across his face. Why did he rush that much with Max watching him? He could have at least thought about this for a moment. Giving Billy his phone number literally only had two outcomes, Steve could think off. Either he was going to simply ignore it. He hadn't been asking for Steve's number so this was pretty much uncalled for, no matter whatever their history was. And if he wasn't going to ignore it, it would still be weird. Billy most definitely would find himself constrained to call Steve and that would probably be worse than rejection. Steve didn't want Billy to do anything that this boy didn't want to. If Billy was calling, Steve wanted him to actually want this. He hoped for Billy to actually want to hear Steve's voice and not find himself confronted with some kind of task because he felt like he owed Steve. Why was Steve being so stupid? Careless actually. He should know better. Know at least enough to not bring himself into situations that could potentially hurt him that much. He was just an idiot.

Steve's mind was spinning and imagining Max coming home and delivering the note to Billy, now. Billy would probably grab the note and read it and pull a face as a reaction. Maybe Max would try to explain Steve's stupidity, say that she didn't want him to engage in the conversation and that talking on the phone was actually a good

idea. But on the other hand, why would she do this? She wasn't on Steve's side or anything. Most likely she would just mention how zoned out Steve was looking when he got the note and how desperate he seemed as he asked her to remind Billy of calling him. And Billy would roll his eyes because Steve was taking things a bit too far. For they haven't even talked yet. Literally, all they have agreed on was that there was a mutual attraction in some way that wasn't just physical. But certainly, this didn't mean writing love letters, just as it didn't mean that they were compelled to talk to each other on the phone now. Billy probably didn't even like phone calls. This was just stupid and every second passing by that Steve was walking up and down in the hallway, his blanket still wrapped around his shoulders like a cape, Max got closer to home and Steve was getting equally afraid of the phone ringing and the phone not ringing since he was only seeing the worst outcome happening for both their scenarios. Like: "Listen, Harrington, I don't know what you're thinking, but if you're so desperate for some company, try calling your Mommy. I have better things to do." Steve could imagine each of those words as if Billy Hargrove was actually saying them and in the end, that had him crumbling down onto the couch, pulling the blanket tightly around him and watching some T.V. to get distracted. He would just apologize. Maybe explain the note by saying that he was sick. Of course, they didn't need to talk. And Steve definitely wouldn't admit that right now, all he wanted to hear was Billy's voice and that he didn't care if Billy sounded annoyed or angry as long as Steve could just hear him for a moment.

For a moment, Steve was able to distract himself from his worries by paying very close attention to the television in front of him. But that just caused that the sound of the ringing phone got him to jerk in surprise even more. His heart rate got up immediately. Steve thought about just closing his eyes and pretending to be asleep before he remembered, that there was nobody here he was faking this for. So should he just not pick the phone up? Steve groaned and got up with the blanket still wrapped around him. After pretty much forcing Billy to call him, it just was the decent thing to do, to pick up the phone. He would apologize and then things were good. Maybe. He would still be an idiot.

"Hello, this is Steve.", he answered.

He heard a coughing on the other end of the line and tensed up right away. "Hey, Steve."

Hearing Billy's voice had quite a few effects on Steve. For one thing, hearing the softness of his voice, the warmth, left Steve unable to keep his own frown up.

"Billy.", he just mindlessly said. "I'm really sorry, I..." Steve wanted to start, as he was interrupted by Billy's harsh voice.

"Fuck off, Max!"

Max's voice followed soon after: "Are you kidding me, you asshole?", she asked with a mixture of anger and disbelief in her tone.

"Hey!", Billy warned her.

Steve wondered if they were aware that he could hear every single one of their words.

"I just drove all the way over to Steve on my skateboard! To give him your stupid letter! So the very least thing you could do is to let me get something to eat!"

Now Steve got the idea. Billy was probably calling him from the phone in the kitchen and asking Max to get off. Steve could think of a whole lot of situations in which his mom or dad had sent him off to make an important phone call. Steve had always used the phone upstairs if he wanted to call Nancy to gain at least a decent amount of privacy. It sounded like Steve was trying to get some of that, too.

"You can.", he answered in a low voice. "In your room!"

"Dickhead!"

"Oh, fuck off, Max!"

"Well, fuck you, Billy!"

A door was slammed shut and Steve wasn't sure how he was feeling about this. It wasn't the first time they were fighting and usually, they didn't stay mad at each other for long. So this clash left Steve

half irritated and half amused.

"I'm back now. Sorry, what did you say?", Billy's voice was a bit quieter and closer to the phone now so Steve could still understand him just fine.

"You should be nicer to her.", Steve said, instead of repeating his apology from before.

"What?", Billy asked a bit bewildered.

"I mean...", Steve backed down slightly. "Probably wouldn't kill you, right?"

Billy snorted. "You don't know that. Also, we don't have a fucking phone in every goddamn room and I like to talk with a bit of privacy."

"Then try not to be that fucking loud!" That was definitely Max's voice coming from another room. Steve almost started laughing.

Billy growled. "Don't you have somewhere to be?! Like meeting your shitty nerd friends?!"

"Well, not since you won't drive me!"

"I'm sick, you punk!"

Steve couldn't help but chuckle. Then he could hear Billy cough a few times and Steve couldn't hear Max's reply on that. She probably thought it wouldn't be worth the hassle.

"What's so funny?... ", Billy mumbled. He was noticeably quieter now.

"Nothing.", Steve stopped laughing, even though there was still a smirk on his face. "And by the way, I'm standing in my cold-ass hallway with a blanket because we don't have a phone in every room here either."

Billy exhaled softly. "You shouldn't.", he said.

Steve bit down on his bottom lip. "It won't kill me, Billy.", he then

said.

"I..." Billy sounded like he wanted to start an argument but then decided against it. "So you've gotten sick.", he said instead.

"It wasn't because I was over at your place.", Steve insisted.

"What do you mean?", Billy sounded disbelieving.

"Well, I probably caught this on Monday. Or over the weekend. No way those germs reproduce that soon. I was pretty much sick as soon as I've gotten home on Tuesday. I didn't catch it from... you know?"

Steve could hear Billy sigh in what almost sounded like relief.

"Is it bad?", he then asked.

"Not as bad as yours.", Steve said truthfully.

"But... not good either."

"No.", Steve agreed. "Like, everything aches and is sore. But I'm okay. Are you?"

"I'm better than I was on Tuesday. Still a mess though.", Billy said.

"What about school?", Steve asked.

"My dad wants me to go tomorrow. He and Susan are just sick of having to drive Max in the morning."

"Shit. You shouldn't be going while you're still coughing and feeling bad."

Billy sighed again. "I don't even know. I'll be better soon, anyway. Going back a bit too early won't hurt me. Actually staying at home is the worst part."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. It's been so boring here.", Steve complained.

"What would you do, if you could get out?", Billy asked. His voice was even quieter now. Steve wasn't sure if that was still about Max.

"See you, probably.", Steve blurted out, without thinking about it. The next thing he was squinting and cringing because yet again he was going too far ahead. At least, Billy didn't sound like Steve was enforcing this phone call. Hopefully, he would just overhear that comment.

"Yeah...", Billy said. He stayed quiet for way too long and Steve almost thought he'd hung up. "I... Me too, probably."

Steve's legs almost gave in underneath him and he had to use his free hand to hold onto the wall next to the phone.

"Probably.", Steve repeated. He wasn't sure what Billy meant by that.

"I... Fuck, it's still messy, Harrington.", Billy reminded him. "Like, I really really want to... you know? See you." The latest bit was barely a whisper now. "But I also still don't know what's going on half of the time and... Fuck, I just don't know, okay? But I want to. I'm not running or anything." Billy was talking fastly, only interrupted by a few times he was coughing. Even if there was uncertainty in the words he was saying, Steve still felt himself getting all warm inside. Billy was thinking about him, wanting to see him and Steve didn't scare him away, even if he repeatedly did stupid things.

"My...", Steve thought twice before saying this before he just went with his guts. Fuck it. "My parents won't be home over the weekend."

"That an invitation?", Billy asked. There was some curiosity in his voice even if it was mixed up with caution.

"It can be.", Steve said. He was nodding, even though Billy couldn't see him.

"Okay."

"Okay, what?"

Steve could hear Billy smirk. "Okay, I'll be there. Given that we're both better by then."

"Okay.", Steve agrees. After a moment of silence, he asked: "How are you, anyway? Like right now?"

"Oh, I've been better. And worse.", Billy said jokingly.

"Wow, that tells me much."

"This is kinda good, you know? Nice. I don't even know, to be honest, but talking, talking's good." Billy was changing the subject slightly but Steve didn't mind him.

"Tell me about it.", Steve smiled. "I mean, I had a few visitors, but being sick is just so boring, it's just exhausting."

"Visitors?", Billy's voice got darker immediately.

"Oh, uh, Dustin was over yesterday and brought me some soup."

"That's one of these kids, right?"

"Yeah. I sometimes look after him if his mom has work obligations. Pick him up from school or go to his place right after. That kinda stuff.", Steve explains.

Billy snorted. "That's honestly such a you-thing to do.", Billy chuckled. "Hanging out with fucking middle schoolers like a fucking saint." He was talking in a mocking tone but there was also some admiration swinging along with it.

Steve rolled his eyes but he was still blushing and feeling a bit flattered.

"Who else was there?"

Steve wasn't sure what this questioning was about, but he didn't mind answering.

"Oh. Nancy and Jonathan were over here to see if I'm still alive."

"Of fucking course.", Billy growled. "The princess making sure you're still under her spell. She took your temperature, too?"

"Gross.", Steve pulled a face. "She wasn't there for longer than a few minutes. Probably scared to catch this shit, too."

"I would have stayed.", Billy said.

But would he really?

Steve grinned. "You're the reason I'm sick in the first place!", he pointed out jokingly. When Billy didn't laugh, Steve added: "Yeah, to be fair, I would have stayed, too. Which probably is part of the real reason for me being sick."

"The reason being that we're both idiots?", Billy asked.

"Bingo."

Notes for the Chapter:

Steve getting all upset over small things he did is such a typical anxiety thing for me so I just had to include it. Not having seen Billy for a few days and not knowing what the other one's thinking doesn't help him. But I think the both of them talking on the phone is a good thing. They're still a bit cautious, but they also definitely have gotten closer.

Comments keep me going so please share your thoughts with me.

For everyone wanting to know more about my Berlin adventures yesterday, [here](#) is the Tumblr post I have written about it. Tldr: I fucked up my hand a bit because I'm stupid but I can still write. But apart from that, the trip was well worth it and I saw a lot of great art.

77. Can I come in

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve doesn't like the ending of this phone call.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"The reason being that we're both idiots?", Billy asked.

"Bingo."

Steve could hear Billy chuckling at the other end of the line and couldn't help but fall along with it. It was just as contagious as this stupid cold although this was the only similarity of those things. If this had been all and everything Steve would be able to hear from Billy was this, a proof that he was in a good mood and that the two of them were in a good place, Steve would be fine with that. In the end, Billy started coughing again. The sound of that definitely had changed since Tuesday. It didn't sound as dry anymore and Steve was under the impression that Billy was a bit better, even if the sound of him being sick still felt awful to Steve.

Billy finally calmed down enough for the coughing to stop. Steve could hear him breathing into the telephone. If he closed his eyes right now, for the glimpse of a second he would be able to imagine that Billy was right here, right next to him. But that fantasy wasn't too convincing because Steve was still here in his hallway, freezing despite the cozy blanket around his shoulder and with a stinging pain all the way through his spine and into his head.

Billy clears his throat after a while and thereby caught Steve's attention again. "I... You know I... Fuck.", he mumbled. "I miss you, okay?"

Steve could feel his expression shift into a smile and he closed his eyes again, trying to think of Billy's face, how he looked as he said this, still talking quieter and probably looking at Max's room, unsure

if she was able to hear it.

"Say something.", Billy said, his voice a little shaky too.

"Sorry, I... I miss you, too. God, I was so happy when Max brought me your note. I just want to get better, leave this fucking house and see you.", Steve blurted out. He didn't intend on letting Billy wait for an answer so he was saying this pretty fast, almost stumbling over a few of the words.

Steve could hear Billy exhale and it sounded like he was smiling now.

"If you go to school tomorrow, I'll be there, too.", Steve added. He was nodding fast, noticing that the longer standing up and the talking exhausted him a bit.

"No.", Billy said immediately. "I mean... you should stay home. Get better." There wasn't a lot of certainty in Billy's voice as if he tried to convince himself with this just as much as he tried to convince Steve.

Steve sighed. "I won't promise anything.", he said.

Billy groaned and Steve was pretty sure he was rolling his eyes. Steve smirked in response.

"I...", Billy was starting to say something as a bit of rumbling was interrupting him. Steve could hear him making a few steps and then he was almost growling.

"What's going on?", Steve asked.

"Fuck!", Billy cursed. "That's dad and Susan. Guess, they're coming home early. Gotta go." Billy sounded just as displeased with this as Steve was feeling.

Steve himself felt his throat tightening. Of course, they've been talking for a while now, but he didn't feel like stopping just yet. He didn't want to hang up. "Okay.", he said. That was a fine answer. It sounded only a bit broken. "Get better. I'll see you soon.", he added when Billy didn't say anything.

"Yeah." Billy was still breathing a little louder. Steve was under the

impression that Billy was thinking of another thing to say. "Fuck...", he just let out.

"Billy, I..." Steve swallowed through the weird feeling in his throat. He didn't know what to say, he was just trying to hold onto something.

"I know.", Billy said. Steve wasn't sure what he was supposed to know. Because Steve certainly had no idea whatsoever. Then there was another noise. A louder one. A door was pulled open and there was more rumbling before Billy hung up.

Steve squinted his eyes closed and tried not to get affected by this enforced separation, too much. When he opened his eyes again, he slammed the receiver way too harshly into its place and it fell on the ground before Steve was able to really hang it up. Why did he feel the need to punch something again?

When Steve made a step back, he felt a bit dizzy. He probably just shouldn't get so winded up by this, but especially the fact that Billy felt the need to hang up before his dad was home, left Steve a bit afraid. Steve just needed to know what happened right now. The only thing he was sure about was that Billy's dad wasn't a good person. Whatever relationship he had with Billy wasn't at all like Billy's and Max's relationship. It wouldn't be joking or anything. Steve still couldn't fully comprehend the fact that Billy's father had hit him at least once and Steve had heard enough from Billy to hate that guy. Knowing that he would send Billy to school while he was still sick, just added to this and fueled the anger inside him.

But then Steve was really too tired to be angry for long so the only thing left was this feeling of anxiousness he really couldn't do anything about. He couldn't call Billy or contact him any other way. He yet again had to wait it out.

Steve stumbled into the kitchen and heated the remains of Mrs. Henderson's soup on his stove. While he was standing there, one hand resting on the counter to hold himself up and the other one on a cooking spoon, stirring, he looked out of the window and noticed that it had started raining. Judging by the dark clouds that were about everywhere, it would continue to do so for quite a while. With

a bowl of steaming hot soup, he then was back on the couch in front of the television and waiting for the soup to make him feel warmer and a bit stronger. Standing up for so long had really messed with his circulation and it felt like his body really needed to recover from this right now. He forced himself to eat a bit more than he actually felt like because the idea of going to school tomorrow was still present in his mind and he needed to be better if he actually wanted to do this. And he definitely wanted to see Billy so that was that.

It was dark by now even if Steve had no idea how this day had passed by. He felt like he just had gotten up. On the other hand, he was tired enough for more than just a day, so he didn't mind going to bed soon. He would just finish this show he had already seen last night and that actually managed to make him laugh for a few times and then he would try to get up the stairs. Yesterday he had to take a break midway because half-way up his vision went full black and he almost fell back down. So rushing wasn't a good idea. Also, it was still raining outside and judging by the noise those drops were creating, the rain had only gotten more.

At one point the rain from outside, hitting the big glass windows of the living room, got so loud that Steve had to turn the tv louder and still his attention always drifted back to the wind and the rain and he couldn't really focus on this show.

When he heard a loud knock the first thing he thought was that he must have fallen asleep and this was some stupid nightmare because at this time and in this weather, who would be stupid enough to be outside? Then he thought that it might just have been some piece of wood that knocked against the door until he heard it again.

With quite a lot of doubt, Steve stood up with his blanket and moved slowly and carefully towards the door. He just wanted to take a look, that's all. He wouldn't open the door far. Also, why was his bat in the car right now when he needed it?

Steve arrived at the door and almost jumped as it knocked for the third time, a bit weaker than before. Pretty sure that this wasn't a piece of wood, Steve pulled the door open and almost stumbled back with wide open eyes.

"What are you doing?", Steve asked in total disbelief being confronted with this soaked mess of a boy in front of him who would probably be having a fever soon if he wasn't already.

"Can I come in?", Billy's voice sounded terrible.

"You stupid idiot...", Steve mumbled. He pulled Billy inside and dropped his blanket just there, not caring that he was cold himself or hurting all over because he had seen the look in Billy's eyes and knew that this wasn't just a visit because Billy was missing him.

Steve cupped his face with both hands and saw that Billy was purposefully looking down, not daring to look into Steve's eyes. His face felt cold and damp and there were drops running down that almost looked like tears. Steve couldn't help and just hug his arms around Billy and just hold him, no matter if he was cold and wet and felt a bit shaky. He leaned into Steve's embrace even though he wasn't hugging him back.

"It's okay.", he said, hoping his own trembling voice sounded at least a bit calming. There was no car outside so Billy must have walked here.

Billy made a step back now, forcing Steve to let go of him. Then he wiped off the wetness from his face before he looked up at Steve. "Can I..."

"Fuck, if you think I let you go outside again... Jesus!", Steve was furiously shaking his head. "You must be freezing."

Steve looked over his shoulder to the stairs. He was starting to feel weak himself and he was definitely painfully cold now that his own clothes had gotten damp, but he needed to get Billy upstairs where he had dry clothes and towels. If he had stayed outside any longer... Steve preferred not to think about this right now.

Notes for the Chapter:

Now, going outside being that sick might not have been the smartest idea. On the other hand, the boys being together is definitely a good thing and they

both need someone that cares right now. We'll see how that goes.

As always, I really appreciate every comment! <3

78. That game of yours

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is still upset seeing Billy like that but it's getting better.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Billy didn't say anything when Steve grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him after himself and up the stairs. Steve wasn't even sure how he managed to get the two of them up there so fast and without his vision blurring or going black totally black. Must be like when mothers were all of the sudden able to lift something heavy to save their children or something like that. Like he just couldn't be weak right now. Although at the moment Steve had better things to do than to think about this. For example how to get Billy Hargrove into some dry clothes and to not have him freeze to death right here.

And Billy looked absolutely zoned out. His eyes were widened and Steve was pretty sure that he was shivering, even if he couldn't tell if it was just him being cold or if there was more to that.

"Can you... You know, just get your clothes off, alright? They're soaking. I'll get you something else to wear.", Steve mumbled. Damn, his only voice didn't sound like he hoped it to sound. Comforting. Instead, he sounded weak and anxious. He hoped that Billy didn't notice that as much as Steve was.

After Steve somehow maneuvered Billy into his room, he noticed how heavy and loudly that boy was breathing and Steve just looked at him in terror for a moment. Damn, he wanted to hug him again, but there was enough time for that in a minute and when he had dealt with all of that.

"Just... I'll get you some towels.", Steve announced. Then he turned around and stormed into the bathroom to grab as many dry towels as he could carry and get back to Billy.

"Hey.", Billy turned around to him now, his face still wet from the rain. Steve didn't react to that and he placed all of the towels on his bed. "Hey!", Billy said, louder now. "Stop it, alright? Stop running circles around me. I'm not going to die here so calm down." He sounded absolutely distressed but he also sounded eager enough with this request for Steve to just stop every movement.

"Okay." Steve nodded too fastly and it made him a bit dizzy. "Please, just... get out of the wet stuff, okay?" He tilted his head slightly and hoped, Billy would just listen for a second, because if Steve was freezing in his slightly damp clothes, there was no way, Billy was feeling comfortable in this.

Billy locked his eyes with Steve for a moment longer before he obliged and started to strip off his jacket first. He also started coughing again what made Steve tense up and squint his eyes as if it was making him feel physical pain.

Steve turned around and went to his closet to find just any piece of clothing that would fit Billy.

"Will you tell me what happened?", Steve asked. His voice was barely loud enough for himself to hear it.

"Nothing happened.", Billy immediately said. Steve knew that he lied, not only because the answer came too quickly. But weirdly at this moment, he was okay with this. There was no need to talk about this. Or to talk at all right now. "I... You know I..." Billy exhaled loudly. "You just sounded like you could need some company." Billy left breaks between the words, hesitating, estimating, unsure if that was what he really wanted to say but still continuing.

Steve looked at him in disbelief at first, before Billy's expression made him give in and he nodded slowly. "Fuck, you're right.", Steve agreed, even though he knew this wasn't the reason for Billy being here. It was a good enough reason for now. If Billy was more okay to admit that he was here because he wanted to be with Steve instead of telling him why he had to come here instead, Steve was okay with that. It still meant something, doesn't it? "You will stay, right?"

"Yeah.", Billy nodded. "I stay. Sorry for... you know?", he looked back

at the wet patches on the floor he'd been leaving with his boots and because of the rain that was still dripping off of him. "Making a mess here."

"It's alright.", Steve said. He walked closer to Billy until he was standing pretty much in front of him. "I... Let me just..." He put his hands on the soaked collar of Billy's shirt.

Steve had planned to help Billy undress, yet he found himself just standing there, holding onto the other one as if he depended on him, just to keep standing there. Billy's gaze was turned to the ground and Steve noticed how dark his lashes were, especially when they were wet like this. Billy's whole face was shiny in the light of Steve's room, almost glistening. Steve just leaned his head forward until it was resting against Billy's.

When Billy shifted a little, Steve almost expected to be pushed away. When instead, Billy put his arms around him and pulled him even closer, he unintentionally released a whining sound and hugged his arms around Billy, too. He didn't care if he was feeling cold or if the moisture was creeping through his own clothes because this was Billy and he just wanted to be close to him.

Billy was only breaking this off as he started to cough again, pulling a face afterward when he noticed Steve's concerned face.

"I'm fine, alright?", Billy said.

"I... just get out of your clothes, okay?" Steve decided that there was no point in starting an argument now.

Billy smirked. "Eager to get me out of my clothes, Harrington?"

"You're an idiot.", Steve said.

"Yeah.", Billy swallowed. He reached his hand forward and placed it on Steve's chest, making Steve really aware of the wetness of his own clothes. Billy was gripping the fabric now, almost desperately, pulling Steve close again until their lips just naturally brushed against each other. The kiss was oh so softly, there was no tongue, no teeth, just a gentle movement, almost like their lips were just resting on top of

each other.

Steve needed a moment until he was able to think straight again. But then he moved his hands to the buttons of Billy's soaking wet shirt. When this boy wouldn't get out if those clothes himself, Steve was fine with playing the helping hand. Also, he was really eager to touch him, allowing his hands to brush over Billy's bare chest as soon as he'd opened up every button. Billy shuddered underneath him, probably because Steve's hands were pretty cold right now. But he also didn't back off and leaned in instead, craving more of this and simultaneously deepening their kiss.

Steve had just laid his hands on the hem of Billy's jeans, reaching for button and zipper as Billy pulled back again and brought a hand to his mouth to cough into it.

"What?", Billy asked a bit annoyed as Steve was yet again looking at him with concern on his face.

"You look like shit.", Steve just said. He meant the fact how pale Billy looked, even though his lips and cheeks were red. Didn't look healthy whatsoever.

Billy smirked as he let his shirt fall off of his shoulders and down on the ground where his jacket was laying.

"Have you eaten anything?", Steve asked.

Billy rolled his eyes at first but shook his head soon after. "Nah.", he said. "Don't need to, though."

"I still have soup downstairs. I'll be back in a minute. Just get dried up and get in the bed, okay?"

Billy looked at Steve all motionless for a moment before he nodded.

Steve was glad that Billy wasn't fighting this because Steve knew that he wouldn't go down when Billy asked him to stay. He wouldn't do anything but stand there in the cold and kiss him, both of them getting damp if that was what Billy wanted. Steve would pretend things were fine if that's what Billy wanted them to do. Play the game. Act like everything's good for as long as they could.

But now he was walking down. He heated up the rest of the soup that was more than enough for Billy, even more than enough to share. Steve also grabbed his blanket from where he dropped it, thinking that they probably could use that tonight. Damn, Billy had just been so cold. Steve preferred not to think about what happened when he got worse. What he should do when Billy got a fever or the coughing would get more frequently.

When Steve arrived upstairs with a bowl of soup, Billy was laying in his bed and he was even wearing the shirt Steve had laid out for him, even if it looked ill-fitting on him. Steve closed the door before he carried the soup to Billy. Billy sat up and took it, pulling a face as soon as he ate the first spoonful.

"It's hot.", Steve warned with a frown.

By the look on Billy's face, he had noticed that by now. So he decided he would stir the soup for a moment longer. He turned his gaze to Steve who was still standing in front of the bed. "Thank you, Harrington."

"Steve." Steve had noticed that Billy always switched back to the last name when things got a bit too close to his liking. He usually didn't really mind him but in this moment, Steve just felt like correcting him.

"Yeah.", Billy blinked his eyes close. "Thank you, Steve."

Steve smiled. "I'm...", he ran a hand through his hair, his smile changing into uncertainty. "I mean, it's okay if you want me to..." Steve's gaze shifted towards the door he just closed.

"I swear, if you don't get your ass here, I'm gonna drag you here myself.", Billy stated.

Steve smirked. Then he nodded. A moment later he had turned off the light and was laying down next to Billy, watching him eat the steaming soup and thinking, that this didn't feel like pretending anymore. Or playing. Because having Billy here, seeing him, feeling the warmth that was radiating from his body was everything Steve had wanted for the last couple of days. Maybe longer. He just

wouldn't allow things to be bad again, now that he finally had this.

Notes for the Chapter:

This hasn't gotten as fluffy as I planned it to be, but I think it's more fitting that way. Billy is looking for shelter in a way, but it still takes effort from him to trust. But the two of them being together is definitely a good starting point to let this thing between them grow deeper.

As always, I really appreciate every comment. <3

79. Fragile

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve isn't quite sure how to feel about this moment.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

But even though this sure felt better and this was a good place to be in, Steve couldn't help but notice the surrealness of this moment. Like something must have gotten really twisted to enable both of them to be together now and this couldn't be quite right. He was sure Dustin would have a word for this. For when you make a change to the reality that wasn't really supposed to happen. But no matter the consequences, Steve was pretty sure he wouldn't want it any other way. He still felt a bit weird though, as if that moment itself was fragile, built out of thin air and couldn't only collapse but simply vanish if he made the wrong choice.

Steve shifted on top of his pillow. He had just laid down there at first, happy for the coziness of the blankets and for the soft mattress underneath him. But as he looked over and found Billy pretty much sitting upright, Steve tried anything, to better his position and get to a higher level, without giving up on any comfort. And as Steve was making faces and sliding back in his bed, to lean his head against the backrest, he really hoped that Billy didn't notice how twitchy he was and how restless his mind.

"What are you doing?", Billy asked all of the sudden. Steve stopped his every movement and looked at Billy, seeing a deep frown on the other boys face. He had almost finished his bowl of soup, basically bolting, as if he had never been that hungry before. At least that was giving Steve a bit of ease.

"Nothing.", Steve immediately said. He then shifted again, but this time only to turn his head and look at Billy.

Billy just looked at him disbelieving and blankly, his expression

enough to call out this obvious lie, before he returned his gaze to the soup in his hands and he mumbled. "God, you make me nervous. How about you tell me what's wrong?"

Steve looked at him what felt a little bit easier as long as Billy wasn't returning his gaze. He asked himself if he could get away with a slightly better lie but then decided against it and just exhaled loudly. "Feels weird.", he admitted. "Doesn't it?" Steve kept his eyes on Billy even when Billy put the spoon down and turned his head in Steve's direction.

"I mean... It's not the first time, I'm here.", Billy argued.

The real question, of course, was whether Steve would ever get used to this...

Steve swallowed and banished the thought to the back of his head where it couldn't bother him for a moment. "But the first time since...", he started, unable to finish this sentence. This was the first time they were here, together, alone, since things happened on Monday. For the better or worse, at least it felt like this meant something.

Billy sighed. Then he put the bowl on Steve's nightstand, creating a harsh sound as the pottery hit the surface. He turned around and looked at Steve, now. Then he slid down a bit so that he was really laying down now, resting on his side and the blanket pulled up to his neck. "Just weird? Or like... too weird?", he asked with a soft voice. "Because, I can go and sleep on the couch again, if you..."

"No.", Steve interrupted him. "Jesus... Not too weird. Of course not..." He shook his head. "I'm just babbling, maybe just ignore me.", he suggested. Steve turned his head to the mattress in front of him now, feeling a bit embarrassed for acting weird. It was probably just him being sick. Or this whole moment. But Steve would want Billy here anyway, no matter how uncomfortable the moment might get because he knew for a fact that it got a hundred times worse if he left.

"Steve."

Just the sound of Billy saying his name filled Steve with enough courage to look up again and meet the soft gaze of his eyes. Almost as if in trance, Steve changed his position again, resembling Billy's, so he was resting on his side now, just a few feet away from Billy.

"Yeah?", Steve asked. Almost too much time had passed for this question to be related to Billy's words, but he just couldn't let it become silent just yet.

Billy put on a smile that Steve wasn't fully sure what it was about. By the way, Billy was licking his lips, he could tell that he was about to say something, almost anxiously waiting for each word. "Can I touch you?", Billy then asked.

Steve closed his eyes and then he nodded, a smile on his own lips by now. he didn't even know why he closed his eyes, but he just wanted to take in whatever happened next. He could feel Billy slide a little closer to him. The sound and the movement of the other boy left Steve's whole body waiting for something, he wasn't so sure about, yet. He was anticipating a touch, while he felt this warmth and presence. It was as if he was vibrating or humming because Billy had found just the right tune to make him react like that. But Billy just stopped and stayed, without reaching out to Steve until finally, Steve couldn't take it any longer and he opened his eyes to look at Billy.

Billy was laying very close to Steve now, a lot closer, actually, than he had expected him to be. But it wasn't intimidating. Steve didn't back off. The way Billy's focus seemed to lay only on him just made it impossible for Steve, to look anywhere else but into those deep blue eyes. Steve's body was still needy, to feel Billy. Anything would be enough, really. A touch of his hands, his lips, harsh or gentle. Steve would just take everything Billy was willing to give him. He wanted to ask Billy, why he didn't do anything. Why he had asked for permission and now wasn't acting on it. But then, Steve really didn't want to do anything to fuck up this moment that already felt like it was fading. Just built up on anticipation and need and maybe hope even, how long could it stay? Steve didn't even know what this mixture of feeling inside of him was right now. He just knew that looking at Billy felt right and being here with him felt good, no matter if that sounded super cheesy to him. That didn't make it any less true.

If someone had told Steve about this moment a week ago, that this was about to happen and Steve would be laying here with Billy, in his bed, comfortable even, Steve wouldn't have believed him. Or at least the sane and logical part of his brain wouldn't have. Steve would have called bullshit but secretly he would have kept this fantasy dear to him. Fuck... A week ago, Steve was convinced he had seen the last of Billy Hargrove. That he had touched him for the last time. He was sure of that. But how sure could he even have been if this was how things changed and being here with Billy was his reality right now?

"What are you thinking about?"

Steve was sure that Billy knew about the fragility of this moment because his voice was barely a whisper.

Steve pressed his lips together, unsure if by saying the truth he could accidentally jinx it. "This.", he then brought out.

"Doubts?", Billy raised a brow.

Steve smirked. "Always.", he admitted. "But it's not like they mean anything."

"Good." A smile returned to Billy's face. "I guess, I'm slowly losing all of mine.", he mumbled. "The longer I just look at you."

Steve bit his bottom lip. "Probably just a fever.", he joked.

Billy grinned and shook his head before he reached out with his hand to touch the side of Steve's face and also let his fingers hold the back of Steve's neck. Steve noticed the little jump of his own heart at the sudden touch, just a reaction to the warmth of Billy's skin and the softness of his movements. Billy then used that grip to pull himself closer and finally to kiss Steve.

The kiss was breathy and close and everything they should have done the minute Billy was standing in front of Steve's door. Steve didn't hesitate to pull himself closer to Billy and to overcome the gap between them. He used his arms and legs to hold onto the other body and in a way get as much out of this as he possibly could. More

warmth, more of Billy's scent, just more of him.

"I don't know if I'll be ever able to stop this...", Billy worried. He was resting his forehead against Steve's now, still holding him close but giving them both a bit of time to catch their breaths.

"Just don't.", Steve suggested. "Don't stop." He was talking more quietly again.

"You make it sound so easy." Billy was stroking over the side of Steve's face now, moving so gentle as if he was afraid he could break him.

"Maybe it can be easy.", Steve shrugged and closed his eyes as Billy continued to let his hand wander over the other boy's face.

And then Billy's lips found Steve's again. Steve was glad they did, glad about the fact that they weren't talking. It might be his own sickness talking right now or the fact that with Billy so close he couldn't think straight, but this wasn't a moment to talk. This was just them being together and they shouldn't overthink it, at least as long as they could.

Billy was only pulling back as he was reasonably out of breath and trying to calm himself down before he would end up coughing again. Steve just thought that they should probably try and get some sleep because Billy still looked terrible, even if he was feeling a lot warmer now.

"Sleep?", he suggested.

"Not my first choice.", Billy smirked, but he reached over to turn the light off there. "But yeah, sounds like a plan.

Steve thought about moving closer to Billy, maybe even leaning against him but then he just reached over until his hand found Billy's. He hesitated and just left his hand there next to Billy's, fully surprised when the other one just reached over and entangled their fingers.

"What are you going to do?", Steve asked into the darkness. "Tomorrow morning, I mean. Are you staying? Or driving Max to school, or...?"

Steve could immediately feel Billy's hand tense up in his. "I...", Billy swallowed.

"Stay then.", Steve proposed.

"Steve...", Billy said, barely creating a sound. "You have no idea what you're talking about."

But how could he?

This felt distant again. Steve wondered if they had gotten too close to Billy and things he didn't want to share again. "I feel better as long as you're here.", Steve just said. That was the right thing to say, wasn't it? To give the impression that it was Steve who needed him and not the other way round. And it wasn't even a lie because Steve needed him here anyway.

Billy loosened up a little and Steve could feel his fingers move on the palm of Steve's hand again. "Fuck...", he mumbled. "I know."

Notes for the Chapter:

A bit angsty, a bit fluffy, just two boys holding hands in bed, both afraid to break something. I have a lot of feelings about those two *sigh*

I love hearing your thoughts on this chapter in the comments <3

80. Filthy

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve is waking up next to Billy but damn, why does he feel so hot?

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve wasn't sure if he was sleeping better or worse now and with Billy here. But he was able to notice the difference to the nights before and if only by the fact that he was clearly feeling better now. He wasn't sleeping too deep though, always waking up when Billy started to cough louder or when he needed to sit up to catch his breath. It wasn't annoying Steve or anything like that, but it always left him worrying and he couldn't get back to sleep immediately after, often times left with no idea about what to do or how to possibly help Billy. At some point, Steve sneaked out of the warm bed to walk into the bathroom and get a glass of water because he felt like Billy could use that. Billy just looked at him and the glass all languid and tired, but he took it anyway and drank something before he sighingly closed his eyes again.

As he got back under the sheets, Steve moved closer to Billy, positioning himself behind the other boy as a big spoon and hugging an arm around his warm body that still felt like it was shivering slightly. Steve asked himself if Billy got the chills and fever or if he was just weakened by not being able to sleep for more than a few hours before the coughing was waking him up again.

"Thank you...", Billy mumbled. Steve had no idea if he was talking about the water or the cuddling or anything else, but it didn't really matter, did it? Because Billy felt so warm and cozy in front of him and now all Steve wanted to do was to bury his face at the nape of Billy's neck and drift back to sleep, basically slung onto the other keeping himself and Billy warm.

Billy eased into the touches soonly and at least Steve got the feeling

that his breath calmed down slightly and was going a bit easier. But maybe he was just sugarcoating a slightly fucked up situation, hoping Billy wouldn't end up coughing again.

When Steve woke up at the next morning he felt like he was drenched in sweat and he wasn't sure what was going on. His hair was sticking to his forehead and his shirt felt moist and sticky at his back. He felt slightly better than the day before, even though there was still some achiness left, especially in his back and around his temples, that the heat of the night hadn't been able to cure just yet. But Steve was still holding onto Billy and even if right now this felt like being too close to the sun, Steve just couldn't pull away. Instead, he trailed along the parts of Billy's skin he could reach, planting open-mouthed kisses on his neck and shoulders.

Steve could hear Billy breathe in harshly now, causing him to stop the movement and the touches of his mouth. But then Billy just moaned and pressed his hips back to meet Steve's what all of the sudden had him wide awake, blinking his eyes open and feeling that he was getting hard, pressed flush against the backside of Billy.

"Feels like I'm dreaming...", Billy said huskily.

Steve tried to keep his focus and not to think too closely about the warmth of Billy's hips and how it just felt so perfectly on top of him.

He cleared his throat. "So... Did you get some rest?", he asked. That was what really mattered, right? Steve was pretty sure Billy must have slept through the night since Steve had stood up to get the glass of water but he couldn't really be sure.

"Honestly?", Billy asked as he sighted comfortably. "Most mornings have been worse than the day before but I'm good now. Definitely better than yesterday."

"That's good.", Steve agreed. He couldn't help but pull himself even closer to Billy until the other one started to chuckle lowly.

Steve got an idea about what that was about as Billy pressed his hips back a little firmer and also moved his butt, thereby causing a moan to escape from Steve's throat. "You're getting hard, aren't you?", Billy

sounded amused but also not solely mocking.

"Mhm...", Steve felt a blush crawl up his face as he was heavily breathing against Billy's neck. This shouldn't feel so good. "Yeah, sorry..." At this point, he was only mumbling, not even sure if Billy was encouraging him or making fun of him or doing both.

Billy snorted. "Why? Fuck... Just...", he ground back once more, causing Steve to let out an almost guttural groan.

"What?", Steve asked.

"Move or something. Fuck, that's hot...", Billy said, his voice definitely sounding heated up as if he was encouraging Steve this time.

Steve certainly didn't have to be told twice. He placed his hand on the side of Billy's hips, to keep it in place better, as he kept thrusting against him, both of them still clothed but feeling enough of this to have them both panting within a minute. Steve's own movements and Billy's as a counterpart of that, soon creating that delicious friction that made Steve's mind go almost blank, chasing after it for more.

It took him a moment to figure out what Billy wanted when he grabbed Steve's hand and moved it around himself until Steve could feel Billy's dick firm and needy through the soft fabric of Steve's sweats he was wearing. Steve couldn't help but smirk as he felt how hard that boy was, throbbing underneath Steve's touch.

"God, this shouldn't feel so good...", Billy let out.

Steve kissed his neck again and licked the spot when he pulled his hand away just to reach inside of Billy's pants and fisting his dick, Steve's hands immediately wet enough from all the precum. Steve had never jerked another guy off before but then since he already let Billy fuck him this shouldn't be too big of a step. It definitely didn't feel super weird and Steve had an idea about what felt good and what didn't, further motivated by all those sweet sounds and noises he was educing from Billy.

Billy groaned and bucked up into his hand and Steve met his

movement with his own hips, both boys almost frantically by now, definitely unable to come up with a sane sentence as they released nothing but moans and groans and even got the bed to squeak underneath them in response.

Steve could feel drops of sweat run down his forehead and his neck to pool up and make him feel even dirtier than he did before and while he was only grinding against Billy's firm and warm ass.

Steve came first and Billy made sure to buck back at him, to provide him with more than enough friction and drive him over the edge, and have him spill his load into his pants. After that, still panting and breathing heavily, Steve focussed on jerking Billy off, what didn't take much longer after all. Billy gasped and groaned while Steve milked him through his climax. Billy meanwhile reached back behind himself to stroke over the side of Steve's face almost caressingly and giving this highly sensual and downright animalistic moment they just shared something sweet in return.

"You're so sweaty.", Billy chuckled, his fingers brushing through Steve's wet hairline.

"Yeah, because it's fucking hot in here.", Steve said, slowly losing his grip on Billy's dick and wiping the cum off on his own pants because they were ruined already.

"So fucking hot.", Billy agreed with a broad grin.

He turned around now and Steve actually enjoyed seeing a bit of color on his face that wasn't just caused by sickness.

"Fuck...", Billy leaned forward and kissed Steve, open-mouthed and with a lot of tongue. Steve closed his eyes and enjoyed every wet sound their mouths were creating. God, this was almost obscene, both of them moving so lazily and still in postcoital blissfulness. "That really gave me some ideas.", Billy announced.

"Yeah?", Steve asked curiously.

"Yeah.", Billy confirmed with a smug grin on his face. "Once we're both feeling better, I mean..."

Steve nodded. "Oh, I'm down for that."

"Good." Billy kissed Steve's neck and it took him a while to notice that Billy was browsing his skin for the biting mark he'd left there a few days ago. Steve helped by pulling down the collar of his shirt and revealing the bruised up part of his skin, of which he knew exactly where it was.

"Ouch...", Billy said at the sight, before playfully licking it. "That hurt?"

"No.", Steve shook his head, closing his eyes as Billy paid more attention to the surrounding skin, blowing hot onto wet patches he'd just left there or just licking and kissing and thereby teasing Steve.

"You like that, huh?", Billy asked.

Steve just nodded, he didn't even need to think twice. If it were for him, Billy could cover him all over in bruises and marks, but they really couldn't do that, could they?

Billy let his hand wander down the side of Steve, now palming his dick through his pants, that was already getting hard again from all the attention his bite mark was getting. Steve squinted his eyes, at first awkwardly aware of his own cum that was still there but then the pleasure created by Billy's touches started to wear in on that.

"So filthy...", Billy mumbled, now allowing his hands to reach into Steve's pants. Steve jerked a little, almost wanting to get back because he felt like he should get cleaned first, but Billy didn't seem to mind. "You're so big.", Billy purred. "I could barely fit you in my mouth."

Steve groaned. That was so dirty and he probably shouldn't react the way he did and stop thrusting into Billy's hand. He couldn't believe he was almost fully hard again. Also, spending the morning just fucking around was probably not the smartest choice if they wanted to get better. But then anything that kept Billy nice and warm and out of the cold couldn't be that bad, right?

"What are you doing?", Steve asked moaningly. "Trying to figure out

how many times I will come in my pants?"

Billy chuckled. "Would you prefer coming somewhere else?", he asked with a mocking tone. "My face? My ass?"

Steve could feel his own dick twitch in response and by the growing smirk on Billy's face, he didn't miss that either.

"Fuck, just give me a few days, until I don't get dizzy every time I stand up...", Billy's voice got even lower than before.

"Yeah, okay...", Steve whined.

Billy hadn't stopped the movements of his fingers, now gripping a little firmer, encouraged by Steve's facial expression that was slowly falling apart. Billy pushed Steve's pants down a little more to get a better angle at his grip, locking his eyes with Steve at least when his eyes weren't rolling back or he had to close them for a moment, overwhelmed by the sensation. But Steve really tried to keep the eye contact, feeling even closer to Billy now, as he was looking at him, still not really believing that this was the reality now and Billy Hargrove was laying in his bed, jerking him off and...

"Ah!", Steve didn't last very long this time, either. He was pretty sure it was because of his sight but then he was just left panting, his head resting against Billy's and not in a position to analyze things yet.

"We can probably both use a shower...", Billy mumbled after a while, his lips ghosting on top of Steve's. "You think you have room for two in there?"

"Maybe.", Steve thought before a grin crept up his lips. "You really think you can do that, Hargrove? Stand up that long without feeling dizzy?", he teased.

"Fuck off!", Billy laughed, playfully pushing against Steve's shoulder.

Steve just leaned closer and kissed Billy again, both of them still grinning and the kiss a little too firm and too hasty, almost like being in a fight. Neither of them minded the sweat or the cum, the mess they've created because for a moment things were good and they were happy.

Notes for the Chapter:

Yeah, I don't know how that chapter happened but as soon as Billy pressed back his hips, I think we were just up for unplanned smut. I mean, it's not like they don't deserve it, so let them have a piece of happiness, I guess haha :D

As always, I love hearing your thoughts on that in the comments. <3

81. Intimate

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy taking their sweet time before actually getting in the shower.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"So... shower?"

"Yeah.", Billy nodded, even though he sounded way too comfortable to move just now. "You know what?", he mumbled after a moment, with Steve looking at him now.

"What?", Steve asked.

"I'm glad I'm here. Walking through the rain and all? Totally worth it."

Steve's face softened. "You're an idiot. That was so stupid."

"The stupid thing was to not show up here earlier.", Billy decided. "If I had known you're sick, I might have..."

"Next time I'll make sure to let you know.", Steve said jokingly.

"I mean, you came over.", Billy said. He was closing his eyes again, breathing a little deeper now. Steve watched how his nostrils flared and couldn't help but think that even that sick and unshowered and with the worst bed head, he still looked so good, Steve wouldn't dare to look away and miss a second.

"Yeah, I did.", Steve agreed.

"I didn't think you would.", Billy said, the corners of his mouth curving upward. But then he blinked one eye open and looked over at Steve. "You watching me?"

"No?", Steve tried to turn his gaze away and not to blush, knowing how stupid this was, because why would he blush for looking at Billy when they had literally jerked each other off moments ago, with the evidence of that still there.

Billy snorted amusedly. "Come on, now!", Billy shook his head as he sat up releasing a groan. Steve watched him wiping his eyes with the back of his hand and then stretching, not without releasing another line of groans.

Steve did the same and tried to sit up without his vision blurring from the sudden movement. Watching the sheets and the bedding, Steve decided he should change that later because it was downright disgusting. Looking at his clothes, the same applied to those. Steve squinted his nose.

"Shower and then I make hot chocolate or tea or something?"

"If we keep talking about it, rather than doing it, that's never going to happen.", Billy smirked.

"Yeah, you're right." Steve pulled the blanket further back, trying to ignore the cold feeling that was spreading on his skin. He moved over to get out of his bed and held onto something to keep his balance.

"You alright?"

As Steve looked over his shoulder he saw that Billy watched him with a worried gaze. "Hopefully.", he said jokingly even though it came out slightly pathetic.

Billy started working his way out of Steve's bed now, too, releasing a few hisses, as he was confronted with the cold. He also rubbed his temples and squinted his eyes what made Steve suspect he might have a headache.

Both boys now made their way into the bathroom, more stumbling than walking anyways. Steve let the bathroom door fall shut behind him and noticed that Billy was standing there a little awkward, in front of Steve's mirror.

"You're good, right?", Steve asked. The expression on Billy's face

concerned him slightly.

"Yeah.", Billy forced a smile on his face. "It's just this place, I guess."

"Don't worry, though.", Steve shrugged. "We're both too sick to actually run off this time."

Billy smirked. He walked closer to Steve again and stopped just right before him. "So, you're stuck with me, huh?"

Steve reached out with his hand and cupped Billy's face. Billy pushed forward, Steve's hand sliding behind his neck, as Billy kissed him harshly. "No need to pet me...", Billy growled.

"Oh shut up...", Steve mumbled, pushing back now, even if he felt a bit weak. This felt good. Billy was warm and hard and rough in front of him, teeth biting into Steve's lips, teasingly and forcefully. A moan escaped Steve's lips and he could taste just the faintest hint of blood.

Billy's hand wandered under his shirt now, warm hands reaching for Steve's belly, his chest and feeling him up there, squeezing and pushing and pulling and touching. Steve almost wanted Billy to go harder, even though his body still ached and every harsher touch felt like it was going to leave a bruise there.

One of Steve's hands was still on Billy's neck, partially left there to support himself and hold the other boy close. His other hand, he just used everywhere else. Press against Billy's chest, stroke his cheek or reach over his back. Both Steve and Billy were constantly moving, as if chasing after the unlikely possibility they left yet another part of each other untouched, while both their breaths had already started to go faster and they had only eyes for each other. Steve wanted to push Billy, maybe have him lean against the sink to get a better angle at this and gain the upper hand, but instead, Billy came forward and had Steve pinned up against the door, arms around Steve's head now and caging him as he looked at Steve with a lewd grin.

"Fuck...", Steve let out, as his chest raised and sank, his whole body ready for anything Billy would give him.

"I have no idea what it is about you.", Billy mumbled. Then he leaned

forward again, now licking his way into Steve's mouth, the other one indulgently opened. As Billy kissed and licked and teased his way to Steve's jaw, Steve immediately leaned his head back, offering more of his pale throat, unprotected and vulnerable, for Billy to kiss him wet and roughly, surely leaving his marks on tender skin.

Billy was the first one to start reaching for their clothes that, wasn't of any use anyway. He pulled on Steve's shirt, demanding, until Steve moved accordingly and enabled Billy to pull it over his head, thereby freeing Steve's chest.

Steve noticed how Billy's eyes grew bigger as he saw Steve in front of him, all barechested and he was immediately on him, yet again pressing Steve against the door. Steve was gasping, not only because the wooden door felt ice cold behind his naked back but only because Billy found his collar bones and his nipples, licking and teasing both of them until Steve was literally shuddering, close to releasing a whine because all of this felt like too much and not enough at the same time.

Billy noticed and with an even bigger smirk, he made a step back, leaving Steve right there at the door, desperate for more touches. Then he started undressing. Steve hadn't even paid too close attention to what Billy was wearing until now. It was an older shirt of himself and some pair of sweatpants he never used because they weren't quite his size. Billy wearing his clothes. Steve couldn't help but smile. His smile wore off and turned into a longing gaze when Billy stripped the shirt off, revealing his tan and muscular chest, Steve couldn't help but stare at. He wanted to touch it, too, but right now Steve feared that every movement could turn this moment to collapse so he stayed right there, panting and gasping, leaning against the door and watching as Billy pulled Steve's pants off, too. Damn.

Steve swallowed. He felt a bit dizzy, too, hoping it was only from him being horny while he knew that it wasn't and they probably shouldn't be turning all of this into such a show. They needed to shower and they needed to get more rest and not set a record on how many times they were able to get each other off in one morning. Yet all of these words of sanity felt meaningless as Steve looked at Billy, wearing nothing now and sporting an impressive hard-on. If Steve felt stronger right now, he would have gotten down to his knees, trying

to take it in all the way, even though he highly doubted it would even fit. He would lean against the sink and have Billy fuck him again, but Billy didn't look like this standing up and messing around was very reasonable at the state he was in, either. So everything Steve did was to pull off his own pants, swallow down on his own fantasies for a second and step into the shower at first. And damn, he certainly needed that, his own chest was glistening with more than just sweat. Billy was right behind him, one hand on Steve's shoulder for support, his mouth ghosting over the back of Steve's neck and sending shivers all through his body.

As Steve turned on the water and it started out being way too cold, Billy was basically getting so close, he might as well be crawling into Steve's sin, cursing under his breath and trying to use Steve as a shield to protect himself.

"Fuck! You trying to kill me?!", Billy let out, only slowly relaxing as the water reached a hotter temperature.

Steve smirked. Sure, the cold water had felt almost painful the second before but he was used to it. He turned around to look at Billy, that alone being a hard enough task in such a limited space and he had to hold onto the cold and wet tiles surrounding them, to not fall down or anything.

"That hot chocolate you were talking about earlier...", Billy started mumbling, his voice more on the quiet side now.

"What about it?", Steve asked, trying to catch Billy's breath.

"I dunno. But sounds really fucking nice right now.", Billy was pulling a face at first but it was mixing up with a smile full enough and Steve couldn't help but lean in and kiss him.

This was fine. Kind of nice actually. It didn't need to be rough all of the time and this showering together surely wasn't. They were holding onto each other and slowly kissing. Steve got them some soap, just to get them reasonably cleaned up and Billy helped him, washing Steve's chest and reaching over to get his back as Steve was returning the favor. Steve tried not to overthink all of this and just go along because sure, this felt really intimate if you actually thought

about this, maybe more so than it would have been if things were getting heated up in here instead. But meaningful or not meaningful was a matter to be discussed another time when they weren't close to trembling down because they felt so weak and Steve wouldn't notice Billy trying to suppress his urge to cough. More than enough time to think over things then, so he could very well enjoy Billy stroking over his back with soapy hands, almost like kneading his flesh there, as the hot water was raining down on them.

As they stepped out of the shower, Steve felt clean but tired. He gave a towel over to Billy before using one himself and for a moment, they were both just standing there, trying to catch themselves, Billy with both arms holding onto the edge of the sink and thereby supporting a bit of his weight and Steve close to him, leaning against a wall.

"You wanna try to change the bedding together?", Billy suggested, after a moment.

Steve smiled. "Nah. The couch is big enough."

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm pretty late today. Having to work again after a week of vacation has fucked up my rhythm a bit, but I should have that figured out in a couple of days.

As for the chapter, they both needed to slow down a little right now, not only because they are both still pretty sick. It's also probably not the best way to figure out things between them by just boning all the time, but yeah, we'll get to that part later lol. Also, once they regained some stamina and are back to their former constitution, there certainly will be another opportunity for sharing the shower ;)

As always, I love reading your comments, so please share your thoughts if you find the time <3

82. Breakfast

Summary for the Chapter:

Just two boys preparing breakfast.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve pulled out some pajama bottoms and another bigger shirt from his closet to hand them to Billy before he got dressed in something comfortable himself. Seeing Billy without his usual style was still a bit weird but somehow Steve liked that boy in his own clothing because it somehow felt like a connection.

He shook his head and pulled his shirt down, trying to get a few of those wrinkles out. He noticed that Billy's clothes were still laying there on his floor, soaked from the rain.

"Do you... How about I throw them in the washing machine? Will be clean and dry tonight or tomorrow at the latest.", he asked.

"You could just hang them.", Billy shrugged.

"I should be washing some of my stuff anyway so it isn't much of an effort."

Billy looked at him for a moment and Steve felt like he was searching for hidden traps. But somehow Steve seemed to have won this test because Billy then nodded. "Fine.", he said. "Guess, I stay for a while anyway."

Steve smiled. "If you want to... you know... get out earlier, you can always borrow like a shirt and pants."

"Yeah, no way.", Billy snorted. "I mean, I'm fine wearing your preppy stuff here, but wild horses couldn't drag me outside."

Steve tilted his head and rolled his eyes. "They're not preppy."

"No?", Billy looked down until he found the emblem of a fancy and expensive brand, showing it off to Steve. "And apart from that, my dad won't be happy if I show up wearing another guy's clothes."

Steve tensed. What would his father think about Steve giving his clothes to Billy? About Steve letting Billy sleep in his bed? About Steve kissing Billy? Steve tried to shake that thought off but he felt a blush crawling up on his face.

"Shit. Did I say something wrong?", Billy worried. "Fine! Whatever. So they're not preppy. I'm still not wearing them outside, alright?"

Steve still looked a bit puzzled and Billy understood that this wasn't about the preppy clothes comment, so he got closer to Steve and placed a hand under the other boy's chin, positioning his face so that Billy could look at him. "What's wrong?", he asked. His voice made him sound strict but Steve could hear worries swinging along.

"Nothing.", Steve swallowed, trying to avoid looking directly into Billy's eyes because he knew he would be completely and utterly at his mercy then, with no chance of not talking about this.

The touch of Billy's hand around Steve's jaw got a little tighter and his face moved slightly closer. "Don't make me ask again."

Steve looked down now and exhaled audibly. "Nothing.", he said a little firmer. "Just thought about my dad."

Billy's grip softened a little but he didn't let go of Steve just yet. "What about him?"

Steve looked at Billy now, giving up his defenses because they were pointless anyway. "Just that... if he knew that... I don't think, he...", he tried to find words but was unable to say whatever was going through his head.

Billy sighed. "I know.", he just said. Steve knew that this was about Billy's dad, too. Whatever happened here, whatever had happened, couldn't be told anyone and Steve already felt bad for talking with Nancy so much. Because even though she might be understanding, it wasn't like... some guys could just be together or anything. That just

wasn't going to work. Not in a town like that anyway, where you could earn a weird look or even a punch for way less serious things. Coming out as gay or bisexual... that just wasn't something that could happen here. "Let's go downstairs. Not think about this.", Billy suggested.

Steve was easily convinced by that. Worrying gave him a headache and he could use laying on the couch covered in a bunch of blankets right now because this house was still freezing.

Billy let go of Steve's jaw and a moment later and after Steve had turned on the washing machine, they were both walking down the stairs, this strange silence between them, probably because they were both playing out scenarios in their heads. At least Steve was. He knew how these assholes in school were, calling others a fag or a fairy or whatnot for basically no reason. Steve didn't even want to think of whatever would happen when they finally got a reason. This whole thing that happened with Josh was already enough and Billy could only punch so many of their faces. In the end, they were still assholes and Steve couldn't think of a turn of events in which people knew what happened between him and Billy and were okay with that.

"You know when your parents are coming back?", Billy asked, his voice to riled up to sound casual but Steve appreciated the effort.

"Not before next week. I asked a few days ago.", Steve told him. He didn't mention how they barely cared about Steve being sick. At least his father didn't and his mom had no time either. But on the other hand, it wasn't like Steve wasn't used to some kind of rejection by now.

Billy nodded. "That's good."

Steve let his gaze brows over the hallway from the living room area to the kitchen. "You can just lay down on the couch. Turn on the t.v. or something.", Steve suggested.

"And you?"

"Hot chocolate. Something to eat.", Steve just said.

"Need some help?", Billy asked.

Steve thought about it. He wasn't quite sure how to interpret the tone of Billy's voice but then he certainly wasn't going to decline that offer. "Sure. I mean, if you want to."

And just like that, Billy accompanied him into the kitchen. It was the later morning now and the sun was shining so brightly into the kitchen that it was almost blinding them for a second. "Care for breakfast? I would offer you more of that soup but sadly that was all I got."

"Sure, I could eat.", Billy said. He was standing next to Steve a little awkwardly, not knowing his way in that kitchen. Steve showed him where they got bread and Billy, under Steve's guidance, pulled out a few eggs from the refrigerator and beat them up before making some scrambled eggs in a heated pan. Steve was standing in front of the stove, too, heating up milk before he could throw some of that chocolate in. He didn't miss the look Billy was giving the chocolate because what Steve had just pulled out of the cupboard happened to be the same brand, Steve had initially bought to apologize to Billy with.

They weren't talking that much, while they were cooking, apart from discussing what they were making or Billy asking where he would find a spatula, a knife or a cutting board. Steve watched what he did and was actually a bit surprised by his skills. That boy certainly had cooked before and knew more than just how to make hot chocolate and order takeout what was pretty much all the culinary expertise Steve has got. But with his mom not being a good cook either, how was he supposed to pick that up?

"How are you so good at this?", Steve asked.

Billy looked at him slightly irritated, raising the knife he had just been cutting a tomato with as if to ask if Steve was really serious about this question. "At cutting vegetable?", he asked with a raised brow.

"Yeah. And cooking.", Steve said, a little quieter now because he guessed that this was a stupid question.

"Dunno.", Billy shrugged. "I cook for Max and myself sometimes when Dad and Susan are out. Did it before, too. You know? Before they moved in with us. Although you clearly have the fancier ingredients.", he smirked.

"It's a tomato.", Steve clarified. "Nothing fancy about it."

"I guess you're not the one buying groceries either, right?", Billy assumed.

"Only if something's missing. Why?"

"Yeah, because your fridge is honestly so full of rich people food it's hilarious.", Billy stated, hiding a grin. "And your parents aren't even home."

"They throw away half of it every time because it doesn't get eaten.", Steve said. "Mom always stocks up before she's here or she leaves me more money."

Billy just shakes his head and continues to cut up the tomato into smaller dice while Steve is watching him closely. "Some time ago, seeing you with a knife would have seriously freaked me out.", Steve said jokingly.

Billy snorted. "Not the knife kinda guy.", he said. "Don't need one."

"Sure you don't.", Steve agreed.

There were some sizzling sounds coming out of the pan as Billy threw the tomatoes into the egg mixture. Also, it smelt like toasted bread now and Steve started to get seriously hungry until he noticed that his milk was close to overboiling yet again and he pulled it off the stove hastily. He could hear Billy chuckled.

"I was curious when you would notice. Wow, cooking really isn't your talent, huh?", he smirked.

Steve blushed and added the chocolate, not focussing on the stirring because he didn't want to spill anything or fuck so shortly before having it finished. "Seems like it isn't.", he just confirmed.

"Don't worry.", Billy got closer now, leaning down a bit next to Steve, probably to smell the hot chocolate that was looking really good now. Steve liked that it was this kind of chocolate because it felt like it held a meaning or something. Or was that just him being cheesy? "Maybe I'll show you some tricks later." The way Billy said that made him almost sound lewd and Steve couldn't do anything but mindlessly nod at the offer. "Where do you have your plates?"

Steve needed a moment to regain enough mental ability to process what Billy just said before he pointed at another cupboard. While Billy plated toast and eggs that looked more like a breakfast than pretty much anything Steve had eaten the entire year, Steve filled the hot chocolate into cups and a few minutes later they had the coffee table set up with food and drinks and were sitting on the couch next to each other, a bunch of blankets thrown in the mix and making all of this nice and cozy. Steve held his cup of cocoa in his hands, using it to warm himself up a little while Billy was already eating.

"Billy?"

"Hm?", Billy looked up at Steve as he had finished his plate and put it down on the table.

"I... Maybe...", he was mumbling. "You think, we should maybe try and talk this through?"

Billy looked at him with his face getting a little tense. "Sure... What exactly do you wanna talk about?"

Steve noticed how careful Billy was asking and how slow he was talking as if he minded every word. He didn't like where this was going and Steve didn't like it either but this, whatever this is, couldn't work out without them talking about what happened.

"You and Ally.", Steve said. His words sounded colder than before but could he be blamed for that. And Billy's eyes definitely widened in response. He knew this was coming at some point because they couldn't just pretend like those weeks didn't happen. But Steve still feared that by doing this, they could break something.

Notes for the Chapter:

Some breakfast fluff and maybe some implied angst and emotions happening soon, so let's see where that goes. I tried to go easy on Billy for a while but I think now is the time he owes Steve (and all of us) an explanation.

As always, I love hearing your thoughts on this chapter <3

83. Sick of pretending

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy starts to explain what happened.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Billy turned his gaze to the top of the couch, frozen almost to complete motionlessness now. Steve held his eyes on him. For a minute. Two? Long enough to feel this familiar feeling in his stomach that made him feel like he was drowning. He swallowed and turned away.

"So you're just not going to say anything?", Steve asked. He wanted to make it sound casual but the actual coldness he was able to deliver with his voice made him almost cringe in response. But that's what he wanted, right?

Steve was sick of pretending.

"Fuck. Yes, I am.", Billy said, turning around to Steve with a tense face now. "I just... You really don't want to know."

"Oh, I think I can decide for myself.", Steve said harshly.

Billy looked doubtfully. But then he gave in and he nodded. Steve felt relieved.

"I... I don't really know how that happened, okay? I mean, I know how it happened but not why? Or... I don't know...", Billy started mumbling. He was fidgeting with his hands and ultimately ran one through his hair, his eyes locked with Steve's now. "It was that fucked up morning, alright? You told me to fuck off and I... I should have stayed but I got so pissed."

"At me?"

"Us. This stupid thing between us that I just couldn't keep ignoring.",

Billy grumbled. "Because fuck, I don't know about you, but I didn't plan for any of this to happen."

"Of course, I didn't plan this.", Steve said a little quieter now. He knew they just basically fell into this together. And neither of them had managed to fight their way out even though Billy had been a lot better at pretending nothing happened or he didn't care.

Billy sighed. "I think you're going to be mad at me if I keep on talking."

"I'm going to be mad at you if you don't talk.", Steve snorted and that actually managed to get a smile on Billy's face, even if it only lasted for barely a second.

"So, nothing to lose, huh?", Billy still looked very tense.

Steve even thought about leaning closer to him, maybe touching him to encourage this but whatever happened next in that conversation might make that awkward. So he kept the distance.

"Been driving around a lot, when I... you know... left.", Billy said. He didn't keep looking at Steve through this, his gaze weirdly headed to the side. "Thinking about this. God, I was so fucking pissed...", he shook his head. "Basically at myself but that morning I just wished you would have just shut up about it because things were good and we were there and, fuck, it felt good too. Always did that. Almost good enough to numb all the fucking questions, right? Yeah, so anyway, been driving around and then I ended up seeing Ally."

Steve inhaled sharply because he knew he was going to dislike this part of the story even more.

"And I just had to get this shit off my mind, so I stopped and she was smiling and I tried to pretend that I liked her smile. Because I could justify it. More than kissing you, at least."

Steve clenched his jaw. He wanted this, so why did it still feel like Billy was slowly breaking him into pieces?

"You want me to stop?" Billy probably had noticed the change of color in Steve's face, that he was paler now. But Steve just firmly

shook his head on that offer.

"Yeah, so it wasn't like anything happened that weekend. She talked about her party and her family and school stuff. She actually didn't shut up once, the whole time she was sitting in my car.", Billy sounded almost amused by that. "And I let her talk because it was like a white noise or something. Just nodded a few times. Listened. Or didn't listen. It wasn't like she cared. Brought her home later and then I got home myself, headed straight to bed and wondered why you still hadn't left my mind and... fuck, I could still taste you, you know? Hear you or whatever and it just didn't stop and I tried to think of Ally. Some girl. Just anyone to get over with this because, clearly, that can't happen, I mean... you told me to leave and... At this point, I was sure we both agreed that this couldn't happen. Or at least I tried to justify things with that."

"I... that's not what I meant that morning."

"I know.", Billy swallowed. "I fucking know. At least now I do. But I was so fucking convinced that this couldn't happen. Because like... I'm not... and then you obviously aren't... you know?"

Steve frowned. "Been there.", he confirmed. Not the right time to mention that he needed Nancy to figure this whole shit out.

"Really? Didn't seem like it. Seemed like you had figured this out way faster."

"I still haven't figured it out...", Steve mumbled.

Billy sighed. "On Sunday I was on the verge of coming over to you. Actually got into the car like about two times, but I always just ended up having a smoke and thinking that I shouldn't. Because nothing had changed since the day before and it still wasn't right and I didn't even dare to think about the consequences of what happened. So I kept denying it. Nothing wrong with two guys like messing around a couple of times. Sure happened to everyone, right? Especially in a town like that."

Steve stayed silent. The Sunday had been messed up. He didn't remember it too clearly now in retrospective but he knew that he was

utterly broken.

"And then Monday.", Billy interrupted Steve's thinking. "I... You were wearing that stupid scarf and I just couldn't focus on anything because I could imagine what you were hiding and I knew... I knew that, right? And I wanted to talk to you or at least kiss you or whatever, but I knew that I shouldn't. And you looked so angry with me and then Ally came over and did the same fucking thing she'd done in the car. Kept talking to me and touching me and I knew you saw it and maybe I thought that it would show you that I was not fucking gay. Or at least that's what I told me because I just hoped you would walk over and tell her to get lost and talk to me again. And I knew I messed up when you disappeared and when I found you in the hallway later. I knew it was too fucking late to say anything and the only thing I could do was to stay off your lawn. So I did."

Steve's head hurt.

"I knew you'd be fucking angry...", Billy mumbled.

"That's what you call staying off my fucking lawn?", Steve snapped. "You were basically everywhere I went, always sucking her stupid face and looking like you fucking enjoyed it. That's not... Fuck that's not keeping a distance or figuring things out and don't you fucking tell me that this is for me being mad because all I wanted was for you to not run away for once. Maybe to talk through things. I was sick of pretending that all of this shit didn't happen and always going back to zero because that shit didn't work. But I didn't mean for you to just drop me like... Fuck." Steve felt that his face was burning. He wasn't on the edge of crying, what was a good thing but he was still panting. God, he was angry!

"You're right.", Billy said. "It's not your fault."

"Damn straight it's not my fault.", Steve shook his head.

"Worst thing is that I noticed how fucked up you were. I noticed you looking and I knew it wasn't right. But I kept telling myself this would help. You would get over it and get better and I would just fall in love with Ally because she was as good as anyone. And she was a fucking girl.", Billy avoided Steve's gaze again.

"Didn't work out too well..."

"Didn't work out at all. I mean kissing her was alright. Close my eyes, ignore that she smelt like a girl and I could convince myself she was you for a few times."

"Oh fuck off..."

"I'm sorry.", Billy said. "I wasn't well in those weeks either."

Steve could see Billy shift next to him what made him get all tensed.

"What do you want me to say, Steve?", Billy asked in a shaky voice.

"Don't start with that shit again!", Steve ordered. "Don't tell me what I want to hear."

"Fine! I'm fucking sorry for being an ass and all. That good enough?! Because I don't know what to tell you. It doesn't get more right when I say it. It didn't feel right when I did it, but god, I just couldn't fucking help it, okay?! Because I couldn't talk to you. And I couldn't be doing this with you."

Steve swallowed. "Why did you break up with her?", Steve asked. He was able to calm his voice down a bit again, hoping it would work on himself either.

"Because I didn't love her. And I was sick of pretending.", Billy said. He looked up again. For the first time, he was able to look into Steve's eyes and not avoid his gaze.

"Sick.", Steve slowly shook his head. "That night, you showed up at my place..."

"I missed you.", Billy immediately said. "I mean, I missed you every day but those parties... It just wasn't the same without you and I got shitfaced way too quickly and when Ally wanted to go upstairs, I just stormed out and got here. I had no idea what you would say but then all of that kind of got carried away when Wheeler and Byers showed up."

"But what changed?"

"What do you mean?"

"So, you changed your mind or something? Being drunk at a party and just like that? Changed from Ally to Steve?", Steve asked sarcastically.

"No.", Billy said, slowly shaking his head while still looking at Steve. "I changed my mind when I was sober and I felt like just talking to you was the best thing, I'd done in weeks."

Notes for the Chapter:

Couldn't fit all of that talk in one chapter so we're going to continue that tomorrow. That isn't easy for any of them but they're doing good so far. Nobody's running off, even when things get nasty. Let's see if we can keep it that way.

As always, I love hearing your thoughts on this chapter <3

84. Be with you

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy and Steve continue to talk about those few weeks.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"So, you changed your mind or something? Being drunk at a party and just like that? Changed from Ally to Steve?", Steve asked sarcastically.

"No.", Billy said, slowly shaking his head while still looking at Steve. "I changed my mind when I was sober and I felt like just talking to you was the best thing, I'd done in weeks."

Steve paused for a moment. "Really?" He thought it was pathetic how hopeful he sounded. Anything else would be better right now or at least safer.

He wanted to believe that so badly.

"I wanted to drive to your place after I dropped off Max at Wheeler's house. But you were already there.", Billy continued with his report of events.

Steve remembered that. Remembered how he had told Nancy that Billy kissed him and slept over. Remembered how the kids questioned him about a guy staying there and how even if Billy had been in a difficult mood, Steve had very much enjoyed talking to him.

"And you still had a girlfriend.", Steve said. That was the point. Even though they were sitting on Billy's bed listening to that song that somehow resembled what Steve was feeling, Billy had still been with Ally then. She was still his girlfriend when he and Steve were basically holding hands on that bed and Billy promised Steve not to break it again. And this was barely a few days ago.

"God, of course, it was fucking over. If it even started, to begin with!", Billy said harshly and angrily as if he couldn't stand the thought of dismissing that memory because of Ally.

Steve snorted. "Well, you should have given her the fucking memo then! Because on Monday she didn't look like she knew about the breakup!", his voice all dark.

"So that's my fucking problem?!", Billy snapped.

"It should be! Should have been... Whatever! You didn't even have the balls to really break up with her!"

"What do you mean?", Billy leaned back a little now as if to get himself into a safe position.

"That's what you told me. She asked if you wanted to break up. She had to bring it up and you just went along with it for much longer... Who knows? Maybe you'd still be together now if she didn't. Wouldn't that be nice?"

Billy swallowed. "I went to her to talk. I was gonna bring it up. Also, I didn't go along with everything.", he grumbled.

"Oh, wow! So now I'm supposed to be proud of you for not fucking marrying her?! Have a bunch of kids and buy a house?", Steve exaggerated.

"Yeah, because that's certainly how that would have gone...", Billy said sarcastically. "Doesn't matter anyway."

"Oh no... Please, Billy, tell me how you were able to contain yourself because now I'm really fucking curious.", Steve was scowling at him.

Billy's nostrils flared and he just stared back. "I didn't sleep with her.", he stated with a sharp voice.

Steve just snorted, not believing that for a second. "Oh, wow, how about you just fuck off and stop bullshitting me?!"

Billy just grunted and looked to the side, shaking his head. "I'm not. Doesn't matter anyway.", he said, quieter now, almost as if he was the

one supposed to be upset by this.

"She basically humped you every fucking day in school, so don't try to tell me that you didn't take it further once there wasn't anyone watching you. Lying about it doesn't make it better.", Steve said bitterly.

"She'll say the same thing if you'd ask her. I told her off every time.", Billy said. His voice was almost calm now. "Wouldn't have worked anyway."

"Yeah, right because it's fucking rocket science.", Steve rolled his eyes.

"She tried to blow me that one time. I thought my fucking dick was broken."

Steve looked at him in utter disbelief. "You... What?!"

"You want me to spell it for you?!", Billy groaned. "And god, was she upset about it. Not quite as much as I was, but pretty damn close"

A smirk was crawling on Steve's face.

"Now that's funny, huh?", Billy asked annoyed. "She was down there for like more than ten minutes. Nothing."

"What did you tell her?"

"That I'm stressed out?", Billy frowned. "Gave her that 'maybe we should wait' talk and all that shit. Probably sounded like a fucking pussy..."

"She bought it?"

"I mean, didn't keep her from trying. Especially after... Well doesn't matter. She wasn't going to give up but I just physically couldn't make myself do it." Billy shrugged. "That a first one, for sure.", he shook his head.

"Trying to keep a girl off?", Steve couldn't help the amused tone. "And for weeks. Must have been exhausting..."

"She was obsessed with trying to help me overcome what was stressing me out. I mean, in a way she was, but she had no idea what that all was about. No idea what you had to do with it. She asked if we had a fight once, didn't mention it ever again."

"Explains the look on her face when she found out we were talking again. I guess she didn't buy you being emotionally unavailable either when she suspected you were running off to another girl that night."

"Well, she isn't stupid. At one point she must have sensed that I wasn't into her.", Billy mumbled.

"And all that while you were trying so hard, always shoving your tongue in her mouth.", Steve said with little empathy.

"You asked about this.", Billy reminded him.

"Yeah, but I didn't ask you to act like a fucking asshole for weeks!"

"Sure. But you knew what I did when you agreed to be friends again. You knew it when you suggested we should get over here and we had sex. And you knew about this when you came to my place a day later when I was sick. You fucking humped me this morning and jerked me off and washed my back... So what was changed by me saying this?", Billy asked. His eyes were opened wider than usual and he didn't allow his gaze to drift off from Steve's.

Steve just looked back at him and swallowed.

"Tell me what you want.", Steve said. "Right now. No bullshit, no Ally, just say what you want."

"Didn't I just do that?", Billy tilted his head.

"Maybe I need to hear it again."

"This.", Billy said. "Just being with you, I guess. And don't fucking ask me what that means because I have no fucking idea and I better not think too closely about it."

"I think you know very well what that means.", Steve mumbled.

"Maybe so.", Billy agreed.

"So you won't show up with just another girl one morning with no warning?"

Billy shook his head. "No point in doing that, is there?"

"Because..."

"You're really trying to get me talk today, huh? Fine. Because I'd much rather be with you, okay?"

Steve closed his eyes and nodded.

He liked the sound of that. But most things out of Billy's mouth sounded nice. Sadly they didn't today.

"Please say something.", Billy begged.

"What do you want me to say?"

"That you don't hate me for what I did.", Billy was lowering his gaze towards the couch.

"I don't."

"You sure about that?" Billy didn't sound like he was believing Steve.

"Why do you always think I would hate you?", Steve looked at him and pressed his lips together.

Billy raised a corner of his mouth. "Because I keep fucking things up. Sooner or later you'll be better off when you actually do."

"Oh shut up...", Steve rolled his eyes. "If this is yet another fucked up way of excusing yourself out of this, then I swear by God, I'm gonna..."

He certainly planned to continue rampaging about it but he was silenced by the soft way Billy's lips hit his, muted by nothing more than a kiss. It felt unsure and barely there as if Billy yet had to convince himself that Steve wouldn't throw him out for overstepping

a line in that situation. But Steve didn't. Sure, he froze for a second, not totally sure about what to do with this. But with Billy so close he could only make it so long without kissing him back. He parted his lips slightly and tilted his head to allow Billy to deepen the kiss, while he leaned back against the backrest of the couch. Billy had one hand there right next to Steve to support his own weight.

"You know, I could kick myself in the face for this...", Billy mumbled. "Just thinking about how I could have had this instead of...", he looked at the ceiling as if to come up with the right thing to say.

"Instead of very sad blowjobs?", Steve tried with a raised brow and a half-smile on his lips.

Billy smirked, even though his expression still looked careful. "For example. Also, it was just one."

Steve bit down on his smile and leaned forward to kiss Billy again.

"So... we're good?", Billy asked.

"I mean... It would have been nice to get to this earlier and without... the in-between troubles but yeah. We're good. Still, don't hate you."

"Good.", Billy smiled. He pushed a strand of hair out of Steve's face and just looked at him. "Fuck, I still have no idea what you do to me. I guess, now I just go along with it."

Notes for the Chapter:

So proud of my boys. Talking through this. Not running. Almost getting to the feelings part. *sigh* They've done very well!

As always, I love hearing your thoughts on that chapter <3

85. Who would have thought

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy and Steve making out and talking.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"What I'm doing to you?", Steve asked with a smirk. "I'm doing nothing."

Billy kept his hand there, by the side of Steve's face, letting his thumb wander over the soft skin of his temples, his cheeks and his nose, which Steve immediately wrinkled in response. The smirk on Billy's face grew a little wider, but he didn't yet stop touching Steve's face as if he wanted to study it, study every form contributing to his design. Yet he was moving oh so softly and even though Steve allowed Billy to continue because this actually felt pretty nice, he just wished the other boy would give some attention to his mouth.

"Believe me... You're doing something.", Billy assured him, his voice made him sound totally mesmerized.

"You're an idiot.", Steve said this in the most affectionate voice he could come up with.

Billy swallowed and finally, he had finished the trail of his thumb on Steve's face to a degree that finally brought it to his mouth. Steve slightly parted his lips. He was looking at Billy whose sole focus was now directed to Steve's lips and how soft they felt under his thumb.

Steve curved his mouth into a smile and opened his mouth slightly more, just wide enough to get his tongue there, not really lapping out but reaching far enough for Billy's finger that was still running over Steve's bottom lip. As soon as Billy noticed what he was doing, he looked back into Steve's eyes, exhaling audibly. Keeping eye contact with Steve right in front of him, Billy allowed his thumb a little deeper into Steve's warm and wet mouth and Steve caught the finger

carefully, letting his tongue run over it and enjoying the faint taste of soap and cigarettes on it.

A gasp escaped Billy's throat when Steve closed his lips around Billy's thumb and, while looking at the other boy slightly hollowed his cheeks and sucked at it, the grip of Billy's hand gently resting on his jaw immediately grew tighter and Steve was pretty sure his pupils just dilated. Jesus, this was so obscene and filthy and he really shouldn't be doing this, right?

Just naturally, Steve let his tongue run over the warm skin of Billy's thumb and before he could process what was happening, the finger was gone and immediately replaced by Billy's lips on top of Steve's and his tongue pushing into his mouth, filling up the void that was just left there before. Billy even let out a moan, his hand in Steve's hair now, fisting into it and pulling Steve deeper into the kiss, even though Steve had his doubts, this was even possible.

Equally as thoroughly as Billy had been touching his face before, he was now paying attention to Steve's mouth kissing him. A thought crossed Steve's mind, that maybe this was to make up for all the missed opportunities to that point, but there was no point in thinking about those now because Billy was a great kisser and without being afraid of anything, maybe for the first time Steve was able to really melt into this. There really was no hesitation left in him because they wouldn't allow anything or anyone to come in between this now or destroy this moment. They were kissing sloppy and open-mouthed and breathing the same air as though it was the other one making it vital and not the oxygen part. Even during the short breaks, they needed to catch their breaths they didn't actually part. Billy leaned his forehead against Steve's and nibbled at his lip until Steve smirked and counterattacked until they were fully making out again, even though by now their mouths were swollen and feeling a bit bruised.

Even though Billy had been sitting pretty close to Steve, to begin with, it just wasn't enough for any of them. But Steve was the one who guided his hands to Billy's lower back and his hips and basically pulled him on top of himself. Billy knew what this was about and he moved under Steve's guidance and straddled him, while Steve was still sitting on the couch with his back leaning against the rest. Yeah, that was better. Steve kept his hands on Billy's hips as he leaned in to

lick his way into Billy's mouth once more, this time responded by Billy with somehow grinding his hips down, his crotch meeting Steve's. Steve couldn't help but groan against Billy's lips. This tingling feeling running all through his body even reaching all the way to his hands that were now clawing at the fabric of Steve's Pajama pants, Billy was wearing.

Billy was leaning against him a bit harder now, his movements harsher than they had been before and Steve got the idea to where this could be heading. And even though there really wasn't a reason for not taking it a step further, apart from that he really shouldn't get cum on this couch, that made Steve act the way he did. He just really wasn't sure if they should go down this road and so when Billy reached between them with a firm hand, Steve grabbed him by the wrist and held him in place.

It was a lot.

Billy's eyes widened as he looked back. Steve could see a glance of fear and he tried to look as calm as possible, not to stress Billy out, even though he was feeling almost guilty.

"Can we like... just wait for a moment?", Steve asked, a bit insecure. "I mean, it's nothing, I just think I..."

"Yeah.", Billy interrupted him. He swallowed and looked at Steve. "Yeah, sure." He nodded. "You want me to...", he looked at his own lap and then the couch next to him and Steve could feel him shift, understanding what this was about.

Steve immediately held Billy a little tighter and shook his head. "No. I mean, just for a moment, if that's okay?", he asked.

Billy nodded and Steve could feel him get more comfortable, what managed to relax him, too.

Steve just looked at Billy while both their breaths got a little calmer again, but Steve would lie if he said the sight of Billy's pink lips wasn't giving him ideas.

"Can I ask you something?", Billy asked.

Steve nodded. "Sure. Anything."

Billy's eyes wandered to the side of the room, making him appear a bit uncertain about this. "Have you had something like this before?" He only dared to return his gaze to Steve once he had finished this question.

"I told you, I've never been with another guy.", Steve just said. He tried not to sound annoyed by this question even though this wasn't the first time Billy was asking this. But Steve had told him to ask anything.

Billy nodded. "Yeah, that's not what I mean... I mean, if you... have you had a crush on another guy before me? Not like kissing or anything but just thinking a guy was hot. Or like... getting a weird boner in the showers or whatever.", he clarified his question.

Steve frowned, a little perplexed by this question. He tried to really think of this, running a hand through his hair. "I honestly don't think so. It was always just a girl if I had a crush on someone. Okay maybe like a guy in a movie, but that happens to everyone, right?"

Billy nodded in agreement.

"I mean, it already took me long enough to figure out what was going on with you.", Steve added.

Billy's gaze showed some hesitation again. "And... since when do you know... you know... that you wanted this to happen?" From the way Billy was pronouncing this, Steve could tell that he was asking about what was going on between them right now. Billy was talking about them not only getting closer but being really close, even though his frown still withheld some insecurities.

"Are you asking for like a specific date and time here?", Steve asked with a raised brow.

Billy's cheeks turned a shade darker. "Nah, I'm just trying to figure things out, alright?"

Steve nodded and tried to remember at what point he really knew that there was something going on between them that couldn't really

be denied.

"You know that night? When we crashed in your car after that party?", Steve asked.

Billy nodded and a smile returned to his lips. It wasn't easy for Steve not to lean forward and just devour this smile with another kiss right now.

"Your hand on my thigh?", Steve added. His voice was noticeably huskier.

"That wasn't on purpose...", Billy said defensively. "Scared the shit out of me that morning..."

Steve smirked. "Yeah, I didn't mind that actually.", he said. "It went slowly from there on, I guess. But like... the day when you came over and we kissed... Let's say, that's when I had an idea about what all of this was about."

Billy's cheeks turned even pinker. "Oh god, that pool...", it escaped his lips, his eyes widened a bit and his tongue poking out to lick his bottom lip. "You looked so fucking good that night. Such a tease, being all wet and drunk and...", he inhaled sharply. "I'll probably never forget about that kiss. Never felt something like this before."

"Yeah?", Steve asked curiously. He leaned forward once again, to catch Billy's bottom lip with his mouth before really kissing him. "When did you know?", he asked after they parted.

Billy still looked at him, his gaze more heated after the last kiss. "You know... I really wanted to try and be just friends with you again, when I asked you that. Or at least, that's what I told myself."

"Yeah, that didn't work out too well.", Steve smirked. "We really sucked at the 'just friends' thing."

"We really did.", Billy agreed with a grin.

Steve moved his hand a bit, to run it over Billy's side. "You were always fucking touching me... Drove me crazy with that.", Steve said. He also leaned forward to bring his lips to Billy's neck and let them

ghost over the sensitive skin, leaving only the slightest kisses there. "Or that one time you downright spooned me, in bed.", Steve smirked again now.

"Oh fuck, I remember that.", Billy said. He tilted his head to make it easier for Steve to reach every part of his neck. "I swear if you had done anything to push it that day, I..."

"You would have snapped and run off?", Steve suggested.

Billy bit his lips. "Yeah, probably.", he admitted. "It was nice, though... And I can't believe that I'm actually saying this."

Steve grinned. "Who would have thought that Billy Hargrove would be into cuddling?", he teased.

Notes for the Chapter:

That chapter was interesting to write. I feel like this whole talking thing and talking through all this has Steve in a safer position and he's acting accordingly. Mainly because he's not constantly worried, that it's going to get bad again. It's a lot of testing things out all over again because some things changed. I'm curious how this is going to continue.

As always, I would love to hear your thoughts <3

- Also sorry for being a bit late. Work had me occupied for longer than I planned. I'll probably be earlier with the upload tomorrow :)

86. The main difference

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy figure out some differences.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve grinned. "Who would have thought that Billy Hargrove would be into cuddling?", he teased.

"Shut up.", Billy mumbled. He acted as though he was annoyed with that, even squinting his eyes, but Steve could see that he was barely able to contain his mouth from curving into a smile. "I just held you in place so you wouldn't kiss me again.", he added.

Steve snorted. "Sure. If that's what you keep telling yourself so you can sleep at night.", he shrugged. "Just for the records, I'm pretty sure we're square on that and you tried to kiss me just as often."

"I highly doubt that.", Billy stated, for the sake of the argument.

Steve raised a brow. "Do you?", he asked. He also licked his lips and leaned just the slightest bit closer to provoke a reaction from Billy.

"God, you're such a tease, Harrington...", Billy shook his head. He moved his head closer towards Steve but tilted his head just before he was about to kiss him, directing his mouth to Steve's neck again. Steve shuddered as he felt Billy's hot tongue right where his neck met his shoulders, followed by playful nibs. "You smelt so fucking good that morning.", Billy purred against Steve's skin, inhaling heavily. "I just wanted to bury my face right there at the nape of your neck. You have no idea how hard it was, not to start touching you." As if to prove his point or convince himself that now he was allowed to do so, Billy ran a hand over Steve's chest, his touch just firm enough to press Steve back against the rest.

"Oh, I'm guessing, it was pretty hard..." Steve held his eyes closed now, while he tried to take in every sensation Billy's mouth and his

hot breath left there on Steve's neck. A smirk was crawling on his lips.

"Oh, it was.", Billy confirmed. He moved his attention a bit more up the side of Steve's neck, where the skin was more delicate, right above his pulse. Steve just wished he would do the same thing he did when they slept together. Just bite down and recreate this feeling for Steve.

"Was hard for me, too.", Steve mumbled. He moved a hand that had been resting on one of Billy's thighs to the back of his neck. Maybe he would go a bit rougher if Steve pulled him a little closer...

"Yeah?", Billy asked. There was some curiosity in his voice, even though it started sounding really husky again.

"Really fucking hard." Steve punctuated every word in that sentence.

To Steve's sorrow, Billy was leaning back again, to look at him. "Oh... Oh!", Billy's eyes widened as he finally sensed what this was about. He licked his bottom lip lewdly. "Really?"

"I bet now you're regretting that you kept yourself from touching.", Steve pointed out, really proud of himself for getting that look on Billy's face.

"Fuck..." Billy parted his lips.

Steve couldn't help but take advantage of this, by stealing another kiss.

Okay, maybe this was more so than just a kiss because by now Steve was really eager to get more of a reaction out of Billy, to get him riled up and to get both of them more handsy, because that was really what he needed now. So instead of just kissing him oh so softly, feeling the softness of the other boy's lips, Steve pushed him and intentionally used too much teeth until a groan escaped Billy's lips and he gripped Steve's hair to pull him back and licked his bottom lip before deepening the kiss again. Steve enjoyed the feeling of being held in place and locked an arm around Billy's neck, basically to do the same thing.

He still wasn't sure, what he liked better. Having the upper hand or losing control to Billy. Steve just knew that he enjoyed fighting for it a whole lot, especially when he was kissing Billy.

But he didn't mind when after a while, Billy's grip in his hair softened and he stroked it almost as if to pet Steve. He was still kissing him but this was getting less forceful, too. Steve would have been upset about it, but as long as they were still touching, he couldn't complain. Not while Billy was kissing him so well, he could very well forget how to breathe.

Steve got the idea that maybe this whole thing could be even better, laying down. So he shifted, getting Billy slightly out of balance right there on his lap, as he leaned forward and carefully guided Billy down onto his back on the couch, Steve following him. He immediately locked their lips again, as he laid down on top of Billy, this position not only allowing for a deeper kiss but easily enabling Steve to claim the upper hand as he now got a strand of hair out of Billy's face. He really looked better already. Healthier. It might only be the slight blush from all the making out, but Steve couldn't help but admire how fucking good Billy looked right there.

Billy pulled his head down again, only allowing both of them a short break to breath. He locked his ankles behind Steve's back and Steve would have lied if he didn't enjoy the feeling of his hips being pulled closer, even though they were both barely half-hard. This wasn't about fucking, at least not yet. This was about being as close as they could get and they did a pretty good job at that.

"You're real good at that.", Billy mumbled as Steve just lazily dropped his head down next to Billy's, his face at the other boy's neck.

"What?"

"Making out. Fuck... I don't know if it's just because kissing another guy is different or you're just fucking good at it.", Billy shook his head.

Steve smirked at the compliment. "Oh, and you would know. Can't think of anyone who's gathered quite as much experience in making out lately, as you did.", he mocked.

"You kissed Ally before?", Billy asked.

"No. Girls like her, sure. Never really noticed her before that party."

"She not your type?", Billy asked carefully.

"She tried to get me to dance with her on that party when I got shitfaced and you two made out.", Steve told him. "So this could have ended up the other way round."

"Oh, I probably wouldn't have brought you home if I'd seen you kissing her.", Billy said.

"That's mean.", Steve said with a smirk. "No, but honestly... what would you have done, seeing me kissing someone else?"

"Thought about it when things with Ally started. How maybe this could help both of us not to fall into this again...", he explained. "Let's just say that I was pretty glad that you didn't. I don't even want to imagine."

"So, I'm exclusively making out with you now?", Steve asked mockingly.

"Oh, you better be.", Billy smirked and turned his head to the side to find Steve's lips. "You think this is different than kissing a girl?"

"Oh definitely.", Steve decided. "Kissing girls is always careful, even if she's like super into it. You need to hold yourself back or she'll get pissed."

"Sounds like you always ended up with the preppy girls.", Billy teased.

"Oh, shut up.", Steve rolled his eyes. "So what's the main difference in your opinion?"

"Kissing you doesn't taste like chapstick or any of that sticky shit.", he stated. "Doesn't even taste like real fruit..."

Steve snorted. "Well, I'm glad you like the taste of it, Hargrove."

"Fuck, it's not just that...", Billy rolled his eyes. "All those bitches must have been really fucking stupid for making you hold back if this is what they were missing out on, you know."

"Aw, look at you sweet-talking.", Steve let his nose brush against Billy's. As he saw Billy's gaze darken a little, he added. "To be fair, you're not bad at it either."

"Not bad?", Billy raised a brow.

"Fine. I think you very well know you're good at this, so need to tell you that I prefer you over every girl I've kissed."

"Even Wheeler?", Billy asked.

Steve tensed up a little and thought about changing the subject. He loved kissing Nancy but compared to this it was just very different. Even when they had sex, they never made out like this, so it was about holding back, after all. He didn't have to with Billy. Billy didn't blush or get embarrassed when Steve was handsy or trying to deepen the kiss. If anything he responded to this just as eagerly, making them equals in a way, he and Nancy never were. Instead of expressing that, Steve just nodded and hope the look in his eyes would be enough to convince Billy that he was being honest here.

"When I got here, I would have never thought you'd be into something like this.", Billy mumbled after a while. Steve had positioned himself at Billy's side, their bodies still touching it every point they could get away with it.

"When you got here, you had no idea you'd be into this, yourself.", Steve reminded him, a little amused by this.

"Yeah, but you're King Steve.", Billy said. Steve hated the sound of that like it was some sort of big deal when it wasn't anything but a stupid name he didn't relate to anymore. "Probably the hottest bach in this shithole. Good-looking and fucking loaded. Look at you, preferring a guy over the entire town's female population."

"You do notice that you shouldn't be making fun of that, while you're literally said guy, right?", Steve snorted.

"I'm not making fun.", Billy reassured him. "Just think that most of the girls wouldn't like that."

"I'm pretty sure them losing their chances with you will be a lot harder. Don't try and tell me you didn't notice the way literally every girl's been checking out your ass since you got here. I know very well that you wear those tight jeans on purpose!", Steve said.

Billy grinned, especially as Steve mentioned his ass. "Maybe so.", he admitted.

Notes for the Chapter:

Guess, I'm still not over writing the two of them kissing and teasing and talking and all of that. Funny. Months of not getting them to talk and now they won't shut up lmao. I also think it's interesting how both of them are slowly getting closer toward the topic of a potential relationship, while still not daring to directly talk about that. We'll see how that goes.

As always, I love hearing your thoughts on this chapter. <3

87. Fun to play with

Summary for the Chapter:

One thing leads to another and they can only tease and make out for so long.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"So you've been checking out my ass, too?", Billy asked curiously.

"Don't flatter yourself, Hargrove.", Steve commented with a smirk. "It's pretty much impossible not to notice, the way you're putting it on display."

Billy grinned, definitely flattered by this. "You really wanna pick a fight about revealing clothes? Because you better not get me started on basketball shorts.", Billy raised both brows at the thought of those.

Steve chuckled. "Yeah, trying to avoid you in the shower was a fun game.", he said sarcastically.

"I'm not even sure showering was the worst part. Enough people there to get distracted and keep your attention to yourself. Way harder to keep it together while playing. You all sweaty with those slutty shorts, trying to avoid me one time but basically grinding against me, another.", he shook his head.

Steve felt his cheeks getting a little pinker because he knew exactly what Billy was talking about. "Slutty?", he snorted. "You're wearing the same!"

"They look different on me.", Billy stated.

"You're not even wearing a goddamn shirt most of the time!", Steve complained. "How's that for slutty?!"

"So does half the team! Even you sometimes!", Billy argued.

"Also, I'm not grinding against you. If anything it's the other way around. How come, you're always there when I get the ball, always behind my back, grinning like a maniac and doing that tongue thing?"

"It's called basketball, Harrington. That's how you play the fucking game."

"Well, I don't see you play the damn game with any of the other teammates then.", Steve stated with both brows raised.

"Maybe they're not so much fun to play with, as you are.", Billy raised his chin a bit, maybe trying to look intimidating or to get a reaction out of him. Steve wasn't buying it.

"Also I highly doubt the tongue part is necessary."

Billy was grinning. "That's why I'm better at the game than you are."

"Oh, are you?"

"And don't tell me, you don't like my tongue." As if to prove his point, he ran his tongue over his bottom lip leaving it wet and shiny in the sunlight that was getting inside from the window.

Steve could only keep himself from reacting for so long. Billy's tongue was barely back inside his mouth as Steve pressed his lips on Billy's, chasing after it and deepening the stupid kiss immediately. Fuck, this talking just got him riled up.

Steve pulled Billy closer at the hip, enjoying how the touch made Billy inhale sharply.

"Let's go upstairs, okay?", Billy suggested. Steve didn't miss the urgency of this question, mainly because he was feeling it himself. His whole body was pulsating with want right now and he needed way more than just this kiss.

"It's probably fucking filthy there...", Steve wondered.

Billy just shrugged and sat up then, pulling Steve with him. "Don't know about you, but I'm in the mood, to ruin it even more." His eyes

darkened.

Steve looked at him without a reply for a moment before he was getting on top of his lap, needy for more touches. Billy was pulling him closer, holding onto him to keep them in this position. "Yeah, let's go then.", Steve finally agreed, a little breathless. Maybe a bit of exercise wouldn't be the worst thing in their state. And since Billy was barely coughing anymore, all of this kissing and being together couldn't be the worst thing to do. So why not take it further?

Billy grinned and nodded and soon they were both on their way upstairs, only slowly getting there because they used every opportunity to grind against each other and share more kisses or to push the other one against something, furniture, a wall, create some well-needed friction. Steve was already feeling a wet patch on his pants, right where he was leaking precum. He wanted this now. Wanted more of Billy and to get rid of those stupid clothes.

Steve pushed them through the slightly open door, not bothering to kick it shut but hitting against a wall soon enough, provoking a groan from Billy as Steve lowered one hand to feel up his crotch. He knew Billy was already hard, but being able to feel the outline of his dick so beautifully through the thin and soft fabric of Steve's pants he'd borrowed, was just something different and it gave Steve a whole lot of ideas.

Billy didn't allow him to continue with the stroking for much longer and pushed forward for his part until the back of Steve's legs hit his bed and both of them almost fell over.

Steve felt Billy's mouth ghosting over his neck again, as he decided that this was about time to get rid of their clothes because... well, just because! He took a hold of Billy's shirt and pulled it over his head, with Billy assisting by raising his arms accordingly.

"Look at you.", Billy commented. "Not very consistent with your opinion today. Weren't you just complaining about me being shirtless?", he raised a brow.

"Learn to take a fucking compliment!", Steve just said, running his hands over Billy's firm chest. Oh, he so hadn't been complaining

about this...

But Billy only allowed Steve to touch him for so long before he helped Steve out of his shirt. And he didn't stop just there and brought his hands to Steve's pants right afterward, to push them down.

Steve let him but used Billy being a bit distracted by the sight, to have them change positions and push Billy onto the bed, hovering on top of him now. It wasn't like Steve wouldn't want to recreate whatever they had the first time but ever since Billy had offered to bottom, it had been ghosting around the back of Steve's mind. Fuck him, if he wasn't at least gonna try this.

Billy raised his hips to allow Steve to pull down his pants and Steve couldn't help but lick his lips at the sight of Billy's cock. Fuck, if there had been any doubt left in him, thinking that he might still be straight, it was gone now.

"You're just gonna look at it?", Billy asked impatiently.

As if to prove him wrong, Steve leaned down and closed his mouth around the tip that was already slick with precum. He ran his tongue around it, tasting the salty and slightly bitter hint, that wasn't really as unpleasant as he thought. Billy threw his head back and grabbed Steve by the hair, as he was pulling off with a popping sound, licking the shaft once more, until Billy let out a whimper.

"Fuck...", Steve mumbled. Simply seeing Billy like that had him closer to coming than he would like to admit. He gotta at least last for a bit and not come undone like a fucking virgin. "Let me get the lube."

"Are you gotta...?", Billy asked, bending his legs.

"Mhm.", Steve confirmed.

"Fuck.", Billy's voice sounded breathy and he was pulling the hair out of his face. "Fuck."

"Scared?", Steve asked, more curious than mocking.

"Nah. Just... I... It's just nothing I'd ever think I'd be willing to do."

"I'm pretty sure you thought the same thing about fucking me.", Steve pulled open the drawer of his nightstand, getting the bottle of lube and already squeezing quite the amount on his hand while walking back to the bed, where Billy was already positioning himself.

"Take it slow, alright?"

Steve's face softened a bit as he saw how nervous Billy looked. "Don't worry. I'll be careful."

Billy just looked back at him for a moment, still, hints of doubts left. But then he nodded.

Okay. Fuck. It would probably be way easier to calm Billy down if Steve had more of an idea of what he was doing. Now the only guide he had, was the way Billy had worked him open when they did this for the first time. So slowly. One finger at a time. Steve got closer to Billy's entrance, both with his head and his hands and he kissed the inside of Billy's tan thigh. Damn, how was he even able to keep his thighs this tan in a town like this?

"You know the basics, do you?", Billy asked. He obviously sensed Steve's hesitation.

Steve bit down on his lips and brought his slick digit to the firm ring of muscle, eliciting a gasp from Billy. Steve was massaging it, stroking the outside before he finally found the courage to push in.

"Fuck!", Billy complained.

Steve placed his other hand right on Billy's hip, half to keep him calm, half to lock him in place.

"Too fast?", Steve asked.

"Nah.", Billy was pulling a face. "Give me a second, alright?"

Steve didn't move but Billy changed a bit of his position, clenching tight around Steve's finger.

"You good?"

Billy nodded firmly.

Steve took that as a sign to start moving his finger again, so he pushed it inside to its total and Billy hissed in response. Steve remembered what Billy had done when he'd worked Steve open, somehow curling his finger, until he hit that...

"Ah!", Billy sat straight up.

...prostate.

Steve smirked as Billy looked at him as if he had just rocked his world, even a bit scandalized.

"Could you not move so fucking much?", Steve asked amused.

"Only if you do that again.", Billy said, breathing heavy. "Holy shit!"

Instead of obliging immediately, while Billy was laying back down, Steve used more of that lube and slicked up the second finger, before guiding both of them to Billy's entrance. Billy looked a bit uneasy, as Steve tried to get two fingers inside, but he adjusted soon enough and now that Steve knew where to find that sweet spot, he certainly knew what to aim for, to make this really nice for Billy.

"Fuck!", Billy released as Steve moved his fingers a bit faster, now pumping into Billy. "That's just... fuck!"

"Do you ever shut up?", Steve asked with a smirk. He didn't really want Billy to be quiet. He was enjoying this way too much.

"Stop the bullshit and fuck me already, Harrington!", Billy ordered, squirming underneath Steve's touches.

Steve looked at him a little doubtfully but Billy looked so fucking sure of that, it was enough to convince him. So Steve pulled out his fingers and used a good amount of lube on his dick, before lining himself up with Billy.

"You ready?"

"Just do it.", Billy closed his eyes in anticipation and since they both

weren't ready to hold on any longer, Steve just pushed inside as slow as he possibly could, soon accompanied by guttural groan because Billy was so fucking hot and tight, he feared he could come before all the fun started.

Notes for the Chapter:

Oh, I enjoy writing their conversations way too much, probably. Can't even get them to shut up in the smutty parts. Talking of those, I'm sensing more of that over the next couple of days.

As always, comments keep me going and are highly appreciated.

88. Switch

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god.", Steve blurted out, now being the talkative one himself.

He just couldn't believe that he was inside Billy Hargrove right now, on top of him. It felt so hot and tight and fucking filthy, Steve could barely hold it together. Somehow, this moment overshadowed everything they had done before and Steve was seeing strange flashbacks of him and Billy, fighting over some shit or getting riled up over basketball. All of this, of course, only leading to this exact moment.

And Steve couldn't even think about moving yet because if there was any more friction, he was sure he wasn't going to last.

Billy, on the other hand, was strangely quiet compared to how he had been before. Teasing Steve, guiding him on, rushing him or just plain babbling something. As Steve felt himself getting sweaty already because that obviously was his body's way of coping with this sensation, he raised his head to look at Billy and see if he was okay.

What Steve saw was that Billy's face and chest were equally flushed. Billy had his eyes squinted shut and it looked like he was holding his breath.

Steve almost immediately forgot about his fear of coming too early, now seriously worried about the other boy. "Shit. You okay, Billy?", he asked, trying for his voice not to sound so fucking husky and obscene while obviously failing.

Billy was squinting his nose, too, now, but he nodded. "Yeah. Fuck! You're so big." He swallowed and Steve could see his Adam's apple bob.

In any other situation, Steve would certainly have felt flustered by

this, taken it as a compliment even, but the thought of Billy being uncomfortable right now almost gave him physical pain. "You want me to...?"

"Nah.", Billy interrupted him. "I'm just..." Billy shifted his hips a little and both boys released a groan, caused by the movement. "Let me..."

As Billy was adjusting to this foreign sensation, Steve was trying very hard to keep completely motionless right there on top of Billy. The only thing he dared moving was his hand, so he let his fingers wander over the side of Billy's face. Steve could feel just how damp the skin on his temples was getting. Confronted with that touch, Billy raised his chin a bit and looked at Steve again, his face definitely less tensed up now. In this, Steve found enough encouragement to lower his head and kiss Billy.

If anything, Steve would have expected Billy to push him away or, to not want to kiss right now. After all, Steve had only planned for a chaste kiss to reassure Billy, he was doing fucking great here, taking Steve so perfectly. What Steve didn't expect was Billy to lock his arms behind Steve's head and to pull him deep into this kiss, licking into his mouth and kissing him just the way he'd done it before.

Steve was so lost in the feeling of Billy's mouth on his, now even hotter while he was still inside him and Billy was hot and tight around him. He couldn't help but move a little, chasing just a bit of friction for himself. Steve could have sworn, this kiss had him literally blacked out until he heard the hiss, he was provoking from Billy, who was leaning back from the kiss now.

"Oh shit.", Steve mumbled. "I'm so sorry, I won't...", Steve immediately stopped every motion and looked at Billy again, expecting him to show pain and agony in his gaze. He didn't though.

"No. Go on, please.", Billy said in a breathy voice. "Fuck, I wanna feel you."

His arms that were locked around Steve's neck now moved to Steve's upper arms, as if to hold onto them for support.

"You sure?" Fuck, Steve really wouldn't want to hurt him.

Billy groaned and, at first, Steve thought, he'd really hurt him, until Billy looked at him in utter disbelief. "Jesus, you want me to discuss this now? Give you permission in paper form?! Just fucking move!", Billy rolled his eyes, but the way his voice sounded hasty like that didn't allow him to sound even nearly as intimidating as he had planned on. Also part of it could be due to the facts that he was still laying underneath Steve, clenching into his arms and that Steve was still inside him.

He didn't question Billy this time and obliged, but Steve still took it really slowly.

So he obliged. Steve still took it slowly.

Steve's breath was going heavier with the second. Fuck. This slow pacing was killing him just as much as it was driving Billy insane. Both of them gasping with every thrust of Steve. He had to hold himself back, while pushing inside, feeling that only this, taking it agonizingly slow, helped him to keep it at least somehow together. It also allowed him to continue to kiss Billy, to push his tongue into his mouth or suck at his lips with every slow roll of his hips.

And Billy certainly got used to the feeling. In the beginning, he was only releasing a few moans, as he held onto Steve even tighter.

"Fuck, Harrington, just... I need you to go faster, please! Oh god, yeah, right there. Ah!"

Even if Billy took a while to find his voice again, Steve loved it, when he did, loved how filthy he sounded and loved getting orders as well. And who was he, not to fulfill every single one of them, while Billy way arching his back, looking so fucking beautiful, rolling his eyes to the back of his head?

"Yeah! Fuck...", Billy said, in the rhythm of Steve's now faster thrusts. "God, you're so fucking big, I can't... I can't believe we're actually doing this."

Steve hummed and grinned. "You feel so good.", he said. And he really did. Like nothing, Steve had ever felt before and like Billy's body was just fucking made for this, for Steve to be inside him.

"Yeah?"

Steve was not sure what Billy did but it felt like he clenched his ass around Steve, just as Steve was pulling out a few inches and it sent shivers of pleasure through Steve's whole body.

"Fuck...!", he said in response.

Somehow that just made Steve tilt his hips slightly, changing up the angle just a little bit, but the response he was getting from Billy was fucking gorgeous. Billy moaned shamelessly, throwing his head back now, fingers clawing at Steve's skin.

"Fuck, yeah! Right fucking there!", Billy encouraged and damn if those words from that boy's mouth didn't get Steve dangerously close again. In response, he kept hitting the same angle but he was slowing down, prolong this. Hell, he couldn't stop just yet. It was too good. Billy was feeling too fucking good.

With his back still curved, Billy somehow managed to raise his head and look at Steve. "Shit, I'm close... I wanna...", his words were only interrupted by his own heavy breathing. "Fuck, let's switch!", he suggested.

Steve choked and lost his rhythm. "What?! Now?", he wasn't able to process what Billy was talking about, right away. Certainly not while he was balls-deep inside of Billy and that boy still felt so slick and hot around him, like nothing ever had.

"Yeah, now.", Billy nodded eagerly. "You're down for that?"

Before Steve could argue or come up with a reason not to do it, Billy was already sitting up and pushing Steve down, his back hitting the mattress. Steve let out a needy whine as Billy pulled himself off him, so he mindlessly reached for his dick and stroke, desperately trying to recreate that gorgeous feeling from before. He knew that was pointless and that he was never going to find it elsewhere but with Billy.

Only hearing the bottle of lube being popped open brought Steve's attention back to Billy and as he opened his eyes widely, he saw Billy

bringing his finger to Steve's ass, pushing it in, to the knuckle. Steve bucked his hips, wanting him to go slower and faster at the same time. Fuck, he could see how red and swollen his own dick was, obscenely leaking onto Steve's belly as Billy provoked a gasp from him by pushing his finger further inside.

"God, you're so fucking tight, Steve. Gonna feel so good when I fuck you...", Billy mumbled. Steve had no idea how he was staying so articulate with what they were doing because Steve was convinced if he would try to say something now, it would just come out as nonsense anyway. "Ready for another finger?"

Steve leaned his head back and nodded as he heard how Billy squeezed more lube onto his hand to slick his fingers up, before pushing them into Steve carefully. He was moving his fingers so skillful, probably way more skillful than Steve just had, leaving Steve plenty of time to adjust before he was curving them to hit his prostate.

"Fuck, Billy...", Steve moaned. His dick was throbbing, desperate to be touched.

"Sounds about right.", Billy smirked and pulled his fingers out, taking a short moment to appreciate just how ready Steve was looking for him with his legs spread and his face blissed out just like that. "Fuck...", Billy continued. "Felt so good to have you inside me. Now let me return the favor."

Billy gave himself two quick strokes, lubing up his dick before he lined himself up with Steve and started pushing inside.

"Ah!"

"I know, I know. I got you.", Billy was hovering over Steve now and Steve couldn't fight the urge to lock his legs around Billy's hips to keep him in place. He felt like this was such a girl's thing to do, he was almost about to fight it, until he noticed the adoring look Billy was giving him.

God, he just needed a moment to adjust to that feeling of being so full. If anything, Billy felt even bigger inside of him, than he had

done the last time.

While Billy did his best, not yet to move until Steve showed him, it was okay, Steve reached up to Billy's head and pulled him into a kiss again.

"Fuck...", Steve mumbled against Billy's mouth. "Move now."

And Billy did, keeping it slow at first but picking up a faster pace soon enough, going even faster than Steve had done before.

Steve was fisting into the sheets with one hand and clawing Billy's back with the other, getting close, so fucking close with this.

Somehow Billy must have been sensing this because, in the next moment, Steve felt Billy's hand on his chin, almost bruisingly harsh, as he forced Steve to look at him. "Not yet.", was the only order he was getting. The painful grip and the eagerness in Billy's voice were doing quite the opposite of helping with that but now, seeing that smirk on Billy's face, Steve really wanted to know what he was going to do.

Notes for the Chapter:

On the good sight, getting a bit of exercise is probably going to help them fight the sickness and all of that, lmao. But honestly, what's to expect from this situation? They are left alone in a big-ass house after weeks of walking circles around each other. I think, what's going to get exciting is when this bubble of staying at home and just being the two of them breaks and school starts again. But yeah, I think I'm getting ahead of myself now. For now, I'm just throwing the towel and allowing all the smut those idiots are obviously needing haha

As always, I love hearing your thoughts <3

89. An option

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy is not quite done with Steve yet, in the end, two very happy sweaty boys are laying next to each other, catching their breaths.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Billy didn't loosen his grip on Steve's jaw just yet, and instead, he yanked him to the side harshly, away from how own face. Steve gasped as Billy got a little rougher and fluttered his eyelids as Billy nuzzled the exposed part of his neck now, while he was continuously thrusting into Steve, as though at a way slower pace, still a bit frantic. Even if he hit Steve's prostate again and again and brought Steve closer to the edge with every second that passed, Steve just couldn't come yet, even though he felt like he was getting wetter with precum than he'd ever gotten before. Simply because he'd never been in a moment like this before, with Billy so close, he was literally all over him.

Steve released a high-pitched moan as Billy ran his tongue over his neck, followed by a testing bite, just to tease Steve, not had enough to leave a mark yet. But it was enough to make him shudder underneath Billy.

"You like that, huh?", Billy asked.

The truth was that Steve was way too lost in his own blissfulness to tell if Billy was mocking him or being serious with that question, so he just nodded his head as far as Billy's grip allowed him to do this. Which was not very far, Billy's hand was still holding onto him tightly and Steve felt almost bruising pressure on the skin of his jaw.

"Use your words, Harrington!", Billy insisted.

"Yeah.", Steve said weakly. "Like it."

Billy grinned against his skin, licked it once again before he started to carefully suck at it, marking Steve who had no point in complaining about it.

"Ah...", Steve moaned loudly, feeling his dick throbbing between himself and Billy as the other boy continued to pound into him.

"Fuck, Billy, I think I really... ah... please... I need to...", Steve babbled, especially after Billy started to use more teeth on his tender skin.

"Now?", Billy asked, pulling his face from Steve's neck. Billy sounded almost as out of his mind as Steve was feeling right now. In a way, Steve thought that was comforting and it made him feel a little less exposed to him.

"Ah... Yeah, I just need to..." Even though Steve was sure he would be able to come just from the friction inside of him and Billy's dick constantly hitting against his prostate, ever since pulling out of the other boy, his own dick was aching for attention. But when he reached down to stroke himself, Billy grabbed his wrist and locked it in place, immediately pulling out of Steve completely, without giving him any warning beforehand.

"Fuck!", Steve complained, accompanied by some whiny and definitely desperate noises. "Billy, please, just..." He was squirming on the mattress, not sure he knew how to use his limbs anymore.

"Yeah, I know.", Billy nodded. "Give me a second..."

Even though he had no idea how he did it, Steve managed to blink his eyes open and look at Billy who was reaching for the lube again, way too far away from Steve for his liking.

"What are you...? Just put it back in.", Steve mumbled, totally out of breath.

Billy grinned. "Nah.", he squeezed a bit of lube onto the palm of his hands and the next second he was straddling Steve, whose eyes widened in surprise. "You're going to come inside me, pretty boy.", he announced.

"What? I mean... ah!", Steve gasped and was unable to finish with his concerns as Billy lubed him up again, even though that part probably wasn't necessary.

Steve's eyes followed every single move of Billy, lining himself up with Steve's dick that just looked painfully hard right now. Steve squirmed even more, as he felt Billy's hands on him, but he held back a moment longer. And then Billy was lowering himself down on him, slowly, carefully, closing his eyes as he did this and releasing almost the same kind of guttural groan, that was escaping from Steve's lips, too.

"Oh god, fucking hell.", Billy gasped, sitting still there on top of Steve but only for a moment. Steve could see how shaky Billy's hands were, he was basically clenching his own thighs, as he started to roll his hips and ride Steve.

Steve immediately threw his head back in pleasure and a series of moans escaped his lips, as his hands wandered to Billy's chest. That part was what seemed to be the only thing to kinda hold onto right now. Steve felt like he was falling apart like this was taking everything from him but it felt so fucking good!

"Ah! Careful there!", Billy warned.

Steve noticed that he hadn't only held onto Billy, but pretty much clawed into firm muscles there.

"Fuck... sorry.", Steve tried to hold back but only managed to do it so well because at that point he was already so close, anything but Billy was a blur to him. "So fucking close...", he mumbled.

"Good.", Billy moaned. "Look at me, alright?"

Steve blinked his eyes open, even if it was the hardest thing to do. At this moment, he would have done anything Billy asked him to do. His own lips were parted and small whiny sounds were escaping there constantly. It wasn't too hard to look when Steve noticed how Billy looked right there, face and chest flush, veins on his necks and forehead showing.

As Billy noticed that Steve was indeed paying attention now, he brought his own hand to his dick and started stroking it while still moving up and down, fucking himself on Steve.

"Oh my god, Billy...", Steve was panting.

If it wasn't the way Billy was locking eyes with him while doing all of that and through the obscene background noises, it was definitely the stupid smug grin on his face that got Steve over the edge and he came, still buried inside Billy.

"Ah!", he groaned.

Billy didn't stop moving just yet and although Steve was batting his eyelashes, he kept watching him, bobbing there on top of Steve and stroking himself faster now before he finally spilled right there on Steve's chest, a bit of the cum even hitting Steve's chin. Through all of this, Billy was moaning and mumbling obscenities and it was maybe the hottest thing, Steve had ever seen. His thighs were shaking as he came and Billy groaned once more, as he pulled himself off Steve and collapsed onto the mattress right next to him.

Moments passed with just the two of them laying next to each other, panting and trying to catch their breaths, heavily sweating, too. As Steve was staring at the ceiling above him, he was thinking how different this just was from the last time they had laid here next to each other. There was no panic and no uncertainty, even though this might have been the most mindblowing sex Steve had ever had. So maybe the talking they'd done beforehand was good for something after all.

"Holy shit.", Steve mumbled, shaking his head.

"Yup.", Billy agreed.

"What the...?"

"Uh-huh."

"I mean..."

"Totally."

Both of their voices still sounded breathy, even though they appeared to be increasingly amused by this conversation, too.

Steve tilted his head to look at Billy who was practically doing the same at the exact moment. He could see how red his face and his chest still were. Also, Steve was able to see the exact spots he had run his nails over, because there were fine red lines on both sides of Billy's chest, making him look like he'd been in a fight with a stray cat. Steve was grinning.

Billy started to chuckle. "Fuuuck.", he groaned, still sounding exhausted and almost disbelieving at the same time.

Steve couldn't help but smirk at this, barely able to fight his own laughter. "So, I guess we just did that.", he said bluntly.

"Hell yeah, we did. Oh god...", Billy was wiping what seemed like a tear out of his eye with the back of his hand. "That was fucking incredible. I mean, I..."

"When you suggested to... I mean I didn't even know that was an option!", Steve shook his head. Compared to what he was doing with Billy, every sexual encounter before felt almost boring. It was almost always about the basics and Steve was pretty sure it wasn't only different because Billy was a guy.

"Well, it didn't hurt to try it anyway, right?", Billy said.

"Certainly not, I... fuck, even thinking about it is starting to get me hard again."

Billy grinned, obviously very happy with that information. Then he shifted onto his side what brought him into a better position to look at Steve. Steve noticed that he was furrowing his brows for a second as he moved.

"Can I ask you something?", Billy asked, somehow reaching behind himself.

"Sure.", Steve watched him, his face a little more serious now.

"Like... Did you get sore after we did it the first time? Like... down

there?", Billy looked at Steve a little uneasy and Steve almost felt the need to blush.

"A little bit. I mean, sitting down felt a little weird the next day but I forgot about it at some point. Didn't last long."

"Good.", Billy said with a bit of relief. "Because I feel like maybe going for a second round wasn't the smartest idea."

"Oh.", Steve frowned. "Does it hurt... like badly?"

Billy rolled his eyes. "Your dick's not that big, Harrington.", he stated.

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay, maybe I just want to justify the smut again, but I feel this moment afterward is very important for their relationship, especially compared to their first time. Because they talk now and it's like things are less heavy between them and more easy and fun. I'm already curious to see how they continue from this point.

As always, I love hearing your thoughts on this <3

90. Not going anywhere

Summary for the Chapter:

They try to come up with alibis. Billy doesn't like the idea of Steve getting out of bed.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

The way Billy had just said it, left Steve a bit unsure. This was a mix of mocking him, admiring and complaining and all of those mixed signals just left a question mark on his face. Of course, Billy didn't miss the lines that were building on Steve's forehead, so he sighed and when Steve tilted his head, he added "I just feel a bit sore, that's all.", to clarify his former statement. "Don't get weird over this, alright?"

Steve nodded as he turned over to his side, too, feeling like this position allowed him to watch Billy better and take them on the same level in a way.

Even though Billy was still making a bit of a face every time a move reminded him of his soreness, he was still covered in sweat and his chest was rising and sinking with every breath he took. Steve was thinking about how Ally never got to see this, but he hated himself for his thoughts taking this turn. He usually wasn't the most jealous person but seeing Billy like this and knowing this state of blissfulness was archived just by what they'd done before was giving Steve a great feeling and made him have butterflies in his stomach. But he didn't like the idea that what was completely out of the ordinary for him, might not be for Billy. Maybe Billy having sex was always like this, like running a marathon in a crazy change of positions, even while he was still with girls.

Billy raised a brow when he noticed the expression on Steve's face got a little darker and Steve hated how much Billy looked like he was expecting Steve to get bad again, after this. This might be the only reason for him to clarify what he was thinking about. He wanted him

to know at this moment. More than that, Steve actually felt like Billy had a right to know, after what happened.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Yeah, shoot.", Billy nodded, still looking at Steve with slightly squinted eyes as if the other boy was acting hella suspicious.

"Do you... I mean, is this how things usually go when you... you know? Have sex?", Steve asked. He felt weird talking about this. Talking about sex, in general, wasn't something he had much experience in. It happened. Or it didn't. No need to discuss that further, at least so far.

Billy's face just turned into a smile. "You're such a dork.", he commented, still looking at Steve in amazement. "Well... to answer your question...", Billy then started on a more serious note. "It's obviously the first time I had someone inside me.", he stated. "But fuck, if you think like I've ever done something like what we just did, then hell no. I mean... not even close actually." He chuckled.

Steve closed his eyes just for the fraction of a second and exhaled a bit harshly.

"You liked what I did with your neck, right?", Billy then asked, pulling Steve out of his own thoughts again.

The good thing was that Steve was way too surprised by this question to blush, but he was still clenching his jaw and opening his eyes a little wider because he felt a bit exposed. Without thinking, he moved his hand to the place at his neck, inhaling sharply as his fingers found the bruise and pressed down on it. Even though Steve was avoiding to look at Billy directly, he still felt his eyes on him. "Yeah...", Steve mumbled without thinking about it. "Don't know why. I certainly wasn't into this before. I mean, I liked to give hickeys, but... that was different."

"I wouldn't call that a hickey.", Billy said with a raised brow. "I mean, you were so into this, I thought you wouldn't let me stop before I at least draw some blood."

Steve knew that Billy was mocking him but still his mouth got a little dry on the idea of Billy, really biting down, tearing a bit of skin and... A pleasant shudder was going through Steve's body.

Billy chuckled. "Oh, you're really something, aren't you?", he said, with a smirk. His gaze went down his own chest now and the smirk shifted into a more serious expression. He cleared his throat. "It's going to look awfully weird if we don't come up with some kind of alibi for this. At least for the showers after practice." He ran the tip of his finger along one of the red lines Steve had left on his chest and hissed as he came to the top part, where Steve's nails had gotten particularly deep.

Steve frowned. "Well, yeah maybe.", he agreed.

"Maybe?", Billy raised both brows in disbelief.

"I just don't think, anyone there would expect us to be... you know?", Steve curved his mouth into a half-smile.

Billy snorted. "You don't think so?", he asked without much certainty in his voice. "Because I'm not in the mood for any of those asshats to call me...", he swallowed and stopped the sentence there, thrown off by the wording in his own head.

"I know.", Steve said. No need to say it.

The name-calling was worse now that he had a point.

"Besides...", Steve added. "Shouldn't be too hard to avoid them in the showers. Just take your time undressing and button up your shirts when you get out.", he shrugged.

"And you, smartass? Gonna wear that scarf again?"

"Well, I don't have no girlfriend that's going to think it's suspicious when rumors are getting around. If anything, they all are just going to think I got together with some girl."

"Oh, you don't think the princess is going to get nosy when she sees that?", Billy was eying the bruise on Steve's neck.

"Well, I just lie to her then.", Steve said as if that was so easy. "What are you going to say when people talk about scratch marks after you supposedly broke up with Ally?"

"You lying to Wheeler? Oh, I definitely wanna see this.", Billy snorted. "I will just make up a nice lady friend from outta town. Should be convincing.", he shrugged.

"A nice lady friend?", Steve repeated as he pictured the rumors reaching Ally. It's either going to break her heart or make her furious and both were probably not the reactions they should be trying to evoke in anyone.

"You wanna pick your masquerade yourself? Maybe add a few more details?", Billy grinned. "You know, that pretty brunette that liked it rough?"

Steve blushed. "Yeah, better keep that to yourself.", he mumbled. "I'm just thinking about Ally. She's not going to be happy about it."

"You start caring for my ex now?", Billy asked in a darker tone.

Steve thought that he should probably change the topic right away. Talking about there exes meant Billy's mind coming up with Nancy and they couldn't be talking about her. Not today. Not while Steve felt like he couldn't keep a secret, while he was still naked in front of Billy. He looked down at himself and noticed, a little cooled off now, that he was still covered with thick spurts on his chest, already starting to dry up. Steve squinted his nose.

He looked up when Billy leaned forward and wiped his thumb over Steve's chin. "You got something on there, too.", Billy said, getting the sticky wetness of there. Steve wasn't sure if that was just weird or he should be grossed out.

"Yeah, just wait here. I'll get a towel or something. You could probably use one, too.", Steve said, sitting up.

"It's not like your sheets aren't already filthy.", Billy argued.

Steve rolled his eyes. "Yeah, I prefer not to have it dry up on me, so if you would excuse me...", he moved over to the edge of the bed.

"You better get back here, afterward, because if you get lost in that bathroom again, I'm gonna...", Billy's voice was quieter now. More serious.

As Steve was sitting on the edge of the bed, he turned his head to look at Billy. His face showed that this wasn't mocking or making fun of the incidents of the past. He noticed serious worries.

Even though he planned on leaving, Steve's face softened. Instead of standing up, he was back at the bed and meeting Billy halfway, because the other boy sat up, too, as he saw that Steve was getting closer. Without exchanging another word, for now, Steve leaned his head against Billy's. They both looked a bit terrified and Steve wasn't sure if it was all about the horrors of the past. But he was holding the back of Billy's neck tighter than he'd done before and noticed that this wasn't just about Billy being afraid. They both had their eyes opened wider than usual and they were both breathing a bit too fast. Billy was holding onto Steve's arm just as strongly as Steve was holding his neck, their foreheads almost feeling too heavy.

"I'm not, okay?", Steve reassured him. "Not going anywhere. I'm not going to make you leave again."

"Mhm.", Billy exhaled. "Just... Can I kiss you?"

Steve smiled. "Don't ask me that. I always am.", he said and after he swallowed down all the dark feelings that threw him back to that moment, Billy had talked to him through the door, before he left. Before Billy could react on that permission, Steve was leaning forward, licking his own lips before finding Billy's.

Notes for the Chapter:

Not only Steve is a bit damaged by what had happened between them before. It's gonna take both of them a lot of reassuring until they believe what they have is a thing that could last without breaking.

As always, I love hearing your thoughts on this chapter <3

91. Keep it a secret

Summary for the Chapter:

Two boys feeling a bit uneasy and trying to fight it.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Billy immediately deepened the kiss as if he didn't only have something to prove to Steve but also to himself. Steve noticed that Billy held his eyes closed and he leaned into him, more than Steve was doing. Steve just returned the touch, kissed him and allowed him to deepen the kiss as he wanted. He wasn't going anywhere right now, even if that meant sitting on his bed covered in cum or taking Billy to the bathroom with him. If Billy was feeling weird with Steve leaving after they had sex, that was valid and Steve wasn't going to leave him with that. Not when he knew that exact feeling all too well.

"It's okay.", he mumbled against Billy's cheek as they turned to just resting their foreheads against each other. "I'm here. Not going anywhere."

Billy was still looking tense in his whole body and his breath sounded unsteady and a bit shaky. But he still looked up at Steve when Steve's voice ripped through the silence.

"Fuck...", Billy cursed, too soft to sound any threatening or make Steve worry. "I... I'm fine, alright?" He blinked twice. "Jesus Christ, go and get a towel now, that's honestly disgusting, Harrington.", he said, trying to make that sound funny, to cover up his feelings in sarcasm, as he put on a crooked smirk.

Steve's mouth curved into a smile, too. "You're so full of shit, Hargrove.", he said adoringly. "I'll be back in a second, alright?" He looked at Billy, willing to call the whole thing off if Billy's smile faded even a little bit. "I mean... you can come along if you want to."

"I'm fine, Harrington.", Billy repeated with a bit of annoyance. "I'm... yeah just ignore that, alright?"

Steve shook his head. "I'm not. But we don't need to talk about it.", he moved back towards the bed. "We can just talk about anything else. When I'm back. Which I will be. In a second.", he said awkwardly.

Billy rolled his eyes, now actually chuckling. "You could have gone there twice by now. Go!"

Steve grinned and it took them another moment of looking at each other with softened faces before Steve actually got out of bed. Before he left through the door, Steve stopped again. He saw that Billy had laid down again and heard a groan as soon as Billy noticed Steve's concerned gaze on him. Steve just continued to smirk and rushed out to get a towel and got it wet under the faucet in the sink. He started to wipe himself clean, starting on his neck and moving down to his chest and his belly, while he was already on his way back to his bedroom.

When Billy saw Steve walking through the door, Steve didn't miss the signs of relief on the other one's face. In a way, they were more hurtful than him hesitating before. Because he wasn't trusting it. Steve knew this because, in certain ways, he wasn't trusting this situation between them either. For the first time, Steve got a bit of an idea of what Billy might have been through when Steve made him leave, not even looking at him and hiding behind that stupid bathroom door. Of course, it was something completely different and couldn't be compared to Steve's weeks of suffering, while Billy had spent his time pretending to fall in love with Ally. But it definitely made Steve feel more sympathy for him.

Steve also noticed the bit of concern on Billy's face that was probably regarded to whether Steve would continue talking about this. Since Steve already said, they wouldn't have to discuss this, he threw the towel over to Billy, before getting on the bed.

Billy made a slightly disgusted face, as he caught the towel, but still used it to wipe off cum and sweat and lube and toss it to the side then. Steve laid down on the mattress next to him, even though he kept a bit of a distance, not sure why. He just didn't want to enforce

anything right now. On the other hand, being distant would probably do the opposite of helping. Steve looked over at him.

"You think, it's going to work? School, I mean.", Steve said after a moment of just holding eye contact. "I suppose it wouldn't be good if people started finding out about this."

Billy snorted. "Yeah, definitely. You're still worrying about Ally, aren't you?"

"Well, shouldn't we both be? I mean, you're the one that told her about erectile dysfunction..."

"Excuse me?", Billy was interrupting him with a scandalized voice.

"Or in your case, maybe it's more of an emotional dysfunction. Anyway, makes it kinda hard to believe you just found love in some random girl's arms, you know?"

"Well, maybe she just has to live with the fact that it didn't work out between us. Could be making it easier for her...", Billy argued.

"Could make her really bitter and revengeful, too.", Steve worried.

"What's the worst thing she could do? Talk shit about me? Because that's something I can live with."

"Just... If she keeps her interest in you, whether she hates you or she wants you back doesn't really matter, it's just going to be fucked up, you know? She'll notice we hang out more and at some point, it's just about putting one and one together."

"Fuck, I don't even know why you start caring about my ex so much. Try with not making any problems up before they are actually there.", Billy said. He waited a moment before he snorted. "Hey, fun idea: How about I start holding councils with the princess, see if that helps, since focussing on the other one's ex is our thing now. You don't think she'll be interested in why we started to hang out again?", Billy tried to provoke a reaction, talking sarcastically.

"Oh, she won't be.", Steve said a little too fast.

Billy grunted. "Who are you trying to be kidding with that? That would be the actual first time Wheeler wouldn't be right behind the corner making sure she catches everything, you're doing."

Steve rolled his eyes, feeling more and more uneasy, the closer they got to why Nancy really wouldn't be any surprised if she knew about the recent turn of events.

Billy moved closer to Steve now, turning onto his belly next to him but keeping his gaze right at Steve. "What did you tell her, anyway? When I showed up shitfaced on your doorstep. I'm guessing you weren't there for no reason the next day."

Steve swallowed. Fuck. So much for trying to keep this part of the story to himself.

"Uh... you sure you wanna talk about this?", Steve asked, trying to give Billy a way of maneuvering both of them out of this.

Billy's face just hardened a bit. "What do you mean?", he asked in a cold tone.

"Fuck... You won't particularly like this, you know?", Steve tried to put on at least a half-smile, to show that this wasn't as bad as he was making this sound. The fact that Billy wasn't anything to this didn't make it any better though.

"Okay, okay... fuck." Steve moved his hands towards his face, kind of hiding behind them. "She kinda knows about us, alright? Like... not really, and not to which degree but she... she knows that we kissed and she knows that I..."

That he liked him.

Steve left that part unsaid, even if he didn't have a good reason for that. "She doesn't know how far we've taken this. She doesn't know what happened on Monday but when I was freaking out on Tuesday, not knowing where the hell you were, she kind of made me go and see you. She knew how miserable I was when you were with Ally and she knows that we talked about things and that we tried on being friends again."

"Being friends...", Billy said in an awkward tone. "Oh suck at that." He looked at Steve again. I suppose Byers has an idea about us, too?"

Steve sighed. "Yeah. They even kind of set this up in the first place, you know? She told me to ask you to that party and I was just totally oblivious what this was about. I was until she told me. I thought she might be attracted to you or whatever. I mean back then I still had no idea about what was going on between us..."

Steve looked at Billy, trying to figure out how bad this was. But even though Billy definitely didn't look happy, he didn't freak out either and Steve had definitely suspected that he would do just that.

"It's my fault, okay?", Steve looked down. "I'm... I was so... so fucked up during those weeks and I... If I could go back and keep it a secret, I would."

"You can't though.", Billy pointed out with a raised brow. "When were you going to tell me this?"

Steve sighed. "Well, there was no point in telling you, while you were still with Ally. And then on Monday, we didn't have much of an opportunity, either."

"You made me tell you every single thing that happened but you didn't think it would be necessary to let me know about this?"

"I... I know, I shouldn't have talked to her without you knowing, okay?"

"Do you at least know if she kept quiet about it, so far?"

"Don't you think we'd know it if the word was spreading at school that we started making out regularly?", Steve asked with a raised brow.

"I mean, probably...", Billy wondered. "What does she think anyway? About this?"

"You mean, about you?", Steve looked at him with a frown and saw that Billy was nodding.

"Yeah, what does she think about me and you?"

Notes for the Chapter:

Of course, Steve couldn't avoid this for too long. I think it's interesting how Billy knows what big of a part Nancy is in Steve's life. Like he probably noticed them hanging out more before. And he knows that Steve cares about her. So what Nancy thinks about him could be pretty sure and that this is more important to him in a way than being mad at Steve for talking to her in the first place... I just like the idea of it.

Let me know what you think in the comments <3

92. Getting after someone else

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy are trying to resolve some uncertainties.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

"Yeah, what does she think about me and you?"

Steve frowned. He hoped that Billy would say another thing because he felt like whatever he could say himself couldn't be too helpful right now. Fuck, it wasn't even that he didn't like Billy's usage of words. Rather it was quite the opposite.

But what should Nancy even be thinking about them as long as he and Billy were barely a thing and everything she'd ever witness was heartbreak?

"She...", Steve started, trying to come up with an excuse. "Fuck, Billy, all she knows really is that we made out a couple of times. There isn't much to think."

Billy snorted. "You really wanna call that 'just making out'?", he asked a brow raised high.

Steve frowned. "Well, then how would you call it?"

"Fuck, the hell should I know...", Billy mumbled. "All I'm saying is that me and Ally, that was just making out. But us... with you it's... fuck, it's just different, okay?"

Steve sighed but he nodded. He was getting the point Billy was trying to make even if he didn't have a word for it either. Those moments haven't been just physical. It was mutual affection and more than that it was some kind of weird friendship underneath, in which they actually fucking cared for each other. Nancy only had so much of an idea about that, even though she had been rightfully guessing a few

times, especially when it came to the fact that Steve was really important to Billy as a friend.

"I haven't been going into too much detail with her.", Steve said, half lying. It was basically the truth, even though they could be arguing to what degree.

"Whatever... all I'm saying is that she wasn't too fond of me the few times we actually talked in the past. Always felt like she much rather had me to disappear than to stand next to you.", Billy said.

Steve paused for a moment to process that Billy seemed to really care about this, even though Steve wasn't too sure about what that meant yet. "Well, maybe...", he started to answer. "Maybe that's because you haven't been particularly nice.", Steve tilted his head.

"To her?", Billy asked, sounding a bit scandalized.

"More like in general."

"What?", Billy smirked. "You don't think, I'm nice, Harrington?" There was a playfulness in Billy's voice as he brushed against Steve's chest with a few fingers as if to push him.

"Well, actually... No, not really.", Steve couldn't help but grin right back at Billy.

Billy exhaled sharply through his nose. "You want me to play nice, Harrington?"

Steve felt himself getting goosebumps. Whatever atmosphere Billy was creating with this, Steve felt like he was close to a fight. Or a kiss. With Billy, it could be both.

"I'm not sure you could, even if you wanted to.", Steve said.

"What do you want, pretty boy?"

The added compliment, basically a pet name by now, caused Steve to lift the corners of his mouth. "I'm fine with who you are."

Billy nodded slowly and Steve could sense a feeling of relief.

"So, no orders from above? The princess hasn't told you to keep your distance? Stay away from me?", Billy asked.

"After she sent me in your direction in the first place?", Steve asked. "Would be a pretty weak move. But... I mean, this was pretty much all before the thing with Ally."

"Oh.", Billy blinked, losing a bit of color. "Yeah, she was kinda there for you during that, right?", he asked with serious concern in his voice.

Steve nodded. "Kept me busy, anyway. Forced me to leave the house. Helped me with the college essay.", he told Billy.

"Fuck.", Billy cursed. "I totally forgot about that. You know, if you've asked me, I would still have read over it."

Steve just stared back at him, both brows raised in doubt. "Are you fucking serious about this right now?"

Billy's gaze changed. "Yeah, you're right. Maybe it was best, she did it. You got any answers yet?"

"Just from the places who won't have me.", Steve said. He'd opened the last envelope a couple of days ago. A few applications were still open but with every rejection, he was losing hope, even though he still wasn't sure about any of this.

"Their loss.", Billy just commented bluntly.

Steve couldn't help but smile at this. "I'm not mad about it. If anything, I'm still not sure college is even a thing for me.", Steve admitted.

Billy just looked back at him for a moment in what looked like he was judging, reading Steve's gaze, before he was suddenly moving. Steve felt the firm press of Billy's arm, pushing him back first into the mattress as Billy was getting on top of him. Everything was a little too fast and too forceful but Steve's body was responding with nothing but excitement to the sudden increase of skin on skin contact. Billy's face was hovering only inches away from Steve.

"It's my fault.", Billy said. "All of this stupid shit. Should have been there, helping you. Not be the reason for you being miserable in the first place." He was pretty much blurting all of that out without really thinking about it and the following silence showed that there was a bit of regret in that, even if Billy still stayed there, on top of him.

Steve wanted to reach up to Billy's face but as soon as he tried to get his arms free, Billy had his wrists pinned down right and left from Steve's face. The next thing Steve saw was Billy lowering himself down to kiss him.

At first, Steve wasn't sure about this. Whether this was the right moment to go this direction. But as soon as Billy's mouth found his own, Steve's concerns just melted away and he fully surrendered into the kiss, parting his for Billy to find his tongue.

"It's fine...", Steve said. "I'm not mad at you. And I'm glad you're not freaking out because of Nancy."

Billy had been trailing kisses over Steve's cheek until he found the mark on his neck, he just left there some time ago.

"You're going to tell her about this?", Billy asked, his voice warm and curious before he licked the wrecked skin.

Steve snorted. "I'm not talking to her about this.", he stated.

Billy was smirking now. "Why that? Think she would get jealous?" He gave the bruise another teasing bite before raising his head and looking at Steve again.

"Hm?", Steve raised a brow, trying to figure out what Billy was up to with this bullshit.

"You know?", Billy was licking his own lip with a smug grin. "Bet she's been thinking about it. How I can get you off in a way she can't do anymore? In a way, she never could in the first place?"

Steve rolled his eyes but he couldn't help the smirk that was crawling up on his face. "You're an idiot. And, for the records, I'm pretty sure Nancy is not sitting at home picturing us having sex, okay?"

Billy grinned. "Think that really never crossed her mind?", he asked mockingly.

"Oh, shut up.", Steve ordered, fighting his hands free, so he could push Billy over and straddle him to have a bit of a more powerful position. He gave up on the idea of power when he saw the expression on Billy's face.

"Tell me how she never touched you like I just did.", Billy said with a low and calm voice, cupping Steve's butt with one hand while using the other to stroke over his face.

Steve wanted to roll his eyes or to snort but the way Billy was looking at him just kept him captivated. "She didn't."

"Never made you came like I just did, did she, pretty boy?"

Steve blinked before he said no. Slowly but surely a smirk returned to his lips. "I... You know, she broke up with me, right? So she's not going to be jealous of whomever I choose to spend my time with.", he explained.

"You still into her?", Billy asked bluntly, the grip on Steve's backside getting a little harsher, nails digging into soft skin.

Steve licked his lips before he lowered his head to kiss Billy for a moment. He told himself that he was only doing that, to make him shut up, even though he knew that was a lie. "Call me oldfashioned...", he then said. "But I tend to... not be with one person and like another.", Steve babbled. He still couldn't tell Billy that he liked him, let alone tell him more than that. Stupid or not, he just couldn't fucking do it. And it was stupid because Steve knew that they both liked each other. But right now, laying on top of Billy in a filthy bed being still butt-naked wasn't the right moment to discuss any sort of feeling they may or may not be having.

"Good.", Billy nodded. His smirk faded and he looked more honest now, probably still trying to figure out what Steve just had said. "I mean, I probably wouldn't mind but... yeah, whatever, I guess.", he let his gaze slip to the side.

Steve sighed. "I won't though. Okay? I'm not still into her. And I'm not planning on getting after someone else.", he clarified.

Billy swallowed before he looked back at him with a small and uncertain nod. "Yeah, me neither.", he mumbled, barely audible.

Steve just looked at Billy, noticing the way his face had changed from hurt to smug to being fucking vulnerable right now. Steve raised his hand to brush his thumb over the side of Billy's face and for a moment it looked like his mouth formed a half-smile before he said "Fuck off! Just fucking kiss me.", pulling Steve harshly down to meet his lips.

Notes for the Chapter:

Those boys, showing their feelings at one moment, fighting it the next... Someday they'll be the death of me, lmao.

As always, I'm curious to hear your thoughts <3

93. Discretion

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy start talking about the future.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve couldn't stop the moan that was slipping out of his mouth when Billy sucked on his bottom lip, especially when the other boy was carefully using some teeth on the sensitive flesh of Steve's mouth.

But Billy wasn't continuing with that for long and had Steve underneath himself and on his back in no time. For a moment then, it was as if time just stood still. They were looking into each other's eyes, and fuck if they didn't notice how hasty their breaths had gotten or how blown their pupils looked.

"Billy...", Steve said a bit breathlessly, eyes wide open, as he tried to remember what he was just thinking about. Something about talking, but he was definitely lacking words right now, or much rather the ability to form a straight sentence.

"Yeah, fuck, you're right.", Billy mumbled, releasing a groan or rather a sigh. And just with that, his body was gone. Not gone as in out the room. More gone as in not touching Steve anymore and keeping a bit of a distance between them, even though they were still sharing a bed.

"I didn't...", Steve clenched his jaw and turned to his side, to face Billy. "I didn't mean you should... stop.", he mumbled. "Just maybe..." Fuck, talking was definitely easier when he knew what he actually wanted to say, instead of just trying to improvise.

"Maybe what?", Billy asked, in this moment definitely way more articulate than Steve was feeling.

"Maybe we talk about this?", Steve suggested. He was well aware how uncertain his voice sounded, but how could he be certain about

anything really?

"About what exactly?"

"This? Us?", Steve wasn't sure, but talking would be a smart thing to do. It was what Nancy would have been suggesting, if he talked to her or if she had been in that situation.

"You think, talking about it is going to make this any less weird?", Billy raised a brow.

"As long as it's not turning this worse, I can deal with weird.", Steve shrugged. "Just, we can't just be changing the subject or making out instead of discussing this all of the time. That certainly won't be of any help."

"I haven't changed a subject!", Billy argued.

"You don't want to talk about why you don't want me to leave. And then this Nancy thing? I think, talking about this might help us feeling less fucked up about everything."

"That's how you feel?" The upsetness that had been on Billy's face before, changed into a bit of a worry.

"Honestly? I have no idea how I feel and it's freaking me out. It's like I'm high and fucking happy one second and the next I'm worried, scared even. You know?"

"Mhm.", Billy agreed. "Fine. Let's discuss this, for Christ's sake." Even though Billy didn't sound totally on board with this, Steve was glad, he at least agreed to try.

"Thank you."

"If anything, I probably owe you this. Make up for the endless amount of times, I chickened out from talking to you, huh?", Billy curved his mouth into a half smile.

"I'm not mad at you.", Steve told him again.

"Well, maybe that's a good starting point.", Billy snorted. "Why the

fuck aren't you mad at me? I fucked this up majorly and on more than just one occasion. Why are you keeping me here, allowing me around you, when you know all of this? All of what happened and what I've done to you?"

Steve swallowed and he blinked a couple of times. "Yeah, why?", Steve repeated.

Billy's eyes darkened a little bit.

"I missed you.", Steve just said. "Didn't matter what you did. It was just worse when you weren't around."

"And it's good now?", Billy sounded doubtful.

"I mean... it's not perfect, but it's better than sitting here just brooding or drinking or whatever."

"Better than drinking.", Billy shook his head and rolled his eyes, a smirk wandering to his lips. "Wow, you must really like you, Harrington."

"You should know that by now.", Steve said, trying not to sound as if that was a topic he had tried to avoid for some time.

"Why?", Billy asked.

"Why what?"

"Why do you like me? Fuck, why do you like me around or whatever? It's just that... I don't get it.", Billy was shaking his head again. "When you could have Nancy or any other girl. Or guy. I bet, you find someone better in a heartbeat, no matter what you're looking for. No fuck ups and no chickening out."

"You want me to do that?"

"I don't want you to just realize that one day."

"Haven't you answered that question yourself already?", Steve asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Neither of them would be you.", Steve blurted. "I can't give you a fucking reason for this, okay? Because I don't have one. I just went along with this and it's good, god, it's really good and now all I'm scared of is losing this again. But I won't give it up for something that I don't really want."

Billy just looked back at him and Steve wasn't sure if what he just said was good or bad. Billy was just hard to read.

"Say something.", Steve said.

"It's... Fuck, just talking to you had been one of the best things in this stupid town, you know that? I don't even know why I went to that party after you asked me. Maybe I was just curious what had gotten into you and maybe I couldn't stop thinking about your stupid face... And then we just sit there and it's so easy because I don't have to pretend I like you or play a role so you like me. Hell, it was so fucking easy, getting closer just came naturally, didn't it? My hand on your leg... I still don't know if that was an accident or on purpose and I wasn't even that drunk. I never fall asleep with anyone else around and with you I barely noticed it."

Steve smiled. "Yeah. I would never have expected it to be this way. That we could be talking without fighting, without you trying to kick my ass at every opportunity."

"With your ass, that would be a fucking waste of potential.", Billy smirked.

"But you ran off for a reason.", Steve argued. "It was good when we were just friends but every time we took a step further, someone freaked out."

"Not because I didn't want this to happen.", Billy explained. "I've been wanting to kiss you since that very first party and hating myself for it."

"Because?"

"Because of what that makes of me.", Billy just said.

"Pretty much makes you the same as I am, doesn't it?", Steve raised a

brow, trying to sound sympathetic.

"You don't understand...", Billy shook his head.

"What do I not understand?", Steve asked. "Because this whole you being a guy thing had me freaking out just as much."

Billy sighed. "Yeah, I know. If anyone finds out about this, we're going to get a lot of shit for this, you get that? I mean, school, practice, everywhere. Someone finds out and the word just spreads in a place like this."

"We don't have to tell them."

"Hide it then?"

"That's what we have been doing. Shouldn't be too hard."

"It worked because I tried to keep myself distracted with Ally and we were fighting. I'm not sure it'll work when we're good. When there are people making out literally everywhere but we can't."

"Don't worry. Now that Ally and you aren't a thing anymore, there is no couple really shoving that into anyone's face.", Steve commented.

"It's still going to be hard."

"Because you want to kiss me in public?", Steve smiled at the idea.

"Maybe because looking at you makes me forget there even are other people.", Billy turned his gaze to the mattress.

"You haven't been super discreet in school anyway.", Steve said. "We were always touching in a way. You, reaching for my hand, my leg, putting an arm around me..."

"I've been doing that a lot, huh?", Billy smirked.

"Also, there is more than just one spot you can go to avoid anyone seeing you. Maybe we can figure this out.", Billy shrugged.

Billy nodded but the way he looked at Steve didn't show much

agreement. "What are your parents going to do, if they find out about this?", Billy then asked.

Steve's jaw dropped a bit before he swallowed. "I don't know. But they won't be happy."

"Well, my father is going to kill me with his bare hands if he finds out I ever touched another guy, okay?"

Steve wanted to say something. Anything really. But he just kept his mouth shut.

"You should hear him talk. In California, it was worse. He freaked out, every time he saw two guys together, shouting at them, calling them names. I wasn't allowed to take certain classes or wear certain clothes because that would make me look like a fucking fag, you know?", Billy put on a bitter smile. "And the worst part is, that I wish I could just shove it in his face. Let him know about this and me and not give a fuck because I shouldn't be caring about him."

"He hit you. On Monday, I mean..."

"Yeah, it wasn't the first time. And don't worry, I won't tell him, I'm not fucking stupid."

Notes for the Chapter:

Sensitive topic. But I guess, it's important they talk this through.

As always, I love hearing your thoughts.

94. I don't have to stay here

Summary for the Chapter:

There is talking, kissing and talking that isn't going too well.

Notes for the Chapter:

I guess it was about time for me to update this fic again. As I explained on my other fic, daily updates really aren't an option for me right now (mostly caused by the work-related lack of overall time), but I want to publish regularly. That means that I will switch between updating all three of the stories I'm currently working on. The next chapter on this story shouldn't take me longer than two weeks to upload, which, I know, isn't ideal, but hopefully better than getting no update at all. Due to me not updating daily, I'll try to keep the chapters on the longer side. But enough of me talking, I hope you enjoy what I've written.

"He hit you. On Monday, I mean...", Steve noticed that he was stammering but that was a fucked up thing to put into words, let alone have as a reality.

"Yeah, it wasn't the first time. And don't worry, I won't tell him, I'm not fucking stupid.", Billy huffed.

There was a shudder running through Steve's body and it definitely wasn't arousal. It wasn't another wave of sickness either, although it closely felt just like that. But this kind of calmness in which Billy was talking about his dad being an asshole and an abuser just made Steve want to throw up. It didn't necessarily excuse every action Billy had taken, but it certainly was a good reason behind all this, at least in Steve's eyes.

Steve wasn't very eager to tell his father that he preferred being with a guy now but in the back of his head he still had the vague belief

that even if his father wasn't necessarily good at being a dad, if he wasn't loving or caring in any sense, he still wouldn't snap at Steve if he found out about this. There would be an awkward talk, some kind of consequence, but Steve couldn't think of any scenario in which his father could end up hitting them.

Now Billy's dad seemed to do that even without a reason. Steve didn't doubt for a second that Billy wasn't exaggerating when he said his father would kill him. So there really was no point in telling Billy not to worry. Because they should be worried. If Billy's dad hit him if he didn't do the chores he had been assigned to, Steve didn't even want to imagine what that homophobic asshole would do if he could see them right now. Together in bed. Still naked.

"Don't make that face.", Billy looked as if he was in physical pain as he rolled his eyes and turned his face to look up at the ceiling in Steve's bedroom, consequently avoiding Steve's glance.

"I'm not making a face...", Steve mumbled, feeling his cheeks flushing.

"Yes, you do!", Billy argued, looking at Steve out of the corner of his eye. "Give it another second, you'll be telling me how sorry you feel. Just do both of us a favor and spare it, alright? Don't need anyone's fucking pity..."

"That's not what I...", Steve started, but he immediately stopped when Billy threw him a suspicious glance. "Fine. Sorry.", he mumbled instead.

Billy snorted. But the sound quickly shifted more into a sigh. "Don't even know why I showed up here on Monday, you know? I... I was just on edge this day, he wasn't worse than what I'm used to."

"And that's a good thing?"

"I'm just telling you so you're not worrying or... whatever.",

Steve swallowed.

"So you tell me that your dad usually hits you worse? Way to go..." He wanted to make that sound way less dark than it came out. To at

least try to lighten the mood between them. But Steve still felt terribly nauseous.

Billy finally looked at him. But Steve wasn't sure if that was any better. Not being able to read this boy, that, he was used to by now. Sure, he could see resentment and unease, but he couldn't tell if he said the wrong thing, if it's this topic or...

"Fuck, I... can we not talk about this now?", Billy asked with a big frown on his face.

"Sure.", Steve immediately agreed. Changing the subject. He could certainly do that, but... "But if..."

"Careful there, Harrington.", Billy immediately interrupted him, his expression darker than before.

"Just come here, alright? You don't need to call or anything. Just... just come here.", Steve offered. That wasn't uncalled for, was it? He was just offering a place to stay, a way out so to say, because he really couldn't just say nothing knowing that about Billy.

Billy rolled his eyes but the gesture wasn't too convincing. Again, Steve could be wrong, but what he sensed was a bit of relief.

"If it helps you feel better about this...", Billy grumbled, turning his face towards the ceiling again.

"It does.", Steve nodded eagerly.

"Yeah, I can do that.", Billy agreed. "Although for the record, running to you won't necessarily help with convincing my dad I'm not..."

Steve watched Billy as he stopped right there, not quite being able to finish that sentence. That wasn't something Steve hadn't felt himself. It was hard, finding a label because it somehow meant changing the person you always believed you were.

"Gay?", Steve tried to help.

Billy pulled a face somewhere between haunted and disgusted before he nodded, still staying cautiously as if he feared other people could

see him and not only Steve. "Yeah."

"Well, you know, he's wrong, right?"

Billy looked at him with slight confusion. "I don't know what you think, but whatever we have... feels pretty gay to me.", he raised a brow.

"Not that.", Steve chuckled. "More the 'your dad being an asshole and hitting you' part."

"Oh.", Billy huffed. "I know." There was a moment of silence. "Although it's not uncalled for most of the times. I mean, you should be the first person agreeing that I should get my act together, be more responsible, respectful..." Billy had sat up mid-sentence and at some point, the words coming out of his mouth felt less and less like his own.

Steve really wanted to disagree and to tell Billy that there was nothing wrong with him but he also didn't want to push it too far.

Also, Billy sitting up had gotten Steve kind of nervous. So, as the silence between them grew, Steve watched Billy cautiously as he got out of bed and started to collect his clothing.

The nauseousness switched into something that felt a little more like a sting in his ribcage. "You're not leaving, are you?", Steve asked. Wow, that sounded needy. If anything, that was probably only going to upset him further and Steve just wanted to hide under the blanket, wishing for this inevitable moment of separation to be over.

Billy was breathing in a little too sharp and turned around to look at Steve now, keeping him from hiding. "Nah. Just getting dressed, if that's alright with you." He said it in an almost mocking way but there was something deeply calming in his words, even as Billy turned around again, to step into his jeans and pull them up, which, because of how tight they were, looked like quite the effort.

Steve was shifting in his bed, not necessarily because he feared that Billy was leaving but because something between them had changed, made this weird and he just really wanted to make that right again.

Because once things started to feel weird, usually someone would get to the point of calling things bullshit and Steve didn't feel like letting that happen for the second time. So even if it took him a moment to get there, he stood up as well, stepping behind Billy, just as he buttoned up his pants.

"Harrington...", Billy said that very quietly and froze mid-movement as soon as he noticed the sounds and then the heat of Steve's body right behind him. He was about to pick up his shirt just moments before but now that idea felt distant like it belonged to another time.

"Yeah."

Steve's heart was beating so fast right now and he wasn't even sure why. Something about this felt intimate, even though, after what they just shared, they should be used to being close. Maybe it was this strange fear that something had shifted between them, maybe got broken in the process, that changed things. Steve still worried, Billy would slip away just like that, barely leaving a trace.

But he didn't.

Instead, Billy just leaned back oh so slightly, until his back found Steve's chest, that was very firm behind him. Steve just breathed in and leaned his head forward until his nose was brushing against Billy's hair, his neck. He allowed his hand to run over Billy's tan shoulder, slowly down his upper arm, leaving goosebumps on the way.

Billy hummed contently, leaning back just a little more to get them just a little closer because Steve felt nice and warm and maybe that was just what he needed right now. He didn't stay like this for too long though. As good as this half embrace may be, at some point, Billy just had to turn around, to look and touch for himself, using the turn to step impossibly closer to Steve.

"You're really not helping.", Billy mumbled, his face resting on Steve's shoulder, mouth close to Steve's ear.

"Never said I would be.", Steve huddled his face against Billy's. "That a problem with you?"

Billy chuckled and put an arm behind Steve's back, pulling him just a little closer.

"Think I can cut you a break this time.", Billy said.

"How very generous of you." There was a smile plastered on Steve's face.

"Oh, I am.", Billy placed a line of open mouth kisses over Steve's jaw, slowly making his way to the other boy's mouth. "You're ruining me, pretty boy."

"Sorry.", Steve closed his eyes, anticipating the moment, Billy's lips would finally, FINALLY find his own.

"Don't be."

Steve let out a small whimper when Billy got so close to his mouth yet he didn't reach it. Instead, he nuzzled his face back into the crook of Steve's neck, which, of course, felt fucking amazing, but it left Steve's lips with that tingly feeling, that just had him wanting more. Steve tilted his head to the side some more to grant Billy more access to his neck though, only vaguely thinking how that could lead to Billy nibbling at his sensitive skin, licking, biting... Steve felt a wave of hotness wandering through his body. Then he pretty much did the same thing Billy did, because honestly, he just needed to do something with his abandoned mouth and nuzzling and snuggling and just getting incredibly close felt like the best option, thereby taking in the other boy's heat and his ravishing scent.

It wasn't enough though, and Steve's hands, until then just barely holding onto Billy just to keep his balance, got a little more forceful, pulling and pushing and stroking because he wanted to get a rise out of Billy.

"Kiss me?", Steve asked, against the skin of Billy's neck that was hot and wet and a little bruised by now, probably closely resembling his own.

"Mhh, you're a needy one, aren't you?", Billy chuckled. "Couldn't even let me get dressed in peace."

"Shut up.", Steve mumbled. He'd gotten a little tense over the accusation, even though it wasn't meant to be harsh or hurtful at all.

Billy noticed that and leaned back a little, even though bringing a distance between himself and Steve looked like it was the last thing he wanted to do right now. "Hey.", he said, to get Steve to look at him.

But before Steve could oblige, Billy's free hand cupped his face to gently force Steve to meet his eyes and also to keep him locked in place. For a moment, Billy just allowed himself to look at the boy before him, his pupils dilated and his nostrils flared. But then he kissed him. And Steve couldn't help but immediately melt into the touch, no resistance, no hesitation, god, he'd waited too long for just that. His hands reached for Billy's chest to support himself. Steve pressed forward, made their lips come together harder to get more, more, more, everything. Billy groaned and Steve slung both arms around his neck, changing the angle of his head to lick into Billy's mouth even deeper.

Steve could quite possibly keep on doing just that forever, and never get bored or tired of it. He opened his mouth further and felt Billy's tongue, lazily pushing in. Slowly the kiss turned more and more passionate, without really getting too heated. Sure, there were teeth and tongue and oh god, Billy's tongue would be the death of him, Steve was really fucking sure about that. But even when this kiss was just as breathtaking as kissing Billy probably had to be, neither of them made a move to take this any further. No touching below the belt yet, no pushing towards the bed.

And then the sudden sound of the doorbell had them to jump at least a few feet apart.

Billy looked towards the closed door of Steve's room and Steve looked at Billy, still trying to convince himself that the sound wasn't real and he wouldn't have to answer it. A second press on the bell put an immediate end to that attempt.

"You expecting someone?", Billy asked with a raised brow, his gaze cautiously returning to Steve.

"My parents won't be home until next week.", Steve wondered. "Dustin maybe?"

"Just ignore it?", Billy suggested

"Won't work. If they ring twice they know I'm home. Better answer before they decide to go on a search for the spare key...", Steve shook his head and then started to pick up his clothes off the ground to get dressed.

Billy groaned and found his shirt to hold it in Steve's direction. "You should be more picky about your friends.", he advised.

"Funny, coming from you.", Steve rolled his eyes. He was getting hastier to get presentable and sent whoever was at his door home because right now he would rather be kissing Billy than doing anything else really. Good thing the shirt he'd worn before was a little longer because said kissing still had him half-hard and he preferred whoever was at the door, not to notice that. Billy, who hadn't continued to get dressed, didn't look nearly as stressed out as Steve felt and sat down on the edge of the bed now.

"Hurry up and get back here, alright?", he asked.

"Yeah, yeah, give me a second, okay?", Steve rushed to the door, just as the bell rang another time, way longer this time, as if someone was just pushing the button over and over again, by now.

"I'm coming, I'm coming. Jesus...", Steve mumbled. He could already see the silhouette of someone behind the door. Someone that certainly wasn't Dustin.

He slowed down a little, running a hand through his still slightly sweaty hair before he opened the door and looked into blue eyes.

"Nancy.", Steve said, surprised. Not only was she alone, judging by the healthy color of her skin, she'd walked here. Now, that wasn't totally out of the ordinary because she didn't live too far away. On the other hand, seeing her without Jonathan, definitely was.

"Steve. You look... disheveled.", Nancy said with a raised brow.

"No, I don't!", Steve said defensively until he figured that after that morning, disheveled was probably quite accurate. "I'm getting better, Nance. Give it a day and a hot shower, I'll be as good as new, including the stunning hair." He put on a smile of which he hoped it would be convincing. After all, he wanted her to leave and not to discuss him being sick right now.

"You're in an awfully good mood for someone who's home, sick, you know that?"

"Am I?", Steve asked a little worried, whatever he was trying might not be working.

When Nancy just looked at him with more suspicion and even got to look over her shoulder as if to reassure herself that there wasn't a certain blue Camaro parked anywhere, Steve added: "Been watching some stupid cartoon. It's probably the fever, but it was funny." He was probably just projecting. She couldn't possibly know that he was here.

"Steve?", she tilted her head, her face softening a little.

"Hm?", Steve asked in confusion, somehow feeling more exposed as before.

It was then when he noticed a muffled sound behind him and his whole body froze as Billy showed up right next to him, still wearing nothing but his pair of jeans. And, Steve hadn't really paid attention to that, Billy was sporting a pretty hilarious case of bedhead himself. Well, that was some way of telling Nancy that they were a thing now. Not how he thought this would go. But then, Steve thought Billy would prefer not to tell her about anything that happened. But with him looking like that plus the blush that crept up Steve's face, Steve was pretty fucking sure Nancy knew exactly what was going on here. He was also pretty sure that was exactly Billy's goal with showing up here.

"Hi.", Billy said with a smug grin on his face as his arm just naturally wandered behind Steve's back to pull him a little closer and rest his arm at Steve's side.

"Haven't expected you to be here.", Nancy said, her eyes squinted a little. Steve doubted that. She had looked very suspicious before.

Steve wasn't really sure what to say while those two were having some sort of staring contest. He also couldn't really say anything because neither the boy next to him nor the girl in front of him was paying him any attention right now. The only thing that felt right was the warmth of Billy's arm behind his back.

"From what I've heard, I highly doubt that.", Billy said.

Steve wasn't sure he liked the tone of it. But he understood that Billy wanted to point out to her, that he knew about her role in this. That he and Steve had talked about this. And in Steve's opinion, showing Nancy that they indeed talked about things and not just made out the entire time was a good thing.

"What does your girlfriend say to this?", Nancy asked while keeping a straight face.

Steve swallowed. She really wasn't holding back. He knew this face because during the entire time Billy was dating Ally and Steve was pretty much having a depressive episode, that was her Billy face. It didn't matter if they just walked by him, someone accidentally dropped his name or she somehow knew Steve was thinking about him: The clenched jaw, the flared nostrils, the sharp gaze... Nancy looked angry.

"What girlfriend?", Billy just asked coldly.

"Oh, skip the bullshit.", Nancy rolled her eyes. "You know that Ally's been saying that all you guys are doing is taking a short break? Sort things out? She's pretty convinced the two of you are going to be back together very soon."

Steve felt a bit of color leaving his face and judging by the way, Billy wasn't coming up with a witty comeback, he wasn't exactly expecting this information either.

"Well, she's wrong.", Billy stated after a moment of processing that. Steve noticed that Billy had turned a little jumpy, if only because the

arm behind his own back, started to move nervously. "And then, what am I supposed to do, huh?", Billy asked. It sounded harsh because he was saying it a little too loud, but there was honesty in it as if he was asking Nancy for help, for advice.

Nancy sighed. "Can I come in?", she asked. "I prefer not discussing this on the door sill..."

Steve nodded without thinking about it and stepped to the side to let her walk past. Long forgotten the plan to get rid of whatever visitor might be there. It was a little weird having her walk in the living room with all those disorganized blankets on and off the couch in which Steve could clearly see the memory of making out with Billy. But then, it was certainly better to have her here than to bring her in his room.

Nancy looked at this mess before she threw Steve a gaze that seemed a little judging. Steve just shrugged. He wasn't ashamed of the mess or the fact that he was here with Billy and she had asked to come in. She could put up with the sight, at least in his opinion.

"So? Gonna give us the talk, Wheeler?", Billy dared her. He had been walking here and there before, towards the couch as if he wanted to sit down only to decide against that. It was like he was waiting for a bomb to detonate.

"What talk?"

"Dunno. Tell me to stay away from him. Threaten to kill me if I hurt him?", Billy tried. His gaze was moving over the ground and in that he resembled a caged animal. There was a nervous smile on his lips. Maybe he was picturing Nancy attempting just that, at least that's what Steve thought.

"Well, obviously.", Nancy nodded, with a half-hearted smirk. "But mainly you should just figure this thing with Ally out. That's the very least thing you could do, right?"

"Fuck...", Billy mumbled. "I broke up with her. What the fuck am I supposed to do? Spell it out so she finally gets it?"

Billy turned around to Nancy now, his eyes a little wider than usual. Yup, that boy was definitely nervous and Steve's heart was beating so fast, he couldn't even enjoy that.

"Well, and I know that you're not a big fan of that particular activity, but maybe try to, you know, talk to her?", Nancy suggested sarcastically.

Steve choked, surprised it was so easy for her to speak her mind to him. But then, of course, Nancy wouldn't back down. She always stood up for the things she thought were right, didn't she?

"You just happen to know, huh?", Billy asked, his gaze wandering to Steve who looked very apologetic.

"She's just sad. And angry. And it didn't help, you haven't been in school for the last couple of days."

"That's not really convincing me to talk to her if I'm being totally honest.", Billy mumbled.

"Have you been here since Tuesday?", Nancy asked. Her tone had gotten a bit darker, probably because she wasn't liking the answers Billy was giving her.

"No.", Billy shook his head and Nancy immediately looked at Steve as if she rather trusted in whatever he would have to say.

"He just came here yesterday, Nance.", Steve confirmed, almost feeling weird because he didn't really belong in that conversation.

"Well, it's none of my business what you're doing. But Ally is upset and it's in both your interest to resolve that problem, right?"

"If she won't listen?", Billy asked.

"Try it at least. Try being honest. Or at least as honest as you can. If it doesn't work, we'll figure something out."

"We? So you're helping me?", Billy sounded very disbelieving.

"You don't want my help?", Nancy asked.

"Didn't say that..."

"Listen, I'm just trying to make this right after both of you did basically everything humanly possible to fuck this up...", Nancy rolled her eyes.

"It's not that bad.", Steve mumbled.

"It's not?", Nancy snorted.

"Fuck... Alright, alright...", Billy rolled his eyes. "I'll talk to her on Monday."

"In School?"

"Bad idea?", he frowned.

"You're better, aren't you? Like, not feeling sick anymore? See her this weekend. Don't make it a scene. She doesn't deserve that. She still likes you, you know?"

"Yeah... figured that."

"Good."

Billy swallowed and looked at Steve without immediately turning back to Nancy for the first time in that conversation as if maybe Steve had any clue of how to resolve this situation.

"So, you two are... Are you sure about this?", Nancy asked after a long moment of silence. She had both her brows raised.

Steve cleared his throat. "Nance..."

"No, let him answer this.", Nancy said firmly, her gaze on Billy. "Because I'm not in the fucking mood for picking up the pieces of whatever heart he breaks next week. Or the week after that."

Steve wanted to complain about how harsh that sounded but he couldn't come up with a word. And he didn't dare to look at Billy because they both knew that she was having a point with that.

"It's none of your fucking business, Wheeler.", Billy snapped.

"Then stop making it my business.", Nancy was the calm one now. Maybe because she noticed that her arguments were meaner.

"I never asked you to..."

"No, because that means talking, right? Actually being a decent human being and not just disappearing and showing up with another girl on your arm. Or another..."

"Steve?", Billy interrupted her, looked at Steve now and trying to get his attention.

"Yeah?", Steve felt a little shaky and certainly not because of his sickness.

"You sure about me being here?", Billy asked. It sounded a bit rushed but also as if he was waiting for an honest answer.

"Course.", Steve said, swallowing on the lump in his throat.

"See?", Billy turned to Nancy. "And I'm not leaving until he tells me to." He shrugged.

"You sure about that?", Nancy looked at him in disbelief. "It's not like you haven't done just that before."

"Well, from what I've seen you haven't been too cautious about his feelings either! And I wasn't freaking serious with Ally, whereas you're still fucking that Byers' freak!"

"Billy...", Steve made a step towards him because that wasn't the way anyone should talk to Nancy.

"Billy Hargrove, how fucking dare you!", Nancy snapped, walking up to him, momentarily looking like she was about to fight him.

"What?", Billy huffed. "Can't bear the truth, huh? It's fucking easy pointing out mistakes right there on your high horse." He shook his head in disbelief.

"At least I haven't beat him unconscious!"

"Right, because cheating is a way nicer thing to do!"

With every word they exchanged, every accusation, Steve began to remember those moments.

"Could you guys just stop?", Steve asked, voice barely audible.

Billy was the first one to turn his head and actually look at him and his gaze, before angry and tense, immediately softened a little.

"Fuck, sorry, man.", he mumbled, completely forgetting about Nancy.

Steve had barely noticed how this best of all the moments he'd been hurt had gotten to him, but he noticed now that it had turned silent between them. Nancy still looked at Billy as if she was going to throw a punch at him at any second which, considering all things, wasn't totally out of options.

Billy though, Billy wasn't paying her any attention because he knew that face on Steve. Steve was thinking about the moment in the bathroom at that party when Nancy had drunkenly told him that he was bullshit. He thought of the expression on Billy's face when he left. He thought of Ally and him in the hallways because he really couldn't help it. The look on Billy's face when they were fighting.

The images only left his mind when Billy pulled him into a shy hug. "C'mere.", Billy mumbled, closing his arms around Steve and burying his face at the nape of his neck. Steve flinched a little, because with remembering that fight in the Byers' house, touching Billy wasn't his first instinct. But his body was better at remembering those touches and after Billy said: "I'm sorry. I'm here, alright?", Steve softened.

"I'm fine.", Steve replied, not sure who he was trying to convince with that.

"Yeah, you are. Fuck..." He made a step back and looked at Steve with a frown. But then he turned around to Nancy. "Listen, you better leave now before I get really fucking angry, alright? I'll deal with Ally but you better not keep getting in my face."

Nancy just looked back at him for a moment until she looked at Steve. "Sorry, Steve.", she said. "You know where you find me when he fucks it up."

Not if. When. Steve could hear Billy growl but Nancy was already on her way outside, the door falling shut loudly, leaving both of them behind.

"God, she's..."

"A lot?", Steve tried.

"Right past the edge of too much, if you ask me.", Billy raised a brow and crossed his arms in front of his chest. "It's not like there isn't at least some truth in what she's saying..."

"You think, you're going to hurt me?"

"I think I already did.", Billy mumbled. "And on more than one occasion, as she just very kindly pointed out."

"It's okay.", Steve said, breathing out a bit of the remaining tension. He felt better now that it was only the two of them in here. "She's worried about me. Pissed at you. She'll get used to this if you give her time."

"You think?"

"I'm sure of it.", Steve nodded with a lopsided smile. "Give it a few weeks, you'll be friends instead of trying to bust each other's heads." He smirked.

"I'm not so sure about this.", Billy snorted. "Looks like she hated my guts. I worried for a second it might rub off on you."

"Takes more than my ex not liking my... It takes more for me to kick you out, alright?", Steve tried to look calm because he felt like that's what Billy needed right now, even though he didn't feel too calm himself.

"If you want me to go home to... to do whatever really, I won't hold it against you or anything. Today's been a lot and my dad's probably

already looking for me to fix the fucking sink or drive Max somewhere or whatnot. I don't have to stay here..."

"I mean... If you wanna go... But I don't mind you staying.", Steve wasn't sure what he wanted, but Billy running off certainly wasn't on his list of wishes. Not even close. Whatever problem they had between them, it had never gotten any better by one of them leaving. Like ever. Especially when it felt weird like it did right now.

"Thank god...", Billy looked relieved and made a step towards Steve, only to stop suddenly. He ran a hand through the mess of his hair, breathing in loudly. "Can I... Fuck, I just need to kiss you, okay?"

And Steve was really so, so okay with that.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thanks for everyone sticking around during the time I took a break from writing. I love to hear your thoughts on this chapter.

<3

95. Tension and Separation

Summary for the Chapter:

The conversation with Nancy is leaving both boys a little tense.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Kissing Billy felt good. It felt great. At least until after a while that slowly started to change. Maybe, if you're trying to force too much meaning on a kiss, it just had to collapse in some way because nothing could really meet that high expectation you were setting yourself. And this kiss was meant to mean a lot. Because what happened before felt dangerous, close to fighting, close to something that would set them back again. Not necessarily because they wanted to take a step back but because Nancy kind of popped their nice little bubble right there at Steve's place where they were alone, where they could talk and pretend that the outer world didn't exist for a while. Only that this bubble wasn't the real world and if even meeting Nancy, who was generally okay with what they were doing and who was meeting them in their supposed safe space in Steve's home, caused this kind of trouble, what did that mean for their relationship as a whole.

Yes, Steve wanted to kiss Billy just as much, when Billy was coming close and he was feeling so, so good at first because he was sure kissing Billy could never feel wrong. Not with his mouth so soft and so encouraging and so close. With his hands on Steve's face and in his hair, pulling him closer, angling his head just right. Billy held onto Steve as if he feared the other boy could be slipping right through his hands. And Steve wasn't being any less clingy, forcefully clawing into Billy's naked back and his shoulder, just to hold onto something.

Everything was on the edge of too much. They were breathing too hard, pushing and pulling and Steve jerked a little when Billy was biting his bottom lip only to return the favor and coax a moan from the other boy. Billy's hand moved to Steve's neck, fingers finding the

bruised spot, caressing and torturing until Steve squeezed his eyes shut and just rested his forehead against Billy's with his head spinning. Billy froze in his movement and just stayed like this, holding onto Steve, seeking for support and supporting at the same time.

Steve thought that maybe this was his fault. Maybe he was too upset for t kiss to feel any good. At least this was his preferred thought because it meant that this would get better soon. It meant that this thing between them wasn't yet broken beyond repair because Steve couldn't bear that thought. Maybe to prove himself wrong or to blindly chase after whatever feeling he was missing right now, he caught Billy's lips for a kiss again, starting softer this time but it still felt weird and forced and not even thirty seconds in, Steve was escaping Billy's embrace, stumbling back a few steps.

Billy's chest was shaking with every breath and his nostrils were flaring while he tried to appear unaffected. His eyes were moving nervously and honestly, he looked like he was just as about to run away as Steve felt right now. Steve only dared to look for a moment before he turned his gaze to the ground, avoiding Billy's gaze.

"I'm sorry.", Steve mumbled, not quite sure what he was apologizing for. Maybe the silence now just wasn't any better than this weird kiss before and he was just trying to break it. "Remind me to just ignore the doorbell, if it rings again." He added the last bit a little softer, but he was very much aware of how haunted his voice was coming out.

Billy cleared his throat as if to get rid of the evidence that this kiss ever happened. "It's not like you ever listen to what I say, anyway..." He scratched the back of his head, before crossing his arms in front of his chest.

Steve was asking himself if Billy felt as naked right now as he did. Maybe that's what the gesture was for. Steve just swallowed while he tried not to pout and hide the anxiety under a fake smile. "Well, good thing is, that whoever shows up here next, it probably won't be as bad as that."

Billy snorted, but for what Steve could tell, he was losing a bit of tension himself. "So, you're saying, you don't have any other crazy ex-

girlfriends having it out for me?"

Steve bit down on his lip. "Oh, wait, now that you say it...", he started teasing. When he looked up, Billy just rolled his eyes, but he didn't look annoyed or anything. "Nah, I think we're fine.", Steve finally said. "Only yours left to deal with, huh?"

"Yeah, you better not remind me of that.", Billy groaned.

"Could have stayed upstairs, I would have gotten rid of Nancy.", Steve tilted his head. "She wouldn't even know you're here."

Billy sighed. "Yeah, yeah, I know. Fucking stupid...", he mumbled. "Just wanted to shove it in her face, I guess." He almost looked apologetic.

"That's okay.", Steve decided, nodding. "Could have put on a shirt though."

Billy chuckled. "And deny her this gorgeous sight?", he grinned smugly. "I think not."

Steve rolled his eyes. "She wouldn't have such a good idea about what we've been up to if you'd shown a little more... discretion."

"Well, that's not really my style, is it?", Billy pointed out.

Steve couldn't help but grin a little. "Yeah, I should have figured this by now."

There was a moment of silence between them but because by now they were both biting down on a smirk, it didn't feel nearly as bad as the beginning. And they weren't avoiding the other one's gaze anymore. Steve even unintentionally made a step forward.

"Are you mad?", Billy finally asked. It didn't sound humorous but rather almost too honest.

"No.", Steve said. Because it was true. He wasn't mad at Billy. He was scared.

"Good.", Billy shifted to the side. "Come outside, share a smoke?", he

asked.

Steve nodded. "But put on a shirt. You'll just get sick again."

Billy looked at him a little disbelieving but while Steve was going outside to the pool through the big glass door in the living room, Billy was walking up the stairs, to get decently dressed.

When Billy came outside, shirt barely buttoned at all, of course, he had one cigarette already lighted and gave it over to Steve, who was sitting on one of the deck chairs.

Billy sighed as he stepped into the sunlight, pulling out another cigarette and lighting it as well.

"No sharing?", Steve asked with a raised brow.

"I just thought, you could use your own one.", Billy shrugged and leaned against the wall of the house instead of sitting down next to Steve. "I sure do."

"Fine.", Steve mumbled, taking a drag. He felt torn between wanting to keep sitting just there and standing up to get closer to Billy. Maybe he didn't want to share because he thought that after that weird moment before they could use some distance. Well, maybe he was right and maybe getting close, standing next to him, having their shoulders touch would just be clingy. That wouldn't do any good right now, would it?

He decided to keep the distance but at least turn around a little so he could face Billy.

Now, the other boy was leaning against the wall, holding onto the cigarette just a little too hard, his forehead frowned.

"So...", Steve started after a while. "What's the plan from here on?"

Billy exhaled smoke through his nose very slowly. "Do I look like a guy with a fucking plan, Harrington?", he asked tensely.

Steve just looked at him, shoulders sunken down a little, not saying a single word.

Billy rolled his eyes. "Oh, fuck you! Alright, Imma talk to Ally if that makes you happy. I do whatever the fuck it takes if that's what you want me to say. Because your ex, she might be a bitch for all I care, but it's not like she doesn't have a point when it comes to Ally. I rather avoid a fight with her at school for all that matters..."

Steve took a slow drag from his cigarette and nodded while he flipped a bit of ash to the side. "You're not doing that for me."

"I'm not?"

"Well, you shouldn't be doing that for me, anyway.", Steve corrected himself.

Billy sighed. "Yeah, I get it. I'm doing this because it's the right fucking thing or whatever."

"Or whatever.", Steve smirked.

"Come on, Steve, give me a fucking break!", Billy complained.

"I am.", Steve said. "I'm just asking."

"Okay, okay...", Billy was breathing in deeply, nodding. "I guess, I'm just a little freaked out, that's all."

"It's fine.", Steve smiled. "We... No fighting over this, alright? Not again... Because I'm fucking sick of it and things are finally going the way I actually want them to, so... Let's just try not to fuck it up just yet."

"Okay. Yeah.", Billy swallowed and he threw the cigarette butt on the ground.

Steve did the same and finally decided that it was safe to stand up and get a little bit closer, even if he stayed out of touching distance for now.

"You should think about what you want to say to Ally.", he suggested.

"Prepare some sort of speech?", Billy asked a little annoyed. "Now that'll come out naturally."

"Well, you can't just say what you already did because just improvising obviously didn't work out too well the first time you tried it."

"Yeah, I know...", Billy grumbled. He looked angry but released a bit of that with a loud sigh. "Any ideas?", he asked, looking up at Steve.

"I guess, telling her the truth isn't really an option?" Maybe Steve just tried to be funny with this. On the other hand, telling her the truth in a reality where she was accepting of Billy liking guys, too, would be an easy solution. At least to avoid further heartbreak.

"Very funny."

"A believable lie then? Something that won't make her angrier or more upset?", Steve went in for another try.

"Sounds like you got some experience in that matter. What did King Steve do to get rid of a girl? You know, before they started dumping your sorry ass instead."

Steve pulled a face for a second because that honestly felt kind of a mean thing to say especially after meeting Nancy but then Billy didn't know the whole story with Nancy and he didn't look like it was meant as an insult so Steve just swallowed it. "I don't know.", he mumbled, trying to remember the time before Nancy. "Somehow that worked out all by itself, probably with my reputation back then. Which wasn't any better or worse than yours is now, for that matter. So you must really have sold her on your soft side, that heart of yours for her to get so attached, huh?"

"What do you want me to say? It worked on you, too, didn't it? Maybe I'm just fucking irresistible.", Billy shrugged.

"You wish." Steve rolled his eyes.

"So, my charm isn't working on you anymore?"

"That's what you call it now?", Steve snorted.

Billy grinned widely. "So... for your plan... Ally's parents always go to play tennis Saturday afternoon, so that's probably the best time for

me to show up there."

"Look at you being a considerate boyfriend.", Steve said mockingly.

"Ex-boyfriend.", Billy corrected him.

"Also I better head home before. I mean... I know I said, I would stay but my dad probably won't be too happy with me not being home and I better face that sooner than later. Especially since I need my car to get to Ally's place."

Steve didn't like the sound of any of this but it was not like he had a reasonable excuse for feeling that way. It was okay for Billy not to be at his side twenty-four hours a day.

"I would go with you tomorrow, but I don't think that would be of any help...", he half-heartedly offered.

Billy licked his lips and then he smiled. "You're good with this, Harrington."

Steve frowned. "With what exactly?"

"Me being a total fuckup for one.", Billy explained. "And generally this whole bullshit that's going on just because of me."

Steve swallowed. He hated that stupid word. Again, Billy could hardly know this effect but that didn't make it any less hurtful. "It isn't bullshit.", Steve clenched his jaw so this came out a little harsher than he intended to.

Billy looked up at him, an unspoken question in his eyes.

"It's not bullshit.", Steve repeated a little quieter. "Is it to you?"

Billy just stared at him for a moment before he slowly shook his head. "Fine. No bullshit.", he agreed. "That's not what I meant, anyway."

Steve sighed. "I'm really no good at this at all. Just ask Nancy. I think, if anything, we're both equally bad at this."

"Good thing, I'm not taking relationship advice from your ex.", Billy rolled his eyes.

"Isn't that literally what you just did?"

"I didn't take relationship advice. It's more like breaking up advice. And she's pretty decent at that, don't you think?", Billy said jokingly.

"Not really.", Steve grumbled.

Billy watched Steve closely. Then he walked towards Steve a little slowly, though not really hesitant. Steve looked up, trying to figure out what Billy was up to. And Billy just came to stand right in front of him, reaching out with his hand and just putting it in the center of Steve's chest, not quite pushing or gripping or anything really, just making sure the other boy was really standing there. Steve was leaning a little into the touch, blinking slowly, smiling.

"You gonna be alright with me leaving?"

Steve's smile faded a little, but he nodded. "Will you get here tomorrow? Before you go talk to her?"

"I think I can make that happen.", Billy smiled. "Most definitely." He drew his hand up a little, so it came to a rest on Steve's shoulder.

"Then I'll be alright.", Steve looked at him. "Will you be? Your dad..."

"Don't worry about him. Or me. I'll be fine. Only been staying away for one night. Missed to take Max to school once. He can't be that mad about it."

"But if... You could just call me if something happens, right?", Steve asked. He stepped a little more into Billy's space.

"Could do that." Billy let his hand slide down Steve's back now which turned their whole stance into more of an embrace. Steve felt like he should kiss Billy. This was generally a good moment for kissing, in his opinion. The sun was shining. Things were better between them. But then, if the kiss turned out weird again, Steve knew that he would feel bad the whole time Billy was gone. So they better spared that for later. But Steve allowed himself to lean more of his weight

against Billy, to rest his head on the other boy's shoulder.

"I better get going now, right?", Billy asked carefully.

"Yup.", Steve said, really popping that p.

"See you tomorrow.", Billy said, without moving just yet.

"Sounds good."

Finally, Billy moved back slightly. He started with bringing a little distance between them, only slowly, hesitantly increasing as if something was holding him back.

Steve thought that this was different. Usually, when Billy left, he left shambles behind and now he didn't really want to leave at all. And Steve didn't want him to leave either. But he also knew that it was smart to do it that way. And being apart wasn't something they weren't used to, anyway.

Billy looked at Steve once more before he left through the gate.

Left alone, Steve spent the evening on the couch. He cooked a little later and he took a shower just to be back at the same spot on the couch as he had been before. Not because it smelt like Billy. It was just convenient to watch TV. After all, it would be just stupid to miss Billy after he was barely gone for a few hours. But even though Steve was telling himself that he was totally fine with this situation, he kept sighing and looking at the door more than he usually did.

He also got up when he got the sudden idea to call Billy. Only that when he reached his phone, he remembered that this was more than stupid with Billy's dad being home. Billy would be in trouble already and Steve would probably only make it worse. Since he was already standing, he decided to call Nancy and after a short conversation with Mr. Wheeler who was complaining about the fact that the kids were always getting calls but never actually answering it, he was speaking to Nancy.

"Hey.", he said warmly. He didn't want her to think he was mad. He wasn't really sure how to feel about her fight with Billy anyway.

"Oh, Steve, I'm so sorry.", she said immediately. "I didn't... I just got carried away and after what he did to you and... I was just surprised."

"It's alright.", he said. "You weren't wrong with what you said about Ally."

"So, will he do what I said?"

"He'll see her tomorrow."

"Is he with you now?"

"No.", Steve looked over his shoulder as if there was the sheer possibility of being proven wrong. "Left earlier."

"You're really sure, you want to give him another chance, aren't you?", Nancy asked.

"We talked about what happened.", Steve just said. "And I'd rather keep spending time with him than being miserable. Is that so bad?"

"Not necessarily.", Nancy said. "Who knows. Maybe, he'll prove me wrong, be someone you deserve."

Steve didn't say anything to this because whatever he could think of just sounded weird after that statement.

"So, your plan is to keep this a secret, right?"

"Definitely. No one can know.", Steve said.

"You're probably right.", Nancy said thoughtfully. "I'm just worried neither of you is really talented in hiding. And once the rumors go around, reach the team or just some random asshole, that's going to make it very hard for you."

"I know.", Steve mumbled. "I don't know if it'll work out or if we try to avoid each other at school or whatever. I'll be graduating soon anyway and it won't really matter after that."

"So, you are thinking long-term with Billy?", Nancy asked.

"I don't know about him, but I... yeah, probably. But I always think long-term with relationships." Steve shrugged although no one could see him.

"I hope that he'll make you happy, Steve."

"Thank you, Nance.", Steve smiled.

"I think, dinner's ready. Call me, when you know what happened with Ally, will you?"

"Sure."

"Bye Steve."

"Good night."

Steve slept on the couch that night, not sure if it was out of emotional reasons or laziness. Billy didn't call. Steve tried not to worry about him.

Billy didn't get back until the early afternoon of the following day and Steve almost jumped off the couch when he heard the sound of the car engine in his driveway. When he got out of the house, Billy was leaning against the Camaro, cigarette dangling from his lips.

"Hey.", he said.

"Hey.", Steve mumbled, feeling a bit weird in his clothes that he had also slept in. He looked at Billy closely, looking for bruising or any other sign that he might have been in a fight with his dad. But he couldn't see anything.

"You alright?", Billy asked.

"Are you?"

"Jesus, Steve...", Billy rolled his eyes. "Told you, I would be fine. He wanted to take my car away but then Max wanted to the Arcade so that was the end of that punishment.", he shrugged.

Steve nodded. "So you're leaving now? To see her?"

"I don't have too much choice, do I?", Billy asked, sounding a little annoyed with that question. "Not much time either... It's not that I want to see Ally. Or leave."

"Just be nice.", Steve suggested.

"You sure I can do that?"

"I'm sure you'll try your best.", Steve smirked because Billy obviously wasn't the first candidate when it came to behaving nicely.

"Oh fuck you, Harrington.", Billy through his cigarette away.

Steve bit down on his grin. "Come back afterward?"

"Don't know.", Billy shrugged. "Should I?"

Steve looked at the ground in front of him. "I mean, I'm curious how it goes."

"Could call ya."

"Fine. Do whatever, I guess.", Steve said a little harshly.

"Harrington.", Billy said lowly.

"What?", Steve pushed his tongue against the upper part of his mouth.

He still didn't look at Billy and when he was standing in front of Steve putting a hand on his shoulder, Steve jerked away from that touch.

"Steve.", Billy said, more calmly this time.

Steve finally looked up at him.

"If you think, right afterward I'm not showing up at your doorstep to kiss the shit out of you, then you're really fucking stupid.", he said.

Steve swallowed. "Really?"

"Yup.", Billy nodded.

"Good."

"Good.", Billy paused for a second, just looking at Steve. "I'll go, see her now."

"If you make out with her again, I'm going to kick your ass, Hargrove.", Steve threatened.

"I'm sure we'll find something better for you to do with my ass, Harrington." Billy winked at him.

"Good luck.", Steve said, more honest now.

"Thanks."

Notes for the Chapter:

I wanted this chapter to be longer but my personal life has been a rollercoaster over the past week so I decided to cut it there. I have what happens next already lined out so expect plot advance in the next chapter. For everyone who's slowly getting a little sick of the angst, I got you and there definitely will be fluffy chapters as soon as they've worked their shit out. But enough of me unnecessarily explaining what I'm doing. I hope you enjoyed this shorter chapter and you stay tuned for the next which will hopefully be up a little sooner. Thanks for reading. As always, comments/kudos are highly appreciated! <3

96. Boyfriend

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve's waiting for Billy to get back from Ally and they spent some time at the pool.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

And with that, Billy was gone. Gone again and Steve was really fucking annoyed with himself for hating that so much. For hating Billy going to his girlfriend... or ex-girlfriend or really whatever... because as sane as going to her and doing that was, the feeling in Steve's chest wasn't necessarily agreeing with that. What Steve hated most about his own reaction was that with himself being so clingy it was actually only a matter of time for Billy to decide that he really wasn't having this bullshit any longer. Then he would go back to going out with random girls and maybe it was fair, maybe Steve really wasn't worth the effort it would take to make it work. Honestly, they hadn't even made it through a couple of days without drama and if that's in any way an indicator of how actually being with each other, actually dating would be in the future, Billy would be so right to kick his sorry ass and find himself someone with whom it would be easier. Steve would understand that. Of course, this didn't mean that it wouldn't still hurt. Hell, even thinking about it caused a tightened feeling inside of his chest.

Steve sighed and turned around towards the house because there was really no point in watching the empty driveway. Billy wouldn't be back too soon. There was also no point in thinking about the inevitable ending of whatever they were having right now when he could be enjoying it as long as it was lasting.

The kiss earlier probably wouldn't have been like that if they hadn't both been having second thoughts and worries. And looking back on it right now, Steve hated how that had set them apart because it felt like a waste of important time together. Maybe they should have talked it out before Billy left. Maybe they should make a point in

talking things out rather than trying to work arguments out by... by kissing or screwing or just any form of physical contact really. That wasn't too smart anyway. Although Steve really wanted to be kissing Billy right now. Not like yesterday. Or even just hugging him would be nice. Anything to make him feel less alone right now. And that was stupid because he wasn't alone, not really anyway but still.

Steve wasn't any less restless when he got inside, mainly because he couldn't help imagining what would happen when Billy got to Ally's place. She would probably hug him... At least that's how she always greeted him. That and shoving her fucking tongue down his throat.

Steve groaned and cringed at the thought. He could only imagine how soft she must feel compared himself. Curvy and soft. She probably smelt nice, too. Nice and girly. Soft hair and a pretty face. She was someone Billy could actually date.

The only thing that was kind of reassuring was that Billy willingly gave all that up to be with Steve. Surely that counted for something, right? But right now, Billy was with her and not here.

Steve leaned against the kitchen counter, not because he had anything to do here but just because it gave him a view to the front of the house and allowed him to cross his arms above his chest and just glare. Ally would probably have a smug smile on her face, seeing him there, coming back to her just as she had expected him to, she probably waited for an apology or break up sex or whatever... Steve clenched his jaw, grinding his molars.

"Fucking hell, this is stupid...", he complained.

Then he tried downright anything to get his mind off simply waiting. He made himself something to eat, did the dishes, carried the trash out and sunk down on the couch just to rise up again soon after, running around the house without a cause.

He had no idea how long Billy could take. Well, telling someone to fuck off shouldn't take too long, but that was when everything went smoothly. It certainly would take longer if she made a scene. Or if they started to make out again.

Steve was cursing again.

He waited for the sound of a car. Or the sound of footsteps for that matter. Something. And then before he could even think about what he was doing he was standing in the kitchen for a while again because that was allowing him to look at their front lawn and see if Billy was maybe appearing back there. In fact, after a while, he was so anxious for something to happen, that he literally jumped and released a high-pitched noise when the phone rang.

"Shit...", he mumbled. He then made his way into the hallway where the phone was and he answered. Could that be...? "Hello?", he answered the phone.

"Steve?"

That definitely wasn't Billy.

"Hi, Mom.", Steve said with a soft smile. "How are you? Everything alright with your trip?"

"Yes, dear, everything's fine. I'm just calling to tell you that we're heading home in a while. So we probably arrive later tonight or in the early morning, depending on how fast your dad will be done with his meeting."

"Oh.", Steve said. "You sure, you don't want to add some more vacation days?", he asked weakly.

"Don't you want your parents home, Steve?", his mom asked amusedly but also with a mild reproach in her voice.

"Yeah, I do.", Steve said, hardly convincing. "I missed you."

"I missed you, too, dear. Just make sure the house isn't such a mess, when we return, alright?"

Steve knew that this was mainly about his dad who would certainly complain. And complain he would when he would get here and see the food and crumbs that were laying around. And he certainly wouldn't be too happy with the come-stained blankets and all of that. Steve should better get the place in order before his parents arrived.

"Yeah, mom. Thanks for the head's up."

Steve hung up and groaned loudly. Of fucking course! It wasn't like anything was coming easily to him these days. He had been missing his parents while he was miserable and sick but with the current turn of events, he could really use the space and the solitude it granted him and Billy. And Billy... Billy wouldn't like Steve's parents being back, either. And Steve wouldn't like that Billy couldn't come over because that meant that he had to stay home. With his dad. Where the wrong mood would be enough to escalate things again.

Another thing he needed to take care of was that mess around here.

At least this new task gave him something to do before Billy returned and it kept his mind occupied. Steve started out in the groundfloor-area, kitchen and living room before he went outside to get rid of all the ashes and cigarette buds there. He carried a dustpan and brush and tried to find all the spots he and Billy had tainted, which there were a lot of, spread basically all over the pool area.

"Look at you, being all hardworking.", Steve looked up from his position on the ground and saw Billy walking towards the pool.

"Billy.", he stood up, almost dropping dustpan and brush to the ground because maybe at that moment he hadn't really been expecting Billy do arrive.

"Want to get rid of some evidence or what?" Billy looked into the living room and saw that Steve had put all of the blankets in a basket and cleared up the desk, too. "Playing housewife?" He smirked.

"My parents are coming home.", Steve just said.

"Damn, I almost forgot you actually had parents, pretty boy." Billy smiled almost softly.

Then Steve remembered what Billy had been up to while he had been cleaning. "Hey, don't try to distract me...", Steve mumbled. "What happened with your girlfriend?"

"Not much.", Billy shrugged, sitting down on a pool chair and pulling out a cigarette that Steve was eying with a bit of suspicion now that

he was almost done cleaning up after Billy's bad habit. "I reassured her that I wanted to break up." He lighted the cigarette. "She started crying." A slow drag, followed by blowing out a cloud of smoke. "I listened. Explained to her that it just doesn't work for me. Tried to stay calm and reasonable." While Billy explained what happened, he was attentively looking at Steve.

Steve just listened and finally nodded. That didn't sound half bad, did it? Well, it definitely sounded honest and Steve was really needing that right now, especially after picturing Billy cheating for what felt like forever. It wasn't really his fault that picturing Billy and Ally making out came so easily for him, was it? "You think, she bought it?", he asked instead.

"Probably.", Billy shrugged again. "But then I already thought that the last time." A bit of that confidence left his gaze. "And she was awkwardly hugging me before I left.", he added afterward.

"She did?", Steve asked with a frown.

Billy looked at him with a raised brow. "What? Are you jealous now?", he snorted.

"No, I'm not.", Steve mumbled, rolling his eyes. He then reached for Billy's cigarette, taking it out of his mouth.

"Hey!", Billy complained when Steve took a drag himself. "Just for the record.", Billy then said. "You are probably the last person that should be jealous of her. You would know that if you had seen her face."

"Maybe.", Steve said. He paused for a moment, taking another drag from that cigarette because it certainly helped with the jumpiness he'd been feeling in his bones basically since Nancy's visit yesterday. "Yeah, so my parents will be home.", Steve repeated. Maybe this time he really wanted to change the subject.

"Happens.", Billy swallowed. He looked like he didn't know what to say.

"Yeah, no shit...", Steve took another drag. "I have to clean up. They'll be here later tonight so they won't actually expect me to be awake..."

Steve swallowed and then he looked up at the window of his own room. All he could think of was how that night could end with him being alone in there. And no matter how they parted, Steve couldn't help but feel reminded of the nights he had been sitting there, reading in Billy's book, drinking. No way, he was having that again! "They never actually check on me either, so if you want to...", he mumbled.

"You expect me to sleep over with your parents being home? Don't you think your dad has already made enough of a point of not wanting anybody here?", Billy snorted. "I'm fairly certain, that includes guys sleeping in your bed."

"They won't be up early tomorrow. We can sneak out before.", Steve said. Of course, Billy wasn't wrong and it was a stupid risk to take anyway but Steve had been alone a lot more than he would have liked in the last 24 hours. He wanted to at least show Billy the options.

"Sounds like a stupid idea.", Billy said with a big frown.

"Not that stupid. Nancy slept over like a couple of times this way.", Steve explained, not missing the way Billy's gaze darkened when he mentioned her name. "She usually couldn't be convinced though."

"Yeah, because she isn't stupid.", Billy grumbled.

"Come on! What's the worst thing that could happen?" Steve tried to put on an inviting smile.

"Oh, I don't know, Harrington...", Billy growled. He also stood up and took his cigarette back. "I mean, what are you expecting? Just imagine your father walks in on the two of us in bed and figures out his son likes dick now. Just a casual day in the Harrington household, no harm in that, right?" He rolled his eyes, talking all sarcastically.

"He'll just kick you out for sleeping over. He's far too conservative to even think anyone in the circuit of a hundred miles could be gay.", Steve shrugged. "Never heard him talk about that anyway."

"You sure about that?", Billy asked. Steve was counting that as a win

because Billy almost looked half-convinced. Or at least not as upset as before but then this could be the calming effect of the cigarette in his hands.

"I'm sure he won't walk in in the first place. They don't care enough about me for that. I could also just lock the door if that helps you."

"You know what helps me?", Billy asked with a raised brow. "Not fooling around when there are parents home.", he stated. "Especially in this case."

"So it would be different with Ally?", Steve asked a little bitterly.

"Yeah." Billy sighed. "First of all because I wouldn't be fucking around with her.", he grumbled, counting on his fingers. "Secondly because being caught with a girl is something else."

Steve pressed his lips to a thin line.

"You know, it's not the same.", Billy said, sounding annoyed but also a little softer now.

Steve swallowed, unsure of what to reply to this. "I don't know when they're leaving again.", he just said. He looked up at Billy.

Billy sighed. "You really think it's a good idea to just hang out all the time now? Maybe we should, you know, take it a little slower?"

"Oh.", Steve said. He felt a dark blush creeping onto his face. "I mean, sure, yeah, if you want that..."

"That's not what I said.", Billy shook his head, looking at the ground. "Just a little worried, that's all."

"Okay. Honestly, just do what you want. It's just... I would be happy to have you over for the night, even if it's not... ideal."

"With us, what's ever ideal?", Billy smirked. "Not that I could just fuck off and leave you with that mess of a home, right?"

"You don't have to clean up.", Steve said immediately. That's not why he wanted Billy to stay.

"I know. But then, since we made the mess together, it just feels like, its fair, to get rid of it together, too."

"Why do I get the feeling that you're just lurking for your opportunity to make more of a mess?", Steve gave him a lopsided smile, especially eying the cigarette in his hands.

"Hey, one task at a time, pretty boy.", Billy threw the cigarette on the ground and Steve just gave him a scandalized gaze, that Billy only quitted with a guilty grin.

Steve sighed, shaking his head and he ignored the part of his brain that was still worried his parents would make the wrong deductions from the mess they might find here. Or worse... the right deductions. "Thanks for coming back.", he just said.

"Sure." Billy swallowed. "Leaving felt... weird. I mean, I... Thing's between us are alright, aren't they? Because it still feels a little fucked up and... if I do dumb shit you don't like then you should tell me because I'm probably too stupid to figure that out myself.", he mumbled.

"It's... you didn't do anything stupid." Steve watched him with eyes a little more widened than usual. "You know, I think the problem isn't so much what we do but what we... what we are.", Steve said. "I mean... What are we anyway?"

"What are you talking about?", Billy asked expressionlessly.

"Been thinking about that when you were gone but... Maybe it would feel less weird, less fragile, for that matter, if we had... a name for it?", Steve suggested. "Ally was your girlfriend, she wasn't just someone you kissed or you agreed to be exclusive with or something like that."

Billy put on a grin. "You wanna be my girlfriend, Harrington?"

"Fuck you.", Steve said. His face was blushing again, so he turned to his side, not that this really helped with Billy noticing.

"Hey.", Billy said carefully, stepping closer to Steve.

Steve swallowed and would have stepped back if he wouldn't have been cornered by the pool.

"Honestly, if you just want to make fun of me...", Steve complained, looking at Billy.

"Jesus Christ, don't be so fucking sensitive, I'm just kidding. You're already more of a relationship than I ever really had, so if you want to be... my boyfriend or whatever, that's fine with me. But, you know, we can't run around telling people that."

Steve hadn't really heard the latest part because he didn't care about anything that followed the word boyfriend. "So you're my boyfriend?", he asked, biting down on a smile.

"You need me to write it down for you?", Billy asked grinning.

"Nah, I think, I'm fine." Steve beamed.

"It's weird to actually phrase it like that.", Billy wondered.

Steve raised a brow. "Good weird or bad weird?"

"Just different.", Billy said, tilting his head now.

Steve licked his lips but then he stepped forward making up the distance that had remained between them. "I missed you and it's probably stupid, but..."

Billy didn't hesitate for a second and he pulled him into his arms. "Missed you, too, pretty boy."

Steve sighed and went soft against Billy, leaning his head against the broader shoulder. He just looked up when he felt Billy move underneath him, finding him chuckling. Steve raised a brow.

"If someone had told me a month ago, Steve fucking Harrington wanted to be my boyfriend...", Billy just laughed. "I don't know what I would have done."

"Kicked his ass, probably.", Steve shrugged, amused by that thought.

"Probably.", Billy agreed, tilting his head. He stepped back, scratching the back of his head.

"Steve fucking Harrington.", Steve repeated, shaking his head.

"To be fair, it was pretty obvious King Steve had another type, at least according to Tommy."

"I'm not sure I even had a type actually...", Steve frowned. At first, he was going out with popular girls. And then there was Nancy. There wasn't a thing they all had in common really.

"Well, they certainly were all girls.", Billy pointed out.

"Yeah, well, you aren't.", Steve said.

"No shit.", Billy snorted. "Thanks for noticing."

"Make it kinda hard to miss.", Steve grinned.

Billy stuck out his tongue, licking his bottom lip. "If sweet-talking is your way of convincing me to stay, ... well, it's working."

"Good.", Steve said. He looked over his shoulder as if to make sure they were really alone, although there was nothing but the calm water of the pool. "Now, didn't you say you wanted to... I don't remember the exact phrasing... but something in the line of kiss the shit out of me?", he tilted his head, looking at Billy curiously and closely watching a reaction.

"Wouldn't want to disrupt your cleaning process.", Billy answered. Steve could see how he was standing more upright, chest rising and sinking with each breath. Steve just wanted to kiss that smug expression off of his face.

"Oh, how very nice of you.", Steve said, calmly, his eyes not once leaving Billy.

"Yeah, right?", Billy's grin grew a little wider and he made a step forward.

Steve took a step back only to find that he was standing right on the

edge of the pool, noisily hitting the dustpan with his foot. Steve looked down, trying to keep his balance but when he looked up at Billy, who was closer than he had expected, he almost lost it again. To save himself from falling into the pool, Steve made up the space between them, getting a good grip on Billy's shirt before crushing their mouths together. Billy was immediately on him, firm and forceful and Steve had no idea why the last kiss had been so weird when this felt so fucking good. He pressed forward, one hand firm on Billy's chest, just to gain a few more steps and the illusion of having the upper hand. Billy, of course, just ended up doing the same and soon Steve was back at the edge of the pool, faltering for a second and only held by one of Billy's arms around his waist.

He looked up to look at Billy, worries on his face when he noticed that Billy had that dangerous look in his eyes that wasn't boding well.

Steve immediately knew what that boy was up to. "Not a smart idea. You were just sick for a week!", Steve complained.

"I know how fucking well heated that pool of yours is, pretty boy. If anything that's just like taking a nice bath.", Billy said, smoothly and almost sounding inviting.

"Don't you dare!", Steve warned, trying to gain a firm stance not to be at Billy's mercy but he tripped and was only caught by the firm grip of Billy's hands on each of his arms.

Steve looked at him with widened eyes, exactly seeing the joy in Billy's expression, when the younger boy stole himself a small and arguably sweet kiss before he pushed Steve into the pool.

Steve was already cursing before he hit the warm water, very well able to hear Billy cackle up by the side. So when Steve got his head out of the water and scowled at Billy, that boy was still laughing his ass off.

"Ha ha.", Steve said sarcastically. He pushed a wet strand of hair out of his face. "Now get me out of here, asshole..." He got to the edge of the pool, holding his hand out for Billy to get him out of the water.

Billy finally got his laugh down to a chuckle and immediately came

to Steve's rescue, although, since he was the one responsible, that wasn't really counting too much, was it? Steve, however, tried very hard to obtain a straight face as he got a good grip on Billy because he certainly wouldn't let this go without getting his revenge. So when Billy wanted to help him out, Steve pulled at his arm and Billy faltered, very obviously to his own surprise, falling into the pool pretty much head first.

Now it was Steve who was laughing, at least until he saw Billy's face because he immediately knew he was in trouble, even before he was tackled down into the water. Billy had somehow gotten rid of his shirt that was floating by the side and Steve really wasn't complaining about it, not with Billy being so close.

Steve got himself out of Billy's grip and managed to get his head out of the water looking at Billy who had a big grin on his face that basically erased every bit of an angry expression Steve might have had a minute before. After all, the water was really nice and warm and with this being the place where they first kissed, Steve couldn't help but feel the need of getting closer to Billy, recreate whatever they weren't able to finish when they were first in here.

He moved up to Billy and shoved him against the edge of the pool. Maybe he was a bit too rough with this, but Steve just needed to get his hands on his boyfriend immediately, feeling this tingling in his body all the way to his fingertips as if he was missing out on something when he couldn't get a handful of Billy Hargrove. Luckily for him, there was plenty of that just in front of him.

Steve bit his lips, still with his hands on Billy's shoulders to hold him back. Billy had hissed when his back collided with the cool wall of the pool, his eyes were widened and Steve could see the flaring of his nostrils.

Carefully, he leaned forward, hovering with his mouth right in front of Billy's, sharing the same breath and for a second enjoying that spark between them. "Boyfriend.", slipped from Steve's lips because that was the word that was marked into the insides his brain right now. He couldn't help but notice how this word was enough to bring a lopsided smile on his own face.

Billy grinned, his head leaning back a little and his hands on Steve's waist under the water, trying to get his shirt out of the way to grab some skin.

Steve felt a shudder going through his body at the sensation of Billy's hands but then Billy's grip was a little rougher and in a matter of seconds, before Steve could even realize what was going on, Billy had them both turned and was now pressing Steve against the wall, a leg pressed firmly between Steve's, eliciting a moan from the other boy.

"Such a fucking tease...", Billy said darkly. He moved one hand to Steve's hair, got a firm grip on it and pulled his head to the side only slightly too harsh, thereby exposing more of Steve's neck and throat.

Steve squinted his eyes, trying not to hiss at the sudden pain but then Billy's mouth finally reached his skin and he had his tongue on Steve's neck and Steve basically melted, moaning and tilting his head further to grant Billy more space. And he didn't regret it, because now Billy wasn't only licking but nibbling and kissing his neck and his sensitive throat area until Steve's breath was noticeably stuttering.

Billy chuckled against Steve's skin. "Like that, huh? God, if I could, I would mark you up some more, get all that pale skin of yours so fucking pretty like this." He moved his thumb affectionately over that bruise that he left there earlier and Steve shuddered underneath him.

"Please...", Steve just said although he knew exactly, Billy wouldn't do that and that showing up at school with a neck full of hickeys wasn't exactly the definition of staying low profile. He just wanted Billy to show his neck some more attention, suck at it, maybe bite...

But then Billy's hand moved from the bruise right to Steve's throat and Steve swallowed against the firm grip. Billy wasn't pressing or doing anything harmful really, but he was holding Steve tightly, looking at him curiously while Steve felt his heart beating even faster. He leaned against Billy's hand, just to feel it some more, to feel his face blushing. But Billy's hand moved to the nape of his neck soon enough when he pulled Steve closer and into a bruising kiss.

Steve kept his mouth closed until Billy was teasingly biting his

bottom lip and then groaning into the kiss. When Steve opened his mouth and met Billy's tongue with his own, it was nothing but wet and hot, tasting like smoke and the chlorine water of the pool.

Billy found Steve's hip with a firm grip and pulled it against his own, pressing forward the same time and Steve could very well feel how hard Billy was. God, this reminded him even more of the first time they've been in this pool together. Only that this night had ended with Billy leaving and a lot of uncertainty while now Billy had agreed to be his boyfriend. Steve couldn't really help but smile into the kiss.

"Wanted to get you in here again for a while now.", Billy mumbled against Steve's mouth, yet again pressing incredibly closer. "God, how do you feel so fucking good?" He was basically rutting against Steve now.

"Took you long enough, asshole.", Steve said, affectionately, getting his hands on Billy's face to pull him closer, into a kiss that was a little sweeter now, although still so very purposeful because he just wanted Billy closer, closer, closer. "Mhm.", he hummed.

Billy just growled as he pressed forward again, his lips still on Steve's but now also with their hips colliding. When Steve tried to keep up with this, pushing back, maybe even trying to turn the two of them again, Billy wasn't having this and he caught Steve's wrist, pinning them down left and right of Steve's face. Billy looked at him with a smirk on his face and darkened eyes. "Now, that's better.", he decided, before leaning in again and licking his way into Steve's mouth like a man on a fucking mission. Steve moaned and leaned his head back to give Billy a better angle.

Steve had his hands into fists, only going with enough pressure against Billy's grip that the other boy would keep it up because as much as Steve would have liked to be touching him, to run his hands over Billy's chest and his face, at least for the moment this here was better. Steve still had one of Billy's legs between his own so he couldn't help it but rut down against it when Billy was sucking on his bottom lip, trying to get some friction. He could feel Billy shudder in front of him and next thing he knew, Billy's hands were on Steve's thighs rather than on his wrists, lifting him up in the water to pin him against the wall which granted them even more friction than

before. Steve slung one arm around Billy's neck and put the other up on the edge of the pool to gain a bit of support while Billy was still grinding against him.

"Fuck!", Steve threw his head back, meeting Billy with his own hips, using his legs to get him even closer.

"Feel that?", Billy asked with this deep bedroom voice Steve knew by now. "I swear, you make me so fucking hard." He groaned and brought his lips to Steve's neck again, thrusting up another time.

"Fuck! Ah..." Everything Steve could feel or even think right now was Billy. "Don't stop, don't stop!", he said urgently, not quite able to form a more complex sentence.

"Not- going to.", Billy grunted.

Steve could feel a hand on his butt, palming him through his jeans, simultaneously pulling him closer and making him feel a shudder all through his body. He brought his head forward to mute his moans by finding something for his mouth to do, nuzzling his face against Billy's neck, breathing in the familiar scent, nibbling the tender skin.

"Fuck.", Steve groaned when Billy basically humped him another time. "Fuck, Billy, if you keep... I'm gonna...", Steve mumbled, eyelids falling shut.

Billy chuckled and cupped Steve's face with his hand to make him look at him. "You gonna cream your pants for me, pretty boy?", he smirked, before he leaned in for a soft kiss followed by a not so soft movement of his hips that had Steve moan once again. "I'd be honored.", Billy added, his voice obviously very affected by what they were doing as well.

Steve's jaw went slack and he could already feel the familiar heat in his gut and before he knew he felt himself twitching inside of his pants without really being touched once. He felt like reaching down, palming himself but instead his hands just clenched into Billy's hair and against his side with the other boy providing just the right amount of pressure for him to come and to work him through it. His eyes were shut but judging by the sounds coming from Billy that boy

was very well enjoying what he did to Steve. As he slowly came down from his high, blinking his eyes open and seeing Billy who was watching him in awe, Steve reached down to find the outline of Billy's cock and palm it through the wet jeans.

Billy moaned and he rolled his eyes back. "God, you're a dream, aren't you? Look so hot when you're coming... Just for me." He bit Steve's bottom lip until Steve squirmed, not loosening the touch of his hand, Billy was basically bucking into right now, breathing heavily and, at least judging by the sounds he made, so fucking close, too.

Steve couldn't help but smile at the sight, rubbing Billy through his pants and wishing for a better angle, while Billy still had him up against the wall of the pool. "Come on, Billy." Steve kissed him again.

Billy grunted, bucking up against a little more frantically now until he was groaning deeply and coming as well. His head sunk down against Steve but he was still carrying the other boy without a problem.

Only slowly Billy's breath evened out a little. "Fuck.", he said with a softer voice, burrying his face in Steve's neck for a while.

"You think, we just gave your neighbors a free show?", he looked up at Steve a little insecurity in his eyes.

"Nah. They're going to the country club on Saturdays.", Steve said confidently even though he didn't really know they were gone. If they were even able to see them from their window, what Steve really doubted, he wasn't so sure the old Mrs. Miller would be able to interpret that dry humping as anything but some kind of shenanigans the kids these days just did. At least, as long as she hadn't heard any of the sounds they just made.

"Good.", Billy said, half convinced and still leaning against Steve, so warm and so close. Steve hugged an arm around him.

"We're gonna need a shower.", Steve said, his head tilted to the side, because well, a hot shower with Billy was nothing if not a very pleasant thought.

"You think you can lend me something to wear while I let my stuff dry?"

"Mhm.", Steve agreed.

"Another minute?", Billy asked. And with that h,e was closely hugging Steve closely again and Steve couldn't really wasn't up for debating when Billy was bringing these kinds of arguments.

The afternoon sun was already slowly setting so Steve should really start on getting the house in order. But then, he wasn't really too eager to leave his current position and do anything but feel Billy's breath against his skin.

Notes for the Chapter:

After the weird last chapter, I think we all deserved a long chapter with some fluff between them so here you go :D

As always, I really appreciate comments/kudos <3

97. The time's running out

Summary for the Chapter:

Between cleaning up and making out, the time until Steve's parents return passes by way too fast.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

As unlikely as that appeared to Steve moments before, both boys made it out of the pool eventually, their clothes, of course, dripping with pool water. Steve was out first, shaking his head like he was a dog, thereby trying to get rid of at least a bit of that water that kept running down his face. It took Billy a moment longer because, first, he needed to catch his shirt, he had gotten rid of in the heat of the moment. While, right when he took it off, it had swam on top of the water, by now it was halfway into the filtering pump, clogging it. Billy groaned, carefully pulling at it, trying not to tear it while doing so.

"Does it work?", Steve asked, a frown on his face as he watched Billy from outside. "I can turn it off for a second." He put a hand on his hip, looking over his shoulder to look at that door, behind which he would find the heater and the electronics of the pump. Only vaguely he remembered one of the pool parties he threw maybe two years ago in which one of the girls had lost her assumably expensive earring and after searching the ground of the pool for hours, one of the guys came up that the earring could be in the pool filter. Steve, Tommy and a bunch of guys walked into that tiny room, trying to figure out how the pump worked and right when they got it, one of the other girls had pulled the earring out of her hair. Steve couldn't help but roll his eyes even at the thought of it.

Right at that moment, Billy managed to pull the shirt out, moving back in the water, due to the harsh pull. "Nah, I got it.", he announced holding the soaked shirt up high, out of the water while making his way to the side of the pool to climb out. "I would take a towel though." He looked up at Steve with a smirk before wringing

out the shirt, water splattering down onto the ground.

"And dry clothes, I suppose.", Steve nodded. "Come on, let's go upstairs."

"We'll get your nice, big house all nasty and wet.", Billy worried, wiping a few drops off his forehead next.

"Should have thought of that before throwing me in the water, asshole.", Steve said with a bit of reproach in his voice, even if it was mostly acted because he certainly wouldn't want to have missed that moment in the pool just before.

"Hey, if you hadn't pulled me in, I could have gotten you a big, fluffy towel, just about now.", Billy grinned toothily.

"Well, I guess its too late for that.", Steve shrugged. "Besides, it's already pretty nasty inside. I'll mop it later. ...Or something like that." He knew where the cleaning products were stashed. That wasn't an impossible task.

Billy looked through the glass door and then he nodded. "Thought a house like that would have... you know... a bunch of caretakers." But he just shrugged it off and when Steve made his way to the door, Billy followed him. Steve thought that this might not be the right moment to mention the cleaning lady his parents hired when they were at home. Steve had her number and he could have her take care of this but, with the mess he and Billy had made upstairs, he'd rather take care of it himself. Also, it was probably too late to have her over now, especially since it was the weekend.

As expected, they left a wet trail behind, that probably wasn't too great for the expensive wooden floor of the Harrington house. But Steve didn't really care about that right now. He was a bit cold and the promise of a hot shower was pretty appealing. He wanted to get out of those soaking clothes and fix his hair that probably looked ridiculous right now. It was worse when he noticed that Billy looked good anyway. With his hair a bit disheveled and tiny drops of water all over his body, if anything he only looked hotter. Steve fastened his steps a little, wanting to get into the bathroom first, head under the shower spray and avoid that moment of awkward undressing in

which he couldn't so much avoid Billy's gaze.

But when Steve walked through the bathroom door, he felt Billy's hand on his shoulder, pushing him a little to catch his attention.

"Hey, why are you hurrying so much?", he asked in a mixture of curiosity and reproachfulness.

Steve sighed. "Could be because this place is a mess and my parents will be home soon.", he said because it felt like the better reason to give to Billy. "I've had to clean up after a few parties at this place before and it takes like forever. Better to have a day spare for this and not just a few hours." And it was true. Cleaning up takes forever when you're doing it alone. Of course, Steve couldn't call their cleaning lady after secretly throwing a party either...

"I bet, the parties you threw here, have been fucking amazing. This place is a mansion.", Billy said appreciatively looking around in the bathroom as if he was in here for the first time. "Bet the girls really took care of you, huh? They should be really fucking grateful for an invitation here." He smirked.

"Uh...", Steve paused, really trying to search his mind for any good hookup story to tell, but there wasn't really one that came to his mind. The only night he had really, honestly enjoyed, was when Nancy was over for the first time but he really rather not thought about that night right now. "You know, the people here mostly occupied my pool and drank my booze. Kind of like you do.", Steve opted for a tease because he didn't want their mood to drop.

"And were they as grateful, as I am?", Billy licked his lips smugly.

Steve rolled his eyes but he smirked. "They stopped caring as soon as I stopped throwing parties, so probably not."

"Not fond of your relationship with the princess, I suppose.", Billy frowned. "And she wasn't the biggest fan of this King Steve."

"Pretty much, yeah.", Steve said maybe just yet realizing how all of that was connected. "The right choice though.", he shrugged. "Throwing a party every weekend is pretty damn tiring. Especially

with all the cleaning up."

"Noone ever stayed to give you a hand?" Billy raised a brow and Steve wasn't quite sure if that was an honest question or a lewd comment.

"Tommy sometimes said he would help but he mostly just sobered up in one of the lounge chairs and made more of a mess by vomiting in the pool.", Steve shrugged.

"What a dickhead." Billy shook his head. "Whatever... Bet, we'll be fast if I help you." He changed that frown into a smile and even though this would be the first time Steve wouldn't have to do everything all by himself, he believed Billy right now.

"Yeah, but we made a big mess. I need to get at least two loads into the washing machine, just to get the sheets clean." Steve pulled a face to emphasize the urgency of that.

"Come on," Billy grinned. "Bet those won't be the first comestains your mom'll be coming across." Billy obviously noticed the change of expression on Steve's face so he added: "Raising a son and all."

"Gross.", Steve just said. "She barely does the laundry, anyway. When she and dad are home for longer periods of time, we often have a cleaning lady over.", he explained. Because mentioning the cleaning lady felt like the better option compared to discussing his mom finding his nasty sheets. "But anyway, I don't want them to find it. Or smell it.", he wrinkled his nose. "So, doing the laundry it is."

Billy laughed at that but it slowly turned into a nod. "Alright, alright. I'll help you, so stop rushing now, okay?"

Steve hadn't really noticed that he had slowly but surely been going backward, deeper into the bathroom, even though he wasn't really worrying about his looks anymore. But that left the two of them exactly where he worried they would end up: Standing opposed to each other in silence right before what would probably turn out to be awkward undressing...

"Fine. You wanna shower, too?", Steve asked. He mainly wanted to

talk through the silence, trying to remain casual to get rid of the awkwardness. He turned around, taking off his soaking wet t-shirt and throwing it into the bathtub because he didn't want to get the floor even wetter than it already was. Also, it wasn't so weird when he could take his eyes off Billy for at least a moment.

When he looked back at him though, Billy just looked down on his own pants, snorting. "Hell yeah, I do.", he said, unbuttoning immediately. Steve raised a brow because Billy obviously had no problem whatsoever with this situation. "Can I hang my stuff here somewhere to dry?"

"I'll just throw your stuff in the washing machine, too.", Steve offered. "You can wear some of mine until its done. It will probably be faster that way and you won't have to run around in stained clothes."

For a moment, Billy looked like he wanted to argue with that, but then he just shrugged, pushing his pants down and stepping out of it. Steve tried not to get distracted and did the same thing before the situation really got the chance to get awkward, then throwing both Billy's and his own clothes into the tub, where the rest of his stuff was slowly releasing water that ran down the drain.

"You... Should I wait for you to finish first?", Billy asked, his voice a little quieter than before

Steve worried that Billy had noticed how hesitant and weird he'd been acting since they left the pool, so he just looked at him with acted confusion as if he had no idea, Billy just acted like that due to him being fairly distant over the past couple of minutes. "Don't be silly.", he said, curving his lips into a smile and then he turned around, opening up the shower door.

Steve jerked and almost stumbled into the shower, when he felt Billy's hands on his waist, keeping Steve from falling and also pulling himself closer until Billy could put his head on Steve's shoulder.

This was such an unusual gesture due to its intimacy that it just sent a shiver down Steve's spine and he leaned back against Billy's body, unable to fight this or overthink this because it just felt right.

Billy nuzzled his nose against the side of Steve's neck. "Who would have thought, this would be where we end up?", he purred, closing his arms around Steve now.

Steve turned his head to the side, smiling. "I sure didn't.", he said, leaning his head against Billy's. "But I'm glad, it did."

"Tell me 'bout it.", Billy licked his lips before he caught Steve's into a kiss.

Steve used the small break they took to catch their breaths, to take a step forward and lead them both into the shower, holding Billy's hand to pull him.

"Just so you know, this is all I've been thinking about for weeks.", Billy said, carefully pushing Steve against the cold tile wall, educing a hiss from the other boy, after he turned on the shower spray.

"Showering together?", Steve asked, slinging his arms around Billy's neck. Because if that's what Billy liked, he had no problem with making sure to repeat that over and over again.

"Just being together honestly.", Billy said. "Every time I saw your face.", he leaned in to kiss Steve again, not quite as short as the kisses before but arguably just as sweet.

"I knew you would just end up keeping me from cleaning.", Steve chuckled, not that he was complaining about that right now.

"I'll make up for it later.", Billy promised.

Steve rolled his eyes, looking amused. "Why do I think that your idea of helping me is by being an even bigger distraction?"

"Me?", Billy asked, acting scandalized. "Never." He firmly shook his head.

"Course not.", Steve grinned. "Now can we shower or you got any other business to attend first?", he teased.

"Are you offering something?", Billy asked with a raised brow, looking down between them. Steve noticed that his dick was

definitely getting hard again.

"Maybe.", Steve decided, looking at the shower head next. "Damn, my father's going to complain once he sees the water bill." With that, he put a hand firmly on Billy's hip, causing Billy to squirm just a little while Steve was lowering onto his knees.

Billy just stared at him, his eyes widened in surprise. "Fuck...", he mumbled, leaning back a little, while Steve licked his lips looking at Billy's dick because, fuck, if that didn't look absolutely inviting. "I'm sure he'll get over it.", Billy said encouragingly.

"Oh, you think?", Steve asked innocently. But then he tightened his grip on Billy's hip and leaned in skipping teases and licks or even bites by just taking Billy into his mouth, feeling the weight of his hardening cock on his tongue. This was definitely better than worrying about some bullshit and with Steve's parents getting home soon, they shouldn't waste time anyway, Steve thought and so he started, sucking, swallowing Billy just a little deeper.

"Damn, you're good at that.", Billy groaned.

Because he wasn't really used to that feeling yet and it was hard work against his gag reflex, Steve leaned his head back, taking a deep breath, while working Billy's dick with his hand in the meantime.

"Good at sucking dick.", Steve smirked. "Who would have thought?" He tilted his head, looking up at Billy.

Billy just moaned around the pulls and turns of Steve's wrist and then he closed his eyes as Steve took him back into his mouth. Billy's fingers soon found Steve's hair, not to pull or anything but pretty much because Billy needed to hold onto something, to not just stumble backward in blind pleasure.

"I mean...", Billy mumbled, lids only half-open. "You got the face for it, haven't you?" There was an adoring lopsided smile on Billy's face. "With those big eyes."

Steve suppressed his gag reflex a little harder to take Billy just deep enough to make him shut up and groan instead, even though he was

definitely taking that as a compliment.

"Fucking hell!", Billy groaned, hips stuttering a bit. Steve moved his hands there, to keep him in place. "Ah..." The grip on Steve's hair was getting more urgent, almost painfully so, eliciting a moan from Steve that immediately resulted in Billy groaning more deeply. "Yeah, like that!"

Steve raised a brow, surprised about how apparently Billy had liked that moan. He wasn't sure if he was just into Steve enjoying himself over blowing him or if that actually had an effect on his dick. So he tried again, moaning and humming around Billy, until he was close to just falling apart above him, definitely proving that the later was correct. Billy was fisting Steve's hair and gently stroking his cheek and jaw, his own mouth agape and releasing nothing but sweet moans Steve positively wanted to drown in.

"Fuck, so close!", Billy told him.

Even without the warning, Steve had already guessed it because he watched Billy carefully, watched how his chest got more and more blushed and how his breath was hitching up.

Steve tried, taking him a little deeper just for the fun of it, feeling Billy's cock twitch in his throat before he was spilling, still buried deep inside Steve's mouth, moaning and pulling Steve's hair.

"God fuck Steve.", Billy mumbled nonsensically.

Steve grinned, slowly pulling off, not without creating a popping noise and then wiping quite a bit of spit and come off his chin that had been dropping out of his mouth. Billy immediately pulled him up and had him up against the wall, kissing him senseless, licking into his mouth as Steve willingly opened up for him, ignoring the cold tiles behind him in favor of the hot body right in front of him.

Billy was biting Steve's bottom lip, even slightly pulling at it when his hand found Steve's dick. Steve was already so fucking hard, so there was no need for any teasing. Billy noticed so he began with blunt strokes and pulls that had Steve losing his mind in a matter of seconds, now fully relying on the cold wall behind him to hold him

and Billy to take care of him.

"Look at you, pretty boy.", Billy purred, getting Steve so fucking close, so fast. "With your pretty lips all swollen from sucking my dick so beautifully." He licked a wet stripe over Steve's jaw before kissing his neck.

Steve blushed but he couldn't help but moan at Billy's touches that were blunt and sweet all at once.

"Want me to make you come?", Billy teased.

"Please," Steve just mumbled.

Billy stopped his movements to lean in and kiss Steve, silencing the whine that had just come out of his mouth, Steve's hips bucking forward, trying to just get some friction, Billy was keeping from him for the moment.

"Come on, Billy...", Steve complained against the other boys' lips. "Need to hurry."

Billy smirked. "Ask me nicely.", he ordered.

"Oh, come on...!" Steve bucked into his hand again, only growing more desperate.

"Ah!", Billy warned, looking at him expectantly.

"Please Billy, please, I'm so close.", Steve whined.

Billy didn't oblige immediately though, licking Steve's neck that probably tasted like pool water. "Shh, I got you.", he carefully kissed the tender skin and right when Steve least expected it, Billy's hand was back on his dick, not urgent enough to make him come yet but careful and featherlike and maddening so. Steve moaned, legs close to just give in underneath him.

"God, I love touching you.", Billy whispered, close to Steve's ear, sending shivers down his spine. "You're so gorgeous." His grip grew a little tighter yet staying right there at the edge at not quite being enough to make Steve come while still having him moan and shake

and squirm because he just needed a little bit more. "Probably gonna take a while until we'll find the time and space to repeat that, huh?"

"Hm?" It was all too much for Steve to think right now.

"With your parents home.", Billy reminded him.

"They'll leave", Steve spat out, "soon, fucking soon." He groaned, still not able to keep himself from bucking into Billy's hand. But this time Billy didn't pull away and kept his fist right there for Steve to fuck into with just the right amount of pressure for it to be... really fucking good.

Billy nuzzled his face into the crook of Steve's neck, kissing and tonguing his skin while Steve had his name on his lips, spilling over Billy's hand. Slowly the water pressure and temperature of the shower started to get a little weird because they've been standing in there for so long. Neither of them paid any mind to that though and Steve just closed his arms around Billy's neck, holding onto him, while the water was cleaning them off right as if was supposed to.

At some point, Steve grabbed the bottle of shower gel, squirting some into the palm of his hand, and giving some to Billy for them to get at least some use out of this shower situation that wasn't just fucking around. And, well, even if there was still more kissing and just touching involved than there was actual cleaning, a few long moments later, both boys were stepping out of the shower with a dopey grin that was well worth the waste of time.

"Here," Steve threw a towel at Billy, "Dry yourself up and I'll be back with some clothes in a second, alright?"

Billy nodded and with that, Steve began his quest for the search to find clothes that would fit Billy. It didn't take him too long though, grabbing a bunch of stuff for himself as well, already stepping into some shorts before he went back into the bathroom.

"What time is it?", Billy asked, taking the clothing from Steve and eying shorts and shirt a little skeptical.

"Time to get this place clean. Or was that in the shower all you meant

by staying over and giving me a hand", Steve grinned widely.

Billy looked at him slightly disbelieving but he started laughing soon after.

"Five-ish?", Steve then tried. "No idea though. You downright killed my sense of time with... that.", he admitted, tilting his head.

Billy smirked, putting on the pants Steve gave him. "Yeah?", he asked. "Good." He put on the shirt that was definitely too tight. Not that Steve would complain about it but with Billy's abs being that visible through the fabric, how was he supposed to keep his hands to himself and focus on the task ahead? "And no, I'm willing to earn my stay here, pretty boy. Now, how do I look?", Billy asked, checking himself out in the big bathroom mirror.

Steve raised a brow. "You're probably the last person to need reassurance on their looks.", Steve commented.

"I take that as a compliment.", Billy winked at him. "Looking pretty cute yourself. Blushed and all."

"Oh, shut up.", Steve mumbled, probably blushing a little more. "You ready? Because it's not like we've got that much time left to take care of this mess."

"Sure. Just tell me what to do."

Since Steve had already started with the downstairs area and they could finish that last, at first, Steve's room was in order. Apart from gathering all the dirty clothes, dishes and what could only be called trash, the sheets definitely needed a change and the room's smell wasn't that inviting either.

"That's honestly disgusting.", Billy commented, taking off the bedding while Steve collected clothes from the ground.

"I know.", Steve said a little uncomfortable because he was so used to doing all of the cleanings by himself it felt kind of wrong having Billy here. "At least half of it is your doing, so don't look at me like that!", he added defensively.

"Half of it?", Billy asked disbelievingly. "I highly doubt that. Come on, don't tell me you didn't touch yourself for a bit before I got here, pretty boy. All by yourself, what else is there to do?", he had the audacity to grin smugly, pretty much enjoying himself while Steve was sorting out the laundry finding some of Billy's stuff, too.

Steve looked at Billy out of the corner of his eye. "Now, wouldn't you like to know...", he mumbled.

"Yeah, I would. Sue me.", Billy winked at him. "I sure did."

"You did what now?", Steve finally really turned around to him, hand on his hip, the other one dangling by his side with a dirty shirt hanging off of it.

"Touched myself.", Billy said nonchalantly, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Aw, missed me that much, Hargrove?", Steve teased, mostly to cover up how hot he thought that idea sounded. He was already picturing Billy in his bed, all riled up and blushed, his throbbing...

"Oh, fuck you, Steve!", Billy complained, interrupting Steve's thought. Billy sounded annoyed his teasing wasn't working quite as he intended it to.

Steve chuckled while he picked the last pieces of clothing up, dumping them in the laundry basket and then carrying all of it next to Billy to put it on the bed. He then bumped against Billy's hip with his own and took the edge of the blanket out of Billy's hand because they would get the sheets off faster, doing it together. "I did, by the way."

"Yeah?", Billy asked carefully, not trusting that Steve was playing along now.

"Not much else to do, right?", Steve mumbled, blushing a little, but also smiling at Billy's stupid interest in that.

"That's hot.", Billy grinned.

"I promise, it'll get even hotter once this place isn't so filthy anymore.", Steve said because if they kept talking like that, he knew

exactly where that would go. Once they were finished though...

"Way to get me to do more cleaning.", Billy rolled his eyes. "Pretty mean tactics your applying there."

Billy helped Steve to get the blankets and the sheets off, to get all of that into the basket and then into the washing machine. Once Steve returned to his bedroom, the window was wide open and Billy was standing next to it with a lighted cigarette. And even though that might not help with the overall smell in here, Steve didn't complain and stepped up next to Billy because his room looked almost clean now.

"That all?", Billy said. "Or you hiding another mess somewhere?"

"Nope.", Steve said lowly, emphasizing the p. "All done up here. Now I just need to wait for the laundry to be done." He walked towards the window as well, leaning against the window sill. "Well, and I need to finish what I started downstairs. Take the trash out. Wipe the floor dry."

Billy blew out some smoke as he looked out the window, where the sun soon would set. "You still convinced I should stay or is that the point where you try to get rid of me?"

Steve smirked. "I think, the washing machine is getting rid of enough of you right about now."

Billy pulled a slightly disgusted face before he chuckled as well. "I'm still not quite convinced this is a smart idea."

"As if anything we ever do really is...", Steve said. "Let's grab a bite to eat, watch a movie or something like that. Won't take long to finish downstairs. So we can at least get some use out of the time we have this place to ourselves."

"You might have a point.", Billy put the cigarette out. He then looked onto Steve's empty bed that didn't look too inviting with most of the pillows and blankets gone. "You don't happen to have any spare blankets, do you?"

"I do actually."

"Of course you do.", Billy snorted. "You probably have spare everything in this house."

Steve rolled his eyes but he matched Billy's smile soon enough. "How about I finish downstairs and you could put your car out of the driveway so we don't raise any suspicions?"

"Oh, that's probably smart.", Billy agreed. "Should I just put it by the street?"

"No need to drive very far.", Billy said. "There are cars parking there all the time. Noone will notice yours."

Billy agreed and while he disappeared for a moment, Steve was out by the pool collecting the remaining cigarette butts before throwing them away. And then he found a mop in a cleaning cupboard and started to at least wipe away the water stains that led from the glass door all the way up the stairs.

Ever tried dressing up for that?", Billy said in a mocking tone. Steve jerked a little because he hadn't heard Billy coming back inside.

"And clean in a suit?", Steve asked confused, looking at him and wiping a bit of sweat off his forehead.

"I was thinking more of a french maid costume, but sure. Bet you look good in a suit.", Billy grinned.

Steve choked. "French maid costume... In your dreams maybe.", he huffed.

"Not a bad idea.", Billy grinned. "You should at least think about it. I'm sure it would really show off those legs of yours."

Steve looked at him with big eyes. "Great, now I can't even tell if your mocking or complimenting me.", he complained.

"Usually both.", Billy laughed. "Got anything else for me to do before I start picturing you in an apron?"

Steve rolled his eyes, almost glad that now he wasn't feeling as bad for telling Billy to take out the trash while he finished with his own

task. Billy didn't even complain and did so immediately and maybe twenty minutes later, the house was all cleaned up and Steve had put the cleaning utensils back into their place. Now all that was left to do was to wait for the laundry to be ready.

Because watching a movie and having dinner was still on the table, Steve ordered a pizza and they stayed downstairs for a while, mostly because the couch was still having its blankets and they had a big tv here. And Steve really couldn't complain about sitting close to Billy, almost cuddling while watching a movie, even if he'd seen it a bunch of times. It was easy and exactly what he wanted things with Billy to be.

It was close to midnight when the second load of laundry was done and dry and Steve could only be bothered to take out Billy's stuff and all the sheets and blankets they would need. He could fold his own clothes tomorrow.

"Warm enough or you need another one?", Steve asked, looking over at Billy. The bed smelled clean and was still warm from the bedding coming fresh out of the drier. There was only the bedside lamp still on and they were both pretty damn tired by now.

"I'm fine, Steve, Jesus. Calm down, alright?", he smirked. "It's ten times better than my own bed even without you trying so hard."

"Yeah, yeah, I know, spare it.", Steve rolled his eyes. Maybe if he weren't so tired he would be smiling at this but now he just didn't want to argue about anything.

Billy sighed and then he reached over and brushed his thumb over Steve's face.

Steve scrunched his nose and looked at him, trying to figure out what he was doing while Billy just chuckled.

"You have a stupid face, Harrington.", he said affectionately.

Steve looked at him with a bit of disbelief. Because who said that?!"Thanks.", he just spat out.

Billy mumbled something unheard. "Come over here?", he then

asked.

"What? Now you want to cuddle?", Steve asked a little suspicious.

"Don't call it that, that's weird."

Steve groaned but he got a little closer nonetheless. "Well, how would you call this then?", he asked.

"Hm... Just touching you. You alright with that?"

Steve hummed in agreement as he felt Billy's touch on his skin. They were still wearing too many clothes but it still felt good.

"Still cuddling though.", Steve argued, nuzzling his face against Billy's chest and forgetting about being tired or upset about something.

"Shut up..." Billy said, pressing a kiss to the top of Steve's head.

Steve smirked.

"How long d'you think we have?", Billy asked after a moment.

"Till what?"

"Till your parents are home, fuck, you even thinking about that?", Billy wondered.

"Hm, right now I much rather not think about it, to be honest.", Steve said. "Don't worry, we'll hear their car. Mom said, maybe even the early morning, so they won't be here for at least another hour or more."

"Not very precise.", Billy frowned.

"Well, it's a long drive.", Steve said, moving his head a little higher so that his mouth was meeting Billy's neck and his throat. "The door's locked, anyway, so nothing to worry about."

"And what happens when your father wants in and the door is locked?", Billy asked a little tense.

"Hm... He'll probably just ask me to open it.", Steve said, planting a

kiss on delicate skin.

"You're allowed to lock your door?", Billy asked, a little disbelieving.

"I mean, I don't usually do it, but when I want to be alone, sure."

Billy didn't say anything.

"Nobody's finding you in here.", Steve said. "Nobody's finding out or anything."

"Yeah, okay...", Billy nodded and closed his arms a little tighter around Steve. "Honestly, I just wanna stay like this."

"So, no getting naked?", Steve asked suggestively.

"For someone that just had their spunk-stale blankets removed... You sure haven't learned that much."

"I've learned that I can easily wash and replace them so would you please stop worrying about the integrity of my room and... I don't know, take off your shirt maybe?"

Billy looked down at him for a moment before he started laughing. "Alright, alright, fuck it, you win.", he said, pulling Steve up to meet him in a kiss.

Steve couldn't help but grin, even though he was kissing Billy. Since he had the better position of being slightly on top, he moved his hand along Billy's side, feeling up his firm chest but intentionally searching for the hem of his shirt, so he could slip his hand underneath there, find more of that hot skin.

Billy leaned back a little to give Steve slightly more space to maneuver until he released an almost whiny sound. "Help me remove it.", he then said, reaching for his shirt. If it wasn't so tight it would already have been off, Steve wondered.

Steve rolled his eyes and obliged. "But only because you ask so nicely."

"Please, Steve.", Billy added almost sarcastically, but he pulled Steve

close again once his shirt was flying on one corner of the room.
"Better?"

"Much better.", Steve agreed, almost snuggling against the warmer body in front of him like a cat.

"I really missed how nice your bed is, generally speaking.", Billy mumbled. "Really fucking nice."

"Right?", Steve grinned. "It's waaaaay too big for one person alone though."

"Now, we can't have that, can we?"

"Uh-uh."

"You're full of shit, Harrington.", Billy laughed and Steve did, too.

Soon, they had the light turned off and sure, there was more undressing and there was more kissing but honestly, there was mostly cuddling and nuzzling against each other before they both fell asleep in a room that mostly smelt like fresh sheets and Steve's cologne now.

While Billy and Steve slept, there were a few sounds disturbing the silence around them, although neither of those managed to get the two of them awake. There was Billy, snoring a little. The trees behind the pool were creating small, whispering sounds. They didn't even hear the sound of a car, pulling into the driveway, or the steps on the stairs, people carrying luggage.

A knock on Steve's door then finally got both boys to jerk and sit up straight in Steve's bed.

"Steve?" That was the very quiet voice of Steve's mom as if she was trying really hard not to wake him, although the knocking before had none of that intention. "You still awake?"

Only half-awake yet, Steve's first reaction to the muffled shuffling of blankets next to him, was to blindly reach over to put a hand over Billy's mouth, even though Billy hadn't said a word. And with the lack of lighting in here, Steve might have found his face but the quiet "Ou!" next to him, made him pretty sure that he didn't quite hit the

target and bumped against Billy's nose instead.

There was a bit of light coming through from underneath the door. Just enough for Steve to see the bewildered expression on Billy's face that looked almost comedic with how his hair was in a total mess right now and Steve's palm was over his mouth. He looked at Steve, tilting his head towards the door as if to get him to do something.

Steve just shrugged and looked apologetic when his mom knocked again and then the door handle was moving a little. Steve had never been so glad that he remembered, locking it. "Stevie?", his mom tried again.

"Rmmmpf.", Steve tried to sound as if he just woke up. He honestly just did so because Billy looked like he was totally freaking out next to him. But by the way, he was just rolling his eyes now, Steve was pretty sure that he wasn't too convincing with this sound and his acting abilities. "Mom? You home yet? What time is it?"

"Just past two. I just wanted to say good night in person. I was hoping, we would be here earlier when we talked on the phone."

Hesitant, Steve took his hand off of Billy's face and, what caused Billy's expression to eventually turn even more disturbed, Steve stood up, trying to make his way out of bed. He found his pair of shorts on the ground and then made his way to the door, checking over his shoulder to make sure of the absolute darkness of his room, before he unlocked the door and stepped onto the hallway where his mom was smiling at him, brightly but tired.

"You don't have someone in there, have you?", she then asked, pointing at the narrow gap of the door. "A girl?"

"What?", Steve asked, pretending to be a little scandalized. "No, I don't."

"Oh... Why the locked door then?", she asked.

Steve swallowed. "Uh... burglars?"

"What burglars?", she asked, looking behind her with widened eyes.

"No, it's just... I'm here all by myself, feels a little safer to lock another door, you know?"

"Oh, poor boy.", his mom put a hand on top of Steve's shoulder. "Maybe, I should talk to your father about installing this security system, we've been talking about once."

"It's fine, really... I, I probably just shouldn't have watched that scary movie earlier, no need to do anything.", Steve tried to calm her down.

"Oh, and I just woke you up again, didn't I? I'm sorry, dear."

"It's fine, really. Good night mom.", Steve said, hoping she would just let him get away with this. "Let's talk tomorrow."

"Sure sweetie. Sleep tight."

She wiped over his cheek with her thumb and with that, she turned around making her way towards the master bedroom. Steve could already hear the sound of someone showering so the chance of one of his parents checking up on him before noon was very unlikely. Not after such a long drive. Steve still made sure, everything was cleared, before he made his way back into the bedroom, locking the door again. He and Billy should be fine.

He stumbled back into the bed, also losing the pair of shorts on his way, hoping to find Billy to maybe apologize for the disturbance but when he laid down and reached over to find out where he was, the bed appeared to be empty.

Steve still heard the sound of the shower running, so he dared to release a quiet "Billy?"

"Shut up!", Billy just spat out very silently from right next to the bed.

Steve frowned, reaching for the bedside lamp, to turn it on and then look over the edge of the bed where he was looking at his very angry looking boyfriend, staring up at him, chest rising and sinking heavily as if he was still hella scared.

"Fallen out of the bed?", Steve tried for a humoristic approach, mostly because he felt guilty.

"Remind me to kill you tomorrow.", Billy grumbled. He carefully sat up and got back up to sneak underneath the blankets next to Steve, turning off the light and pulling a bit too much of that shared blanket to his side of the bed

Steve chuckled and moved a bit closer to him. "What?", he asked. "Told you, she wouldn't come in."

"Are you crazy? One step further and she would have seen me.", Billy argued. "Can't believe, they allow you to close your door."

"Why wouldn't they? It's my room."

"It's their house.", Billy tried a little weakly.

"They're in bed now. Just as I said. No problem. She just wanted to say goodnight."

"Your definition of no problem is low-key freaking me out.", Billy shook his head, sighing.

Steve grinned. "Didn't know you'd be so easily scared.", he teased, turning to the side so he could cuddle with Billy.

Even though Billy tensed at first, he allowed it and sneaked an arm around Steve to pull him a little closer. "Shut up.", he just mumbled, burying his face in Steve's hair. "I was close to jumping out of that window of yours. Would probably have caused a lot of noise though, so I opted for hiding beneath the bed..."

"For a maneuver like that, you should probably put on your pants first.", Steve advised. "You'd scar our neighbors for life. The old Mrs. Miller would probably get a heart attack, seeing you run around there in the middle of the night, butt naked." He laughed, trying to keep his voice as low as possible.

"Better than getting my ass kicked by your father.", Billy argued. "Or mine. It's too pretty for that."

"Agreed.", Steve said, smiling into the darkness.

"We should probably try and catch some sleep, right? Especially if I

need to rise early tomorrow to sneak out without your parents noticing."

"I'm pretty sure they'll sleep until noon.", Steve said, reassuringly.

"You were also pretty sure, your parents wouldn't come to you once they're home.", Billy grumbled. "I'm not sure, I wanna take that chance."

"My alarm's set for half-past nine, I think.", Steve said. "Enough time for us to sneak out to your car."

"You don't want to stay here?", Billy asked.

"To do what?"

"I don't know. Spend time with your parents or whatever."

"Yeah, I pass. I don't know. We'll see tomorrow, right? We could just grab a bite to eat somewhere and drive to the quarry. On Sundays, there's barely someone there."

"So that's where King Steve would take all the Hawkins girls to make out?", Billy sounded amused by that thought.

"Probably fewer than you think.", Steve said frowning. "But yeah, it's a good make out spot if that's what you're getting at."

"That's always where I'm getting at.", Billy decided with a grin. "Fine. Honestly, take me wherever, pretty boy. Don't need to be home before later anyway."

"Yeah? Where does your dad think you are?"

"Don't think he cares. Max will probably tell him I'm with Ally, which works just fine as an alibi if you ask me."

Steve cringed a little at the mention of her name but shook it off since Billy was being with him now, in his bed and with the promise of spending the next day together as well. Instead of overthinking this, he just nuzzled against Billy's chest somewhat closer.

"You asleep already?", Billy tried, stroking Steve's hair with his palm.

"Close enough.", Steve mumbled, breathing in deeply.

"I...", Billy stated but then he hesitated. "Good night."

"Night, Billy.", Steve smiled, closing his eyes. "Sorry, my mom scared you."

"It's fine.", Billy said, voice a little softer now, as if he was falling asleep, too. "I've had worse wakeups, honestly."

Steve didn't know what to make out of that statement so he ignored it for now. "I'm glad, you stayed."

"Me, too."

98. I knew I could come here to see you

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve's parents are home. So the Sunday doesn't quite go as initially planned.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

It was safe to say that neither of them really got a good amount of sleep that night. Not after Steve's mom almost caught them. Steve really didn't want something like this to happen again, at least not yet, when things between him and Billy finally started to feel less fragile and maybe even like something that could last.

Steve was pretty sure he had never seen an expression quite as distressed on Billy's face ever before. And now he was eager to also never see that again, not if he could avoid it, avoid bad and scary things from happening.

So, instead of sleeping, he was holding onto Billy and listening to both of their breaths synching up. It probably took until the early morning hours for them to drift off and into sleep once again.

Billy shifting in his arms, mumbling something nonsensical was what caused Steve to blink his eyes open when the morning had really arrived. He felt so tired but falling asleep another time was dangerous now, so he should probably stay up.

"Morning.", Billy muttered. Steve was surprised to find him awake and his eyes opened even more as he watched Billy shifting on top of Steve's pillows to get more cozy, groaning with every movement of his tired body. He must have woken up just a moment before Steve.

When Billy closed his eyes again after having adjusted the pillow and sheet situation into something more comfortable, Steve turned, too, rolling onto his side. He moved one leg over Billy's locking their ankles together and nuzzled his face into the crease of Billy's neck,

smelling cologne and Billy and even a hint of the detergent they'd been using yesterday. Steve half expected Billy to move out of this touch and get distant again but when Steve reached over to also put an arm over Billy's chest, Billy put his hand on top of Steve's, holding him there. Steve couldn't help but smile as he was basically clinging onto the other boy.

"M'sorry...", he mumbled against Billy's neck without really moving.

"S'okay.", Billy nodded, his voice husky and soft at the same time. It made Steve feel all warm inside.

"You even got any sleep after my mom happened?", Steve asked carefully then. He turned his head to the side just a bit which allowed him to face Billy.

Billy had his eyes still closed but smirked now and next thing, Steve felt him pinch his arm and yelped, trying to free himself but Billy had locked his hand there and was now stroking soothingly over the abused skin. "I'm fine, man. Got plenty of sleep." He shook his head.

"Good.", Steve decided even though he was sounding a bit indecisive, unsure if being so close to Billy was a smart idea right now.

"Yeah, you better not think I'm a wuss just because I didn't want your fucking parents to find me here.", Billy added with a raised brow.

Steve turned back to lay his head down now, giving him a better position to plant a kiss on Billy's shoulder. "Oh, I would never.", he said only half-joking. "Just...you know, wanted to make sure you could stand to spend the night in my bed, is all."

"I can more than just stand it.", Billy reassured him. "Com'ere." He groaned again when he changed his position to bring a hand to the crook of Steve's neck and pull his head closer to catch Steve's mouth with his own into a lazy kiss.

Steve hummed approvingly. Until now, he had the resting fear, Billy wouldn't dare to really touch him with that parental presence in the house but it felt like quite the opposite was the case with Billy licking into his mouth the kiss being all tongue.

But Billy broke the kiss a little too soon for Steve's liking, letting his head sink back into the pillow. Steve couldn't help the whine he was escaping his mouth at the loss of the kiss, so he used the first chance he got, to fully climb on top of Billy, laying flat on his chest with Steve's face hovering just inches above Billy's.

Billy watched him in a bit of surprise, locking eyes with Steve for a moment or so before his gaze was drifting a little higher. "Your hair looks crazy, pretty boy.", he then said, petting down a part of particularly misbehaving hair, chuckling as it didn't stay in place even after that treatment.

Steve couldn't help but frown. He should probably get a brush and fix that right now, shouldn't he?

"Bet, mine's not better.", Billy added, blowing on a curl that was hanging into his face to get it out of the way.

"Yours is perfect.", Steve decided not without a hint of jealousy. It was true though, Billy looked just fucking edible with his hair like that, all curly and all over the place. Steve imagined what sounds Billy would make if he pulled it and then if he pulled it just a bit harder.

"You're fucking perfect, you dork." Billy was still grinning and Steve wasn't sure if that was about Steve's comment or the way Steve had dreamily stared at his hair. But then Billy tangled their legs together to get some leverage and finally got them flipped over so he was hovering above Steve now and that was nothing if not distracting. "Now that it's so nice and clean here, sheets all washed and shit, would be a shame to get it all filthy again, huh?", Billy purred, leaning down to plant a kiss on Steve's jaw that had a curl of his hair tickle Steve's neck.

Steve swallowed and immediately pulled Billy back into a kiss that was a little more bruising than the one before. It was too hasty and only when their teeth clicked together, both of them pulled back a little, not quite allowing it to soften. "Shut up and do something.", he mumbled in between shallow breaths and bites in Billy's lower lip.

"What do you want?", Billy asked curiously.

Steve paused and thought about that for a second. "We need to keep it real quiet.", he reminded Billy. Because that was like ten times more important than whatever Steve wanted. Because Steve was pretty fucking sure that while getting what he really wanted, there was no way he could keep it quiet.

"Oh, I can do quiet. How about you?" Well, Billy sounded a little more confident in this than Steve and as he kissed him and licked Steve's lips, then nibbling at them, Steve barely remembered the question. Also, the overall lack of clothing wasn't helping to keep Steve's brain involved in this conversation. Not when he could clearly feel how hard Billy was, pressing against Steve's hip. As Steve was shifting his hips just oh so slightly, he could even feel the smear of pre-come against his skin. "Think, you can fuck me and keep it down enough for your parents not to hear?", Billy asked, his voice all low which was going directly to Steve's cock.

Steve felt even more heat rushing through his body, as he turned his head to the side to check on his alarm clock. Not even nine o'clock. It would be at least two more hours until he would expect his parents to get up after a nightly drive like this. So, in the end, it probably really came down to if they were able to keep this quiet because time was still on their side. But even with that risk, they would be taking, oh boy, Steve definitely wanted to try.

"Yeah.", Steve then said, probably sounding more desperate then eager. "Fuck, yeah, I can be so quiet, you won't even notice I'm here."

"Oh, I hope that's not true.", Billy grinned. "Also, pretty hard to believe that while you're already poking me with that thing, huh." Billy wasn't even paying any attention to the blush crawling on Steve's face because as soon as he said that, he was leaning down to kiss Steve once again. "Fuck, you're so hot, looking all disheveled. Want you like that... all the time."

"I swear, if you keep mentioning my hair, I will just run off and fix it.", Steve groaned, still a little embarrassed.

"Not, if I'll give you something better to do.", Billy teased. "Now, tell me, where did you put the lube?"

"Drawer most likely.", Steve said and with that, Billy was already crawling over there, browsing the bedside table for the desired loot, knocking over a few things until Steve was shhing him.

"Better make this quick, huh?" Billy came back, straddling Steve now but this time sitting upright, taking a closer look at the lube in his hand. "Also, we probably need more of this stuff eventually, if we keep doing that. Hey, when's your birthday? Maybe, I can convince Tommy you need another present." He grinned smugly.

"You do know, that it's actually possible to buy stuff you want, right?", Steve huffed. Mainly, he didn't even want to think about Tommy nor his birthday when they were together like this. So, as a plain but functional distraction technique, Steve just licked his hand and then brought it to Billy's dick because that was a foolproof way to get his attention.

Billy rolled back his eyes, curved his spine and moaned deeply when Steve gave him a fond squeeze just on the edge of being too much. Yeah, that definitely brought him the wanted attention.

"You should... you should still tell me your birthday.", Billy brought out between gritted teeth because Steve kept stroking his length, carefully spreading all the pre-come with every twist of his wrist.

"Yeah? Why that?", Steve asked, still not particularly convinced that this was a topic he wanted to be talking about. But for the moment he was too hypnotized by the way Billy's mouth was standing agape and his dick was twitching in Steve's hand.

"You know, how we this whole boyfriend thing going on now.", Billy said breathily, trying to hold Steve's gaze. "Wouldn't wanna be an asshole and forget your special day or anything."

"Nothing special 'bout it." Steve sighed because Billy had that look in his face as if he just wasn't letting this go easily. "June, fifth. I write it down for you, if you tell me yours, too." Steve decided that this wasn't worth the arguing and it also potentially gave him the chance of making Billy's birthday all nice for him because he definitely deserved it.

"Deal.", Billy agreed, a little too loudly. "Now could you please stop making me come before you're at least a few inches deep in my ass?"

Steve chuckled but he felt a blush coloring his face in a darker shade of red. He nodded immediately, though, reaching for the lube that was lying abandoned next to them. "Want me to get you all nice and open for me?", he tried for that talk that appeared to come so much more easily over Billy's lips. Also, maybe Billy didn't want to be touched for a moment and take care of that part himself, so Steve thought, he'd better ask.

"Yeah, yeah.", Billy nodded mindlessly, raising his hips some more to give Steve more access. "Just make it quick, okay? I can take it..."

"Yeah, okay.", Steve agreed, nodding. It's not like they had too much time for this, to begin with. Also, this wasn't a particularly sane thing to anyways, but Steve felt that by now they both were way too far down the road to even think about stopping.

"God, need your fingers.", Billy mumbled. "Your fucking cock."

"That's not exactly keeping it quiet.", Steve was throwing in even though he wasn't actually complaining.

"Can't help it."

Actually, Steve's only objection to the overall lack of time was that there was no chance for Billy to fuck him afterward, but then, this was already so good, this was amazing and he wouldn't be mourning over that. They could spare that for another day. One in which his parents wouldn't be home. After all, the chances for Billy to keep things quiet were way higher than for himself.

With a lewd squirting noise, he squeezed a generous amount of lube onto his fingers, making a face because it was cold and also he overestimated the amount that would come out so there was some dripping down onto his chest and belly. Steve hissed and wrinkled his nose at which Billy was definitely smirking.

"Hmm.", Billy hummed. "You gonna make me nice and wet for you, pretty boy?"

"Shh.", Steve hushed him, without being able to hide the blush, these words were sending on his face. Again. Damn, he should really start getting used to Billy talking like that, although he highly doubted this could ever be

Billy still smirked but he bit down on his bottom lip, nodding and looking at Steve's hand now, seemingly excited. He better be, Steve thought, because Steve was very eager to make this very good for Billy. At least as much as the lack of time and their need to keep it quiet would allow him to.

The way Billy was still sitting on top of him was making it really hard for Steve to focus on anything because it seemingly sent all the blood in Steve's body right into his dick which was very hard right now, almost achingly so. Being presented with the gorgeous sight of his boyfriend, all hard and excited, waiting to be fucked by Steve was very close to being just too much. Steve swallowed and tried to focus on the task ahead by moving his lubed up fingers to Billy's ass.

Steve was a bit worried the lube would still be cold, so he tried to spread it between his fingers and warm it up with his skin. Billy still hissed, when his ass made contact with Steve's hand. But Steve tried to ease him into this by circling his fingers around Billy's hole, not pressing in yet even though Billy looked like he desperately wanted Steve to do just that, at least judging by the dark glare he was throwing him.

On top of that, Billy was arching his back almost pornographically and Steve was positive that if he wasn't about to do something, Billy would just go ahead and fuck himself on Steve's fingers. And that certainly didn't help with Steve's initial problem because thinking of Billy all desperate, leaking for him and itching for his touch only made Steve harder, even if a second ago he would have doubted that this was even possible.

"Come on.", Billy growled darkly and Steve was almost sure he could hear the hint of a threat in there. But it wasn't like Steve could continue with the teasing for even a moment longer so without waiting any further, he was pushing his forefinger and middle finger in very slowly and carefully only until the first knuckle though because Billy was tensing around him, his legs shaking slightly being

confronted with that intrusion.

"Fuck.", Billy cursed, trying to adjust to that feeling while Steve gave him the time, only slowly moving to help him get used to this.

Steve couldn't help but think about the first time he had Billy's fingers inside him. Things had changed so much since then and Steve could hardly believe how much safer he felt now, even though things weren't ideal at all. Steve could see how much Billy was trying to keep it down, biting down on a moan before even putting a hand on his mouth when Steve pushed in deeper. He was definitely better at this than Steve would have been in his position because he would probably be a mumbling mess by now.

When Steve's fingers bottomed out and he was able to go for that spot that made Billy twitch and tingle, he rolled his eyes back, almost whimpering now.

"More?", Steve asked, unsure if Billy could take a third finger yet or how fast he really wanted him to go.

Billy was nodding furiously. "Yeah, yeah.", he reassured Steve, not quite articulate with Steve's fingers still so deep inside him. He put both hands firmly on Steve's chest to steady himself. "Can take it."

"Sure?"

That question alone earned him an angry glare, even if it wasn't that effective with Billy's lips still agape and him half moaning. Steve was wondering how locking eyes with Billy made all of this so much more intimate because that felt kind of stupid considering he was fingers deep inside him right now.

In fact, looking into those deep blue eyes, Steve couldn't come up with anything other than a weak "Kiss me?".

Billy's gaze visibly softened and as Steve was pulling his fingers slowly out again, circling along the rim to get everything nice and loose for him to slip in without hurting Billy, the other boy responded immediately, by leaning down and covering Steve's face in a few kisses. Only then, his mouth found Steve's, lingering there before

Billy's tongue was slipping out to deepen the kiss.

Very carefully and without risking to break the kiss, Steve tried to fit three fingers inside which, considering the excessive amount of lube that was dripping down between Billy's legs and how relaxed Billy felt on top Steve, shouldn't be a big problem. Billy was still taken by surprise and he gasped as Steve pushed three fingers in now, moaning against Steve's lips. Steve luckily managed to mute most of that noise by just continuing to kiss Billy.

"Fuck...", Billy panted, his breath going shallow as he rested his forehead against Steve's. "You're not playing, huh? God, I need you now, can you just... nnngh." As Steve crooked his fingers inside Billy, managing to find that really good spot, he just cut Billy off with this.

"I got you.", Steve whispered. By now, they were both running out of patience and Billy felt prepped enough to take this further. Also, Steve was pretty sure he had to do something, at least if he wanted to be inside Billy before coming undone.

When Steve pulled his fingers out again, trying to spread some of that lube on his dick, Billy let out a complaining sound. He raised his upper body again, so he was able to look at Steve as he positioned his hips right above Steve, slowly, agonizingly so, sinking down on his cock with both of them barely able to bite back groans. Steve couldn't believe how tight Billy still was and he was hickupping when Billy was finally seated and he bottomed out. Fuck, all buried and this tight heat of Billy's boy, Steve was positively falling apart, even more, when Billy was clenching around him.

And Billy didn't look as if he had it together any more than Steve did, with his face and his chest almost as blushed as his cock, now leaking even more precome. Steve noticed how much Billy was visibly focusing only on his own breathing. It probably wouldn't take more than just a few strokes to get him over the edge now which was kind of also the case for Steve.

"You good?", he asked softly, once he regained at least a bit of mental control over his body back.

Billy just hummed in response, closing his eyes as he started to move

oh so slowly. It was more of a rutting movement just allowing both of them the minimal amount of friction needed to feel good. "Fuck, you go so deep, I swear...", Billy was mumbling nonsensically, shaking his head.

"I'm not hurting you, right?" Now that Steve had his hands free, he moved them to Billy's thighs, massaging over them to ease away the tension.

"Feels so good.", Billy just said. And then he was leaning forward again, meeting Steve's lips for another kiss, slower and sweeter than the one before. Steve was bucking up so Billy wouldn't have to do all the work, gently running his hands over Billy's skin.

After they just kissed for a moment, Billy was resting his cheek against Steve's, breathing and slowing down with any movement which allowed both of them to catch their breaths.

"Can we...?" Billy looked at him, stopping as if on the search for right words. "Just turn over?", he asked quietly. "Want you on top."

"Yeah.", Steve agreed, his face lighting up. "Sure." He was still locking eyes with Billy, watching him closely, as he put an arm around Steve's neck, stealing another kiss. Steve decided that this might be the best opportunity to turn them over. While barely slipping out of his boyfriend, he turned the two of them, allowing Billy to sink his head into one of Steve's soft pillow. He was spreading his legs wider now, one ankle hugged around Steve's waist to lock him there while Steve was slowly trying to find some rhythm again that felt good for both of them without yet being too intense. When this was the last time they would have sex for a while, he wanted to make the most of it. Who knew when he would have Billy all to himself again.

"Oh, fuck yeah!", Billy moaned, one hand fisting in the pillow next to his head, the other one clawing Steve's back. "God, right there!" Billy shifted his hips just slightly and Steve felt as if this allowed him to sink even deeper, grunting quietly because he still had in mind that they couldn't get too loud with this.

Steve couldn't help but turn over his shoulder even if he wouldn't necessarily hear any better by just turning around. He could almost

imagine his mom or dad sticking their heads in, even if he had 100% locked the door last night. "Come on, Billy. Try to keep it down.", he still insisted even though he would widely prefer to hear more of Billy.

"I'm tryinnngh...", Billy said through gritted teeth, biting down on a moan. "Just go a bit faster, I swear, I'm so close."

"Yeah, me too.", Steve nodded, feeling the sweat pool on his temples.

"Yeah?", Billy asked, a smug grin on his face. "Gonna fill me up, pretty boy?", he purred, moving a hand to Steve's face to wipe off some of the sweat. "Come on, wanna feel you."

"Billy...", Steve moaned, lowering his head to plant a kiss on the crook of Billy's neck. He tried going a little faster, thrusts met by Billy moving his hips in return.

Steve felt his orgasm wash over him abruptly and without that much of a warning, probably because he was so focused on holding it back for a while then. Billy followed him soon after, painting both their bellies while Steve kept rutting into him, riding out his orgasm. He finally leaned down to meet Billy for a lazy kiss, not yet daring to part.

Finally, Billy let out a sigh and sunk his head back, while Steve was still collapsed on top of him. Steve felt sweaty and in need of a shower but Billy's hand, slowly circling over his shoulders or running down his spine was keeping him in place.

"Probably gonna feel you for fucking days.", Billy smirked.

"Shouldn't have rushed, huh?", Steve asked weakly, his head resting on Billy's sweaty chest.

Billy scratched his back affectionately. "Nah, I like it.", he decided, slowly moving his hand further up to start petting over Steve's hair. "You got a towel or something? We gonna be fucking sticky if we don't take care of this." He tilted his head to point between them where Steve could feel the come slowly drying.

Billy was probably right with that. "Yeah, gimme a sec.", Steve

mumbled, trying to sit up, without making any more of a mess. He got out of the bed without it squeaking too much although he definitely mourned the loss of Billy's warm body against his. But at least that made him hurry and he got over to the wardrobe to find a towel they could use to clean up.

By now, Billy was sitting up too, reaching over to take the towel as Steve was coming back, wiping down his upper and then lower body still looking pretty satisfied but also more distant than he'd appeared before.

Steve was slowly laying down next to him again, checking out the alarm clock again which made him tense up some.

"So, I'll see you tomorrow, I guess.", Billy said, turning his head towards Steve before throwing the filthy towel at him.

Steve was awkwardly catching it before it hit him against the head and pulled a face looking at Billy. The other boy was slowly getting up now moving a bit weird probably while trying to avoid the damp spots Steve later had to clean up.

"You're leaving.", Steve detected when Billy bowed down to pick up his jeans.

"Come on, don't be stupid.", Billy mumbled without turning towards Steve, doing a little awkward dance, as he shimmied his pants on.

Steve sat up, wiping his eyes and then pushing strands of sweaty hair out of his face, as he watched Billy. Maybe he should just go back to sleep, at least then he wouldn't have to watch Billy leave again. The worst thing was this hint of feeling used because it was absolutely unreasonable and this wasn't Billy wanting to get away from him. This was the necessary thing to do. Steve still wasn't happy about it.

"Oh, don't give me that look, Harrington, or I swear...", Billy pointed a finger in his direction although his threat was lacking bite.

"Yeah? So how am I supposed to react to this, huh? Do a happy dance, I can spend all fucking Sunday alone again?" Steve bit his tongue because he knew it wasn't fair to say this, neither towards

Billy nor to himself.

"You aren't...", Billy turned towards the door and Steve knew that he was thinking about his parents, even though they definitely weren't the flagship for good company.

Steve just huffed. "Might as well be.", he mumbled. "But yeah, I'm not saying anything to make you stay or whatever so you get what you want, right?" He swallowed, trying to keep himself from saying more bullshit like that.

Billy looked at him almost expressionlessly for a moment before he tossed the t-shirt he'd just picked up, back onto the floor, his shoulders sinking down.

Steve tried to keep that serious expression as Billy approached him again, sitting down on the edge of the bed next to Steve now. He hadn't planned on making that hard for any of them.

"We should really stop fighting if we want to make this work.", Billy said slowly. He wasn't mad at Steve which might just be worse because Steve felt as if he really deserved it.

Also, the fact that he had the audacity to be right with that statement and that he was the calm and reasonable one right now, made Steve furious, but he swallowed down his pride and nodded.

"See, my dad's gonna be expecting me to do some shit for him because he usually does so on weekends. As much as I would probably enjoy the shit out of spending all day at the quarry with you or wherever actually, it's just gonna bite me in the ass later. This is really not me wanting to leave. Even if your parents generally freak me out..."

Steve exhaled slowly but then he nodded again because maybe that would work this time. "Five more minutes? We literally just woke up before, Billy." He was pretty aware of how desperate that sounded, but then, when had he ever been able to help himself with that?

"Yeah, whatever you want.", Billy agreed, now smiling. He moved closer to Steve and laid down right next to him. "Could get used to

that, you know? Waking up next to you and all that shit." He hummed. "Also the fucking part wasn't too bad, you know?"

"Almost makes staying worthwhile, huh? Even with my mom almost catching you.", Steve smirked. "Me too, though. Love having you here." He turned to the side at that and slung an arm over Billy's still naked chest. Not enough to keep him here but Steve had always been good at pretending, too.

The fact that Billy wasn't complaining but instead planting a kiss on the top of Steve's head, keeping his face nuzzled into the other boy's hair was definitely helping. Steve snuggled just a bit closer to Billy, too, wanting to get most of Billy's warmth. But they couldn't stay like that forever.

Steve finally let out a sigh and rolled back onto his back. "I guess that was the five-minute mark, huh? Wouldn't want you to be late..." He looked at the clock again. "Or caught."

"Not quite.", Billy argued and in one fluid movement, he was on top of Steve again, cupping his face with one hand and leaning in to kiss him tenderly. Steve couldn't help but smile into the kiss and fuck, even if they had done a bunch of kissing before, he immediately lost himself in this, as he always did with kissing Billy.

"So... you good?", Billy asked, lifting his head back up and catching his breath while smiling at Steve.

"I'm alright.", Steve decided. "So, we'll see each other on Monday?"

"Yeah.", Billy nodded. "Let's hope, Wheeler stays the only one finding out about this..." He blinked.

"I can be super discreet, you know? You'll be surprised. I'm like a ninja.", Steve stated with a smirk.

Billy chuckled. "I'm sure, you are. And once you figure out when your parents will be gone again, we'll continue this." He ran his hand teasingly along the side of Steve's naked body. "I'll make you feel real good.", he purred.

Steve looked at him but he swallowed bravely and then he nodded.

"Could take a while, but yeah. We'll figure this out."

"That's the spirit.", Billy smiled. "If we're lucky, I might be able to call tonight. Sometimes, Neil takes Susan out and if Max is watching tv or whatever, the coast should be clean."

"That would be nice." Steve leaned up to steal himself another kiss, which Billy happily returned. "Now you better get going, right? Before they get up after all..."

"Yeah.", Billy frowned. "After doing all that, it would be pretty ironical to get caught just for taking too much time." He chuckled.

Billy got off of Steve and found his shirt while Steve made an effort of putting some shorts on, too. He was thinking that it might be better for him to go downstairs, too, just in case his parents would wake up and hear the front door. Also, he wanted to buy himself another minute with Billy, even if it mainly consisted of them sneaking down the stairs and arriving at the front door as silently as they possibly could.

Billy seemingly got the same idea because when they arrived at the entrance of the house and Steve wanted to unlock the door, Billy was on him again, shoving him against the wall with his head hitting one of the family portraits. He didn't worry twice about that though, not with Billy caging him there. And certainly not with Billy's mouth all hot and heavy on his, demanding entrance and making Steve's knees weak while making him forget about everything and everyone, while he put his hands around Billy's waist, pulling him impossibly closer. After all, it could take them quite a while until they would be able to repeat this.

Billy grunted, almost sounding annoyed. "Fuck, that's harder than I expected.", he commented, then looking at the door next to them, while still staying incredibly close to Steve.

"It's helping that I'm pretty sure you're coming back, this time.", Steve said.

"You better bet, I am.", Billy said, turning his gaze back towards his boyfriend. And then he kissed Steve once again and Steve wished that

they could have just that. That his parents wouldn't be here and Billy's father wouldn't want him home because he was positive that he'd never let go of Billy if that were the case. That they could spend the whole Sunday just standing here and kissing. "See you on Monday, pretty boy?"

"Yeah, see you."

"Fuck...", Billy reached for the door, looking at Steve once again. As if he can't take his eyes off of me, Steve thought, although he knew this was stupid and wishful thinking and all that.

"I know. Sorry for making this harder on you. I didn't mean to. Maybe it's like ripping off bandages and we should just get it over with."

"Not so sure I actually wanna put that theory to a test though.", Billy said, his head tilted. And then he sighed and left and Steve felt the urge to follow him, but he carefully closed the door instead, immediately leaning against it and feeling a rush of something nasty going through his body. He should probably have stood there for a bit longer, look after Billy but there was no way he would have let him go then. Fuck, if that terrible feeling in his chest was what he could expect from that day ahead, he really just wanted to go to bed again.

A coughing sound coming from the stairs made him jump away from the door, trying to act casual.

"Steven?" Okay, this was his mom's voice. That was definitely better than facing his dad right now.

"Yeah, mom?", he replied weakly, stepping closer towards her.

"Just wanted to check if that's you...", she answered, a tired smile on her face. She was wearing a pastel robe and Steve wondered how she managed to get her hair like that, probably coming straight out of bed.

"I was... I was checking if the mail was already there but I..." Improvising was never actually Steve's strong side, was it?

"It's Sunday, stupid.", his mom pointed out, chuckling as she headed

in the direction of the kitchen.

"Oh...", Steve scolded himself for not thinking of that. "Yeah, you're right."

"Are you expecting something?", she asked. Steve followed her into the kitchen area.

"I'm still waiting for a few college letters to arrive.", Steve said because at least that was half-true.

"I'm sure they'll arrive eventually. You want some breakfast? I thought about making some pancakes because your dad really enjoyed those at this hotel we stayed in." She pulled a bunch of bowls out of a cabinet before opening up the refrigerator. Steve stood in the doorway, arms crossed over his chest and frowning. Since when did his mom even know how to make pancakes?

"Sure mom, thanks.", he said because he didn't want to express his doubts.

"Coffee?"

Now coffee he knew she could make. Also, he could definitely use some caffeine, if only to brighten his mood, even though that might be counterproductive if he planned on getting back into bed. "Please."

Instead of leaving for his room, Steve was now watching in awe as his mom cracked open some eggs and poured some milk into what looked closely like actual pancake batter.

Soon enough she was pulling out a pan and frying the first batch of pancakes. Steve thought that he could probably help so he pulled out some plates and silverware for them to eat with.

"How is Nancy?", she asked after a moment, her voice cutting through the silence. With a smile, she put the first pancake on Steve's plate. To his genuine surprise, it looked and smelled pretty much like a pancake should do.

"Nancy?", Steve looked up from his place. "Oh, you know, she was here yesterday to check on me because we hadn't seen each other in a

while."

"Oh dear, I totally forgot that you were sick. Are you feeling better now? You definitely look better than when we left. Almost glowy actually. You don't have a fever, do you?"

For a second, Steve worried that she was able to guess that he just had sex but she really didn't look like she was suspecting anything. There were these deep frown lines on her forehead, Steve never really paid attention to before. But then, they probably made sense because he never met a person frowning as much as his mom. He blamed his dad for that.

"Much better. Nancy visited and Dustin brought me some soup so I was fine."

"Isn't that nice. You should maybe pay Mrs. Henderson a visit and cover her expenses."

"Sure.", Steve said, even though he was pretty sure, Dustin's mom would be very mad at him for even suggesting to pay her.

"I thought maybe that glow had something to do with Nancy.", his mom said when she put more batter into the pan.

Steve had to focus really hard not to choke on his pancake. "Nah.", he said as casual as humanly possible. "She's still with Jonathan. We're fine. I'm fine with it." Was that one fine too much?

"You look tired.", she said. "Shouldn't have woken you up last night with you being sick at all. You're probably stressed out enough with school and deadlines and college and all that. And then your parents get back home, barely giving you a warning." She tried for an apologetic smile.

"Don't worry, I think for one I'm actually handling everything quite well. Also, it's not that I was throwing a party here.", Steve said. "I don't mind having you here. So how long do you plan on staying?" Easy. He would get an answer and maybe tonight, if Billy managed to call him, they could make plans.

"Who knows? I'm pretty sure your father will do a few proper office

days. I think he wants to hire a new assistant or something. Could be a week. Could be a month."

Wow, Billy probably won't like this as an answer any more than Steve did. They never stayed this long home if it wasn't holiday season.

"Did something happen?", Steve blurted out. There must be a reason, right?

"Don't be silly.", his mom said, without moving her eyes from the pan. Steve swallowed. "Nothing happened. Nothing I'm not used to, anyway. But your dad needs a new assistant, so we're back home for a while."

"But will you go with him when there's another conference?", Steve asked. He ever actually witnessed his mom talking so open about this whole thing. On the other hand, she was still making pancakes for his dad so things couldn't be that bad.

"Sure, I will. If he wants me to, anyway."

"Why shouldn't he want to take you with him?", Steve replied, hoping that it sounded a little more convincing than he thought it did. "You'll tell me when you find out, right? When you're leaving again?"

"Of course. Thankfully school's almost over. You can tag along for a few trips then if you want to. Maybe we could visit a few colleges together. You know, pick out a nice one."

Steve wasn't quite sure if that was actually his plan anymore. "Sounds nice, mom." He didn't tell her that for this he needed a few acceptances first.

"I take a plate and a cup of coffee up to your father, see whether he's ready to rise yet. You have any plans for today, Steve?"

Not since you torpedoed them, thank you very much. "Actually, I don't think so.", Steve said. After all, his chances of seeing Billy before school tomorrow were pretty small. So maybe he should try for something else, just to stay busy. Hang out with Nancy and Jonathan for example, but then he probably used up enough of their time when Billy was still with Ally and he had been a depressing

mess. They could probably use some alone time without him dragging along. Or, he could probably always call Dustin and see what the nerds were up to. He hadn't been around them much, lately. "I'm sure, I'll figure something out.", he said to his mom since she looked like she was expecting an answer.

"Okay, love. If you go out, please leave a note or something and be home for dinner."

Or something, Steve thought. It wasn't like any of them really gave a fuck where he was or whom he was spending time with. As long as he was home when they wanted him to be and kept this place relatively clean.

Steve was still surprised, he and Billy had managed to clean up this place so much, especially since they could barely keep their hands off each other. That had worked out pretty well and now there was no sign that Billy was ever here, let alone that he spend the night. Well, except the come stains in Steve's bed of course, but thinking about it, it would probably be kinda depressing to have nothing left to remind him of the other boy. Maybe he could ask Billy for a picture sometime. Or they could take one together.

Once his mom had left and Steve had finished his coffee and the remains of his pancakes, he walked back upstairs, too. But after laying down in bed for a couple of minutes, soaking up the remaining warmth and the illusion that Billy was still there, he got bored and so he decided to get dressed and really actually do something.

Calling Dustin appeared to be the smartest idea. Dustin always wanted to hang out and most times they had plans like playing a stupid game or something and Steve could take along. Or at least he could drive them somewhere and feel at least somewhat useful.

The phone was only ringing for a moment until Dustin's mom picked up. Then, right after questioning Steve, asking if he was really better and if he liked the soup she'd sent him, she was calling "Dusty!".

"Hey, how are you doing, Dusty?"

"Not funny. But look who's alive.", Dustin said sarcastically, even

though he couldn't quite hide his excitement. "What's up, man?"

"Not much, actually.", Steve said truthfully. "Got any plans for today?"

"We're still discussing actually. First, we wanted to go to the Arcade but Will's mom isn't too happy with us going there all the time and..."

Well, maybe they could all go out and get ice cream or...

"How about I take you all out to get pizza or something?", Steve offered because he just got the idea for that. Getting pizza meant at least a few hours of being busy and he couldn't really miss his boyfriend surrounded by loud middle schoolers.

"Really??" Steve could almost see how Dustin's eyes grew with excitement. "Let me ask the party..."

There was the sound of steps getting more and more quiet until there was a pause and Steve wasn't sure if Dustin had just left the telephone and wouldn't come back but then he could hear him return. "Steve, you still there, buddy?"

"Yeah, course I am. Don't run away like that. So what do the other's say?"

"Mike asks why you want to buy us pizza but this isn't in any way saying that we won't hold you up to that offer.", Dustin said.

Steve rolled his eyes. "I don't know. Feels like we haven't hung out for a while...", he mumbled. Since when did he have to justify himself in front of the brats for christ's sake?

"That's what I said.", Dustin agreed. "But Mike said it's weird because of how old you are." He said this pretty annoyed although Steve knew that Mike was having kind of a point with that. But Mike also wasn't his biggest fan since the whole Nancy thing started.

"First of all, Mike's weird.", Steve said. "Secondly, over the last few months, I've been basically all of you guys' babysitter so ...", he wasn't quite sure where he wanted to go with that argument, but it wasn't exactly weird for all of them to hang out.

"Yeah, you're basically an honorable party member.", Dustin concluded.

"Exactly. So, we meet there, or should I pick you up?", Steve asked. Then he added: "Is Max coming, too?" He bit his tongue because he almost asked Dustin if Billy might be driving her. But that wouldn't be very subtle.

"She was just asking. Give me another minute?"

Before Steve could answer, Dustin was running off again and Steve sighed loudly even though nobody was listening anyway. He was leaning back against the wall and asking himself whether this whole thing had been easier if he'd just called Nancy. He could have been on his way over to her by now. But before he could think further of this, Dustin was on the phone again.

"Max is coming and you don't need to pick her up. But can you maybe pick Will up, though? His mom still isn't too crazy about bike-rides through Mirkwood and she's still watching this tv show so, you know, she won't be driving him anytime soon."

"Yeah, I can pick him up. The rest of you shitheads are gonna go by bike, then?"

"Yeah, let's meet there, okay?"

"Yeah, see you there, Dustin."

"See you, Steve."

When they hung up Steve let out a sigh and then he pushed a piece of misbehaving hair out of his face. He should be good for another half hour until all of them had gathered, so there was more than enough time for a shower and to fix his hair and get dressed.

Steve hurried to get back upstairs but he was stopping in the hallway, his gaze hovering on the bedroom door of his parents wondering if they were talking or if they were on really bad terms. But he didn't stay there for long and moved forward into the bathroom.

A good twenty minutes later, Steve was dressed in some clean clothes

and he had taken care of his case of bed hair. Because he still had time, he left a note to his mom implying that he was going to pay Mrs. Henderson a visit to thank her for the soup because that was easier to explain than taking children out to pizza, especially since neither his mom nor his dad were really happy with him being a babysitter.

After leaving that note on the kitchen counter, Steve got out and in his car to drive to the Byers' house. He was somewhat relieved that Jonathan's car wasn't there because he would have really hated to explain his planned Sunday activity to him and Nancy.

Mrs. Byers quickly opened the door and put on a broad smile Steve could only return.

"Hey, Mrs. Byers.", Steve said. "Here to pick up Will."

"It's so nice of you to take the kids out. They barely do anything but go to the Arcade anymore." She rolled her eyes. "Do you need some money?", she then asked, her smile wearing off a little.

"Nah, I got it, Mrs. Byers. Thank you though."

"You can call me Joyce, Steve.", she said, almost looking relieved. "Anyway, I'm gonna call Will. I think he's still sitting in front of his radio."

Steve nodded and watched Joyce disappearing into the house. He thought of stepping in as well but decided against it, waiting for Will to appear with a shy smile on his face.

"Hey Will.", Steve greeted him, rumpling up his hair.

Will was ducking out of the way but he was still smiling, as he nodded in Steve's direction. "Hi.", he replied.

Joyce was showing up behind him soon after.

"Thanks for picking him up, Steve. If you can't take him back later, just call me and I will take him home, alright? I just rather not have him go alone."

"No, yeah, that's totally fine, I'll make sure to take him home safely.", Steve promised her.

"Thank you so much. Have fun, boys." There was this genuine smile on her face Steve wasn't really sure his own mom could ever produce. They both waved at Mrs. Byers as they made their way to Steve's car.

"We'll meet the other's there, right?"

"I think they're taking the bike.", Will nodded. "I don't think my mom trusts them anymore to get me home in time.", he added. "Even if we only stayed longer in the Arcade like a couple of times."

Steve chuckled. "Hey, I hope it's fine that I'm picking you up. I asked if anyone else wanted a ride, but Dustin said, they were fine."

"Yeah, it's cool. Thank you."

"You can pick out some music if you want to.", Steve pointed at his car radio. This probably wasn't the kind of radio, the kids were obsessing with but Will still leaned forward to switch through the channels. He picked out pretty similar music to what Steve knew Jonathan was into, so that shouldn't be as much of a surprise. And when Will looked at him as if looking for approval, Steve put on a smile and nodded in beat with the song. Will's smile grew a little wider and then he was leaning back against his seat again while Steve drove them to the only Italian place in this town.

They hadn't even arrived the parking lot when they could see the Dustin, Mike, and Lucas standing there on their bikes. Steve was pretty happy, he'd actually decided to do something today because he could very well be still laying in bed and complaining.

"Hey, Steve!"

As soon as they got out of the car, the other kids came running to them.

"I'm starving.", Dustin announced.

"You just had a Three Musketeers.", Lucas said with a frown.

"So?"

Steve chuckled. "Come on then, guys, let's grab some pizza."

They all cheered approvingly and then they walked into the place. There were typical table booths here and Steve saw Mike and Will and Lucas immediately sitting down on one side of it so he sat next to Dustin on the opposite side.

"So, where's Max?", Steve asked once they were all seated and the kids were browsing through the menus. "Is she not coming?"

"Oh, her stupid brother insisted on driving her here.", Mike rolled his eyes. "I really don't get it. He gives her shit for driving her all the time and now that she says she wants to skate her, he's a giant asshole about it." Mike snorted.

"Aren't you two friends now?", Lucas asked looking at Steve with a frown.

Dustin was eying him suspiciously, too.

"I wouldn't say friends but yeah, we hang out sometime so don't call him Max's stupid brother, okay?", Steve said. "Also, he isn't a giant asshole. More like regular sized. Shorter than me, anyway." He smirked.

"No promises.", Mike said but Will was elbowing him in the side.

Steve had the feeling that there was something unspoken between all the kids, but he wasn't too sure if he should even ask about that.

But the question soon became insignificant when the bell above the door was ringing and Billy and Max were walking inside the restaurant. Billy's eyes found Steve immediately and Steve could only watch how Billy had his hand on her shoulder, pushing her forward until she was throwing him an annoyed glare, probably pretty close to flipping him the bird.

"Hey.", Max said, almost sounding embarrassed by her company. She was squeezing herself into the booth next to Steve avoiding all their gazes and to Steve, she appeared kind of glad that there was not

really enough space for Billy.

"So, you're wining and dining middle schoolers now, huh Harrington?", Billy said to Steve with a raised brow, leaning down onto the table now.

"Just buying them pizza.", Steve said, leaning back against the rest because bringing a bit more of a distance between them was probably the safer thing to do.

Billy looked at Max again. "Neil said, you got an hour. I'll be in the car.", he said.

"Fine.", Max said, rolling her eyes.

Billy turned and started walking off again which wasn't something Steve liked to witness another time today no matter how needy that was. "Hey, Billy...", he called after him, waiting for the other boy to turn around. "You wanna... join?", Steve asked, immediately drawing the attention from all of the kids including a muffled, scandalized "Steve!" by Dustin and a snort from Mike.

Billy licked his lips as he returned to the table slowly and smugly. "Eat with you and the brats?" He raised a brow.

"Why not?" Steve tilted his head, momentarily not even thinking about whether talking to Billy was a good idea or not.

"You offer to pay?"

"Yeah.", Steve nodded.

"I guess you could use some help with those shitbirds or they'll be acting up on you in no time.", Billy said.

"Unlike you, we all know how to behave.", Lucas snorted as Billy was pulling in a chair. Max looked upset and Steve wished there was any way he could make them change seats that wouldn't be awkward. This could be fine, right? Billy and Max must get along sometimes, Steve thought.

"Oh, shut up, Sinclair.", Billy said.

A moment later, the waitress arrived, throwing Billy an annoyed look probably for pulling a chair in but when he was smirking at her, she soon replaced that first expression with a more flirty one which Steve didn't particularly like. They all made their orders then and the waitress went off to get them their pizzas.

Since Max was still pulling a face, Steve nudged her with his elbow and asked: "Hey, everything alright?"

She even opened her mouth to answer but before she could, Dustin was standing up all of the sudden. "Steve? Can I talk to you for a second?"

"Uh...", Steve looked at him with a frown because they all had to stand up for the both of them to get out of the booth. But maybe this was Dustin's way of changing the seating situation, so Steve decided to just go along with it. "Yeah, sure, alright."

Then he was standing up and Dustin was downright pushing him down the restaurant and towards the restroom after Max let them out of the booth.

"What's going on, man?", Steve asked, a little worried, as soon as the restroom door fell shut behind them.

"Dude, what was that about?", Dustin hissed, aggressively pointing at the door. "Can't invite this asshole to eat with us. Are you literally crazy?"

"I thought, maybe he was hungry.", Steve just said, shrugging. "Also you promised me to give him a chance, remember?"

"Yeah but he's still a dick.", Dustin argued.

"He's been sitting there for two minutes max.", Steve said. "I promise, if he's mean to you or the others, I will ask him to leave, alright? I just don't like the idea of us sitting in here and eating pizza while he's waiting in his car outside..."

"I mean, he hasn't punched anyone's face in, so far.", Dustin said. "But I think, if you want to do something charitable, there are better causes."

"Hm?"

"Are you sure, he deserves you being nice to him, Steve?", Dustin asked, a little more insistent now.

Right then, the door opened up and Lucas and Mike were trembling in.

"What's going on right here?", Steve asked a little confused. What the fuck was happening?

"Don't worry.", Mike said. "Max and Will are watching him."

"So you're all here to tell me to uninvite him?", Steve asked disbelievingly.

"I mean...", Lucas said hesitantly. "Max said, he's been better lately. Little less mean." He shrugged.

"See." Steve looked at Dustin. "It's not like he's gonna punch you."

"You on the other hand..."

"Jesus, he's not gonna punch me either, now could we just go eat our pizza?!"

"He really seemed less of an asshole to you back then?", Mike asked Lucas.

The door opened again and they all turned around to see Will come in. "What's going on?", he asked.

"We're telling Steve to get rid of Max' asshole brother.", Mike said.

"Aren't you two friends now? Or something like that?", Will threw in, as he was closing the door now and yeah, sure, the 'something like that' part was certainly something Steve needed right now.

"You're in on that, too?" Steve asked, looking a bit tormented, sparing the answer.

But the kids ignored him and Lucas looked over at Dustin. "Billy sent

Max over with a letter when he was sick, she told me. She didn't say what that was about but must have been something he couldn't tell Steve on the phone."

Yeah, Steve didn't like the direction in which this was going whatsoever.

"I swear, this is the last time, I'm paying for any of you.", Steve huffed, pointing at them with his forefinger.

"Oh come on, Steve.", Lucas said with a grin, very obviously enjoying this little roast.

"Yeah, come on, Steve.", Dustin added for good measure. "Now tell us what that letter was about. Was it a threat? I bet it was a threat. Is he blackmailing you? We should kick his ass..."

"It wasn't a threat.", Steve said, immediately regretting not playing along with it because now it appeared like an easy way out. "And of course he's not blackmailing me, Jeez..."

"Was it something nice?", Will asked and somehow this question was worse because by now all the faces were set on Steve waiting for a deny or just a fucking reaction.

"Yeah, because Billy fucking Hargrove first tries to kick all our asses and beats up Steve and then he writes him a 'get well soon' note? Now that sounds likely.", Mike said sarcastically.

"After all, it's Billy.", Dustin added but his expression changed a bit while he was still studying Steve's face.

"You know you could just tell us, right?", Lucas said. "They will just keep guessing if you don't."

Steve looked at him, then Dustin and then, even though he immediately regretted it, at Will. "It was... homework.", he said weakly. "He..." The disbelieving glares sure didn't help and Steve was fucking sure there was no way in hell he could convince any of them that he was helping Billy out. "Billy sometimes gives his notes to me, alright? Because I suck at them. I guess he couldn't drive and wanted to get them to me before this test.", Steve mumbled.

"Max said, it was a letter and not a bunch of notes", Lucas threw in because of course, he did.

Steve hoped that he wasn't blushing too obviously. "It was just one paper. He writes pretty small.", Steve grumbled. "And yeah, that's why I asked him if he wanted to join us for pizza. Feels like I owe him, alright? And he isn't actually as bad as you make it sound."

"Since when are bullies good at school?", Mike asked disbelievingly.

"Yeah, that's unfair!", Lucas added.

"Maybe he just studies a lot.", Will pointed out.

"Yeah, well maybe he isn't quite as stupid as his mullet makes him look.", Max smirked, leaning in from the door now, earning her a few scandalized looks because, after all, they were all in the men's restroom here. "I think he's actually fairly smart but he's still an asshole."

"Weren't you supposed to be watching him?", Steve asked, all confused now. And then he just shook his head and walked towards the door. Enough with this bullshit...

"He's busy stealing the pineapple off my pizza.", Max shrugged.

"Ew.", Mike commented and Lucas was making a face, too.

Steve wasn't big on fruit as a pizza topping either and had no idea, Billy was so into it. They all knew Max had a thing for it but the others couldn't really be convinced.

"You better behave now because I don't want to be fighting over the pizza.", Steve reminded them once again

"Yeah, because it's so likely that it'll be us, fighting.", Lucas said sarcastically.

Steve then took the lead where he saw that Billy was sitting in a booth now, right next to the window and biting down on a piece of pizza. Steve didn't even think about it before he sat down next to him.

"Done with your little council?", Billy asked with a raised brow, bumping their legs together.

"None of your business.", Max said, taking her almost pineapple less pizza away from Billy while looking down at it a bit sad.

"You, uh...", Steve was looking at Max, pointing at her abused pizza. "You want me to order another one?"

"Nah, it's fine. It's not like I'm not used to that, you know?", she sighed very dramatically and there was no hint of guilt on Billy's face who kept eating his own pizza now, which was also mostly stripped clean of pineapple already.

"Should be glad, he took those things off.", Mike said, then wincing when Max probably kicked his shin. "Just saying.", he added defensively.

"It's not that bad.", Dustin shrugged, a piece of pizza still hanging out from his mouth. "Tuna's still better."

"Tuna's the worst.", Lucas decided and Steve got a feeling that this was closing the case. That or he was getting distracted because of Billy's leg warm and firm, pressed against his own. Steve's hand was twitching, he was itching to reach out, for Billy's hand or his thigh or anything really to make sure he was...really there or something.

"Tuna's really the worst. Fish doesn't belong on pizza.", Billy grunted before he took a bite, cheese forming a string between his mouth and the rest of the piece.

Mike snorted. "Says the one who keeps stealing all the pineapple. If there's anything that doesn't fit on pizza it's fruit. That's for dessert."

"I'm pretty sure you've never had fruit for dessert.", Steve said threw in, knowing the Wheeler household.

"There's pie sometimes.", Mike argued although he sounded a bit uncertain about that.

"Which is basically fruit and crust, so how is that any different than pizza with pineapple?"

"Well, for one thing, it's sweet and it doesn't come with cheese and tomato sauce.", Mike pointed out.

Steve sighed and looked at Billy. "I'm pretty sure, you want to argue about pizza with a middle schooler?"

"Who else is gonna teach them?", Billy asked him with a raised brow.

"Since when are you the pizza authority?", Lucas asked.

"Maybe since he knows what kind is good and what's not?", Max added in and Steve was pretty surprised by her actually taking her brothers side. She also looked more comfortable by now which definitely helped him to relax a little. "Also well, he 's gotta be right about something and it certainly isn't his taste in music or his hairstyle."

Steve cackled, earning him an angry glare from his boyfriend that hopefully wasn't too obvious. Steve only started to worry when the warming presence of the leg pressed against his as gone all of the sudden. He felt bad for laughing, so he turned and looked at Billy, just a bit apologetic, hoping it would work.

"What's your stance, pretty boy?", Billy asked slyly.

"On the matter of your hairstyle?", Steve said jokingly. "Mine's better."

Dustin started laughing and choking on his drink so Lucas had to pat him on the back a few times before giving Steve a big thumbs up.

"Like hell it is.", Billy grumbled. "Pineapple on pizza.", he then prompted.

Steve frowned. "Indecisive?", he tried.

But Billy obviously wasn't having it, because he was picking up a piece of his pizza that was left with most pieces of fruit untouched and held it in Steve's direction. "He'll try. Settle the argument.", Billy announced, mostly speaking in Mike's and Max's direction.

"As if he got any taste.", Mike mumbled, but apart from that he wasn't complaining and Steve felt his cheeks redden a bit, with all the

attention suddenly resting on him. Also, he wasn't too sure that Billy wasn't going to try to actually feed him, so he took the pizza out of his hand quickly. When he took a bite and started chewing before he knew it, Billy's knee was back against his, and his fingers were just reaching the side of Steve's leg, luring, curiously scratching over the thick denim.

To be totally honest, Steve didn't really know if he liked the pizza or not because his mind was just full of just Billy so when Max was clearing her throat he ruefully returned the rest of the piece to Billy's plate, blushing and trying not to look at him.

"And?", Will asked. "Was it good?"

"I guess fruit on pizza isn't too bad.", Steve shrugged, still trying to mediate between them here, but as soon as he said that, Billy was raising a fist in victory, grinning broadly.

"Not like that means anything.", Mike was mumbling under his breath, but Max looked pretty pleased and even Dustin was laughing at Billy's pretty emotional reaction.

Steve allowed himself to smile because all was good. And when the kids started talking, Steve used their distraction to place his hand on his own thigh which broad it pretty close to Billy's hand, feeling exciting and grounding at the same time.

Billy noticed and while asking Max any alibi question, Steve didn't quite understand, he reached over and turned Steve's hand around so his palm was facing up before he entwined their fingers. Steve was pretty glad about how crowded they were sitting here because no one was paying attention to him and also it was basically impossible for anyone to see that they were holding hands if they weren't looking underneath the table.

Max, in the meantime, huffed and looked at Lucas as if she was expecting backup.

"I mean, he's got kind of a point.", Lucas said, raising both arms in defense.

"Ugh...", Max said, rolling her eyes and then crossing her arms. "Can we uninvite him again, next time?", she was looking at Steve now.

"Yeah, I support that.", Mike said, even though Steve was pretty sure this was mostly because Billy had won their little argument.

"Hey, come on guys.", Dustin said, surprisingly in Billy's defense right now. "I mean, he's acting almost civil."

Steve snorted amused and pressed Billy's hand a little firmer when Billy twitched next to him.

"I think so too.", Steve said. "And since I'm the one paying."

"Unfair." Mike decided.

Steve pointed at him. "Uninvited." which earned him a laugh from basically all the other kids until Mike was caving. "

Yeah fine, we eat with the enemy, whatever."

"So, " Billy turned towards Steve "Basically all the power you have over them comes from you paying for their food?"

"Or the arcade.", Max said, shrugging.

Steve pouted.

"Steve's a party member.", Dustin said. "With the added bonus of buying us shit."

"And don't act like you're not doing the same thing.", Max rolled her eyes at Billy before she was facing Steve. "I'm pretty sure a lot of why he's being friends with you has something to do with the big pool and the big house and all that."

"Believe me, Maxine, that's not all, I'm interested in.", Billy said, lowering his voice and then he was moving his hand away from Steve's, a little up his thigh and squeezing until Steve was squeaking but quickly biting down on it.

"It's the hair products.", Steve said jokingly and also to distract the

kids who kept eying both of them suspiciously. Fucking hell, this wasn't at all staying low profile and Steve was pretty sure, the kids finding out about them wasn't in any of their interests.

The kids all started laughing while Billy just snorted. And probably because he didn't say anything against that accusation, they dropped the issue for now.

Steve noticed that Billy's gaze drifted towards the clock regularly now while the kids all finished the food and started to pick up the half-melted ice cubes from their drinks to throw at each other. One was caught up in Dustin's hair while Max managed to hit Mike against the forehead which got everyone to laugh.

"You gotta go soon, right?", Steve asked Billy, his voice pretty obviously tense.

"Ten minutes.", Billy said. He was looking at the plate now, picking crumbs up with a fork that he hadn't bothered touching while eating. Honestly, he was mostly scratching the plate and Steve felt like he should probably say something but he just added some more pressure to Billy's grip while nudging against his shoulder. That was something they actually could do in public. Not too obvious.

"You wanna grab a smoke?", Billy then asked Steve after a moment.

"Yeah. I'm just gonna quickly pay for this. And you guys get reasonably cleaned up, all right? Can't take you home covered in tomato sauce and cheese."

Gladly, the kids all agreed and jumped up to disappear into the bathroom. When Steve stood up, Billy made his way out of the booth too. "I'll just wait outside, yeah?"

Steve nodded and while he watched Billy disappearing through the door he took his first deep breath for what felt like ages. He paid for their food, always pretty surprised at how reasonable the pricing was because he was used to his dad paying five times the amount for only the three of them. Throwing another gaze to the bathroom doors behind which the kids had disappeared, Steve slowly made his way outside, too. He stepped in the bright daylight that was almost

blinding after having sat in the restaurant for a while. He squinted his eyes and almost missed Billy's figure, leaning against his Camaro and smoking. But then the other boy waved at him.

A bit hesitant, Steve walked towards him, guessing that they should be fine for one or two minutes in which the boys probably fought over paper towels or discussed nerdy shit.

"What's up?", Steve asked lamely.

Billy's mouth curved into a smile and Steve was sure he was looking at him, even though he was wearing dark shades. "Inviting me to eat pizza with you and the brats.", he snorted. "Not sure that was a smart move on your side. Or on mine for going along with it."

"I panicked.", Steve said, keeping a bit of a distance between them. "By the way, I cleared our track. In the restroom. Told them you were giving me notes for school sometimes and that you aren't out to kill me anymore. Like we're almost something like friends."

"They bought it?", Billy asked, raising a brow over his shades.

"Not so sure about Max, but the others sure did.", Steve said. "I mean, they still aren't big on you but...you know, they're too busy fighting you than to pay attention to whom you're holding hands with."

Billy actually smiled but then he sighed. "Max...She's too fucking smart for her own good", he commented with a snort but then he sighed and sunk back against the car some more. "Probably shouldn't have sent her to your house with that letter. Why are they taking so long anyway? You finally strangled them all to death, after I left?"

"They're still in the restroom, I guess.", Steve said, turning around once more but he couldn't see any of them through the windows. "And I'm not going to strangle them, Jeez..."

Billy looked at him and then he nodded. "Are you good, then?", he then asked in a more earnest tone.

Steve returned his gaze towards Billy. "What? Yeah... I guess I'm good. It was nice that you stayed and didn't run off. I think its good for you and the kids to kind of get along"

"I..." Billy took another drag from his cigarette. "Damn, it's fucking hard not to touch you right now, you know that? T'was fucking hard the second you sat down next to me."

Steve smiled eventually. "Didn' t keep you from that though, huh?"

"Not the way I wanted to.", Billy pointed out. "Little shitbirds would freak the fuck out..."

"Depends on the touch, I guess. I mean, they are probably already taking bets whether or not you'll punch me eventually."

"Not the kind of touching, I'm talking about.", Billy purred.

"We really shouldn't take that risk though."

"Yeah, not with us being out in the open here.", Billy added, throwing his cigarette onto the ground and stepping on it. "And a bunch of brats coming out any second."

"What would you do if we weren't here right now?", Steve asked, only taking one considerate step closer. "If we were somewhere private, all by ourselves?"

Billy's face lit up and he stepped a little closer to Steve, too. "Oh, that you wanna know, huh?"

"Mhm.", Steve nodded, licking his lips.

Billy's grin grew a bit more sharklike. "First of all, I would..."

"Steve! STEVE! Listen, man!"

Of course, right at that moment, all the kids were running out of the diner and Steve started to feel itching for a smoke himself.

"What's up?", Steve asked. "Someone died?"

"Will found a caterpillar!", Lucas announced.

"Never seen one like this.", Dustin said. "Could be a whole new species."

"Right.", Billy said rather disbelieving. That earned him at least one nasty look while Will came running towards Steve, basically shoving his finger into Steve's face until he was stumbling back and eying the tiny insect on there.

There was a fat, green worm on wills finger. It had a bright red face and two black antennas and didn't look like something Steve wanted to have close to his face in any way.

Billy was pushing him to the side a little, risking a look at that animal himself. He stuck out a finger to carefully poke the creature's squishy body.

"Hey!", Mike complained, stopping up next to Will. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Looking at that abomination.", Billy snorted, acting like he wasn't interested anymore.

"Come on, guys, he's not gonna kill it.", Steve said hoping for Billy to act accordingly.

"Think we can decide on a name then?", Will asked, turning towards the others again and holding his arm calm to keep the delicate animal safe.

"Probably. If no one has found one yet."

"We need to show it to Mr. Clarke!", Dustin decided.

"Yeah, you can do it tomorrow.", Steve said. "I promised to take Will home in time. You can store it in a mason jar with a bunch of leaves, I guess."

"And some air holes.", Billy added to everyone's surprise.

"Yeah, we're not fucking psychopaths.", Dustin said defensively.

"Language!", Steve reminded.

"Yeah, the fuck? Watch your language, Henderson!", Billy said.

"Not helping.", Steve said in Billy's direction.

"Never said, I would." He threw a gaze on his watch and his expression changed immediately. "Come on, Max, time to say goodbye to your nerd friends."

Max groaned but she finally waved them goodbye and hopped in the Camaro.

"See you around, King Steve.", Billy said and with that, he was gone. Again.

"Yeah, see you.", Steve said even though Billy probably couldn't hear him.

Max looked a bit tortured as Billy was blasting some loud guitar music and then they were driving away. And Steve definitely tried to not stare after the Camaro, but...

"What the fuck, dude?", Dustin was walking up towards Steve. "He almost killed our caterpillar!"

"He just looked at it.", Steve rolled his eyes.

"Usually you do that with your eyes and not your fingers.", Lucas pointed out.

"Oh come on...", Steve groaned. "He didn't hurt it or anything."

"Yet.", Mike said.

Steve threw him a glare.

"Can't believe you're honestly out here defending Billy Hargrove.", Dustin said.

"Time to get you guys home.", Steve decided because he wasn't in the mood to continue this.

"Or you could buy us some ice cream.", Dustin suggested.

Steve raised a brow. "Let's save that for another day. We should get

that tiny guy a home or something." He was pointing at the caterpillar now, thinking that this might speed things up a little.

Will nodded eagerly.

The kids agreed to all drive their bikes to Will's place while Steve drove him and the worm there by car, going very slowly to allow the others to catch up.

"You think it could be a new species?", Will asked, when they were driving through the woods.

"I don't know.", Steve mumbled, throwing another gaze at that slightly disgusting creature. "Could be. Don't know too much about butterflies."

"Actually it's way more likely that it's a moth. There are a lot more types of moths than there are butterflies.", Will explained.

"Oh.", Steve said, frowning. He wasn't a big fan of moths. "How are you gonna figure out what this is?"

"There's probably a book in school.", Will said. "Maybe we can watch it build a cocoon for itself. That'd be so cool." Will was beaming with excitement and Steve couldn't help but smile at that, too.

Even by driving pretty slow, they still arrived at Will's place way too early and when Joyce was appearing in the doorway, Will was running towards her, showing off the caterpillar.

"There's a glass in the cabinet, sweetie.", she was saying to him when Steve got to the door. Will was running in then.

"Was it okay?", Joyce asked Steve.

"Hm?"

"They can be a lot when they're all together.", Joyce said. "They were playing Dungeons and Dragons here last week and I never heard kids make too much noise. And I barely understood a word of what they were saying.", she chuckled.

"Oh, it was fun actually. Max's brother joined in, kept the kids in line a little.", he smirked.

"Her brother, that's the one with the loud car, the muscular type, right?"

"Yeah, that's Billy.", Steve nodded.

"I didn't know you were getting along, but that's nice. I was really happy with how fast Max was part of their little group. They are way better behaved since there's a girl, you know?"

Steve smirked and nodded. "Max is awesome."

Right then, Will was back, carrying a big mason jar with the caterpillar sitting inside. "I'm gonna put a few leaves in.", he announced.

"So, this guy is gonna stay?", Joyce asked with a frown.

"We need to show it to Mr. Clarke.", Will explained, then running towards a bush to rip off some leaves and twigs.

Joyce sighed but then she chuckled. "These little scientists, huh?"

"Yeah, I know.", Steve chuckled.

"Oh, we aren't holding you back from anything, are we? You probably have somewhere to be."

Steve thought about that for a moment. If he was about to stay much longer, the kids would arrive and potentially question him further about Billy or at least lecture him about insects. So he should probably head home.

"Yeah, my parents are expecting me to go... somewhere.", Steve said, happy that it was only half of a lie.

"Well, thanks again for being so kind towards the kids. Let me know if you ever need something, okay?"

"Will do. Thanks, Joyce. See you around, Will."

"Bye Steve.", Will waved, holding the glass in the other and.

And so Steve found himself on his way home. It honestly felt somewhat different, knowing that he wouldn't be on his own there because his parents were home. But he wasn't sure this was necessarily a better thing. But it was kind of fitting that the one time they were actually there was when he could very well do without them. On the other hand, his mom had been pretty weird this morning and if she was going through a lot, Steve couldn't really think bad about her. His dad on the other hand... Since he was most likely the one being responsible for her weird behavior, that only strengthened Steve's opinion on him, which wasn't very good, to begin with.

When he arrived, it still felt weird to have his dad's car there. Steve wouldn't have been surprised if he had been gone by now, either to his office or the country club but looking through the window he found both his parents sitting at the table even though it didn't look as if they were talking. Steve entered the house with his head sunken in just slightly.

"Steve?", his mom called, raising her head.

"Who else could it possibly be.", his dad snorted.

Steve ignored him. "Yeah, it's me, mom."

Against his better judgment, he walked towards them but he felt like he should at least see what was going on here, for himself. His mom had a glass of champagne in front of her and was scribbling some notes into a colorful magazine whereas his dad hid behind a big newspaper, probably reading over sports or politics or something else he would never talk to Steve about.

"How's Mrs. Henderson?", his mom asked, putting the cap on her pen.

"You've been hanging out with that kid again?", his dad threw in, without putting the paper down.

"Uh... she's fine, she's... I helped with some stuff because she asked me to and, yeah, Dustin's fine too.", Steve mumbled, unsure what the

right thing to say in this situation was.

At least his dad appeared to have lost interest in this, so that was a plus.

"That's so nice of you.", his mom smiled, taking a big sip and emptying her glass. "I thought about cooking the three of us a real nice dinner. A roast or chicken or something like that." She turned over a few pages in her magazine until she reached the recipe section, pointing to some pictures as Steve came a bit closer. "How does this sound?"

"Sounds nice, mom.", Steve said.

"What is he supposed to say? He's been probably living on takeout since we were gone.", his dad threw in.

"I actually cook from time to time.", Steve mumbled sheepishly. He noticed how tense his mom was and felt the immediate urge to argue with his dad. Only that this would make the moment ten times worse.

"Instead of being all domestic and taking care of the neighborhood children, you should focus on your graduation, Steven."

Steve bit down on any reply so he just nodded.

"You, um... you probably have some homework left, right?", his mom said, probably to mediate between them. "I'm gonna start preparing, so we can have a nice family dinner later, alright?" She put on a cheerful smile so Steve just went along with it. Only that he had no idea if they ever had something like a nice family dinner before. Someone should probably explain the concept to his dad first.

"I'll be in my room.", he said, nodding. "If you need help, just call."

Steve was in his room for most of the afternoon, trying to act busy which wasn't too easy when there wasn't much to do anyway. He actually managed to work on some school stuff and organized his desk but then he found the copy of animal farm that was still here and he smiled at Billy's handwriting on there. It would have been nice if they had a moment longer to talk earlier but on the grand scheme of things Steve was really fucking happy they got to eat

together and the kids and Billy, after an admittedly rough start, got along pretty well. Even Max seemed to not mind him being there this much. And if it weren't for the horde of middle schoolers that had been there, it almost was a real date, right? Steve smiled at the thought of that, even though he wasn't sure Billy would agree on that.

Whatever recipe his mom had picked out from her recipe, it appeared to be a good one because as soon as the sun was setting outside, there was a mouthwatering smell in the house that reached all the way into Steve's room.

Dinner itself than wasn't anything close to the nice family dinner his mom had announced even though Steve thought of her as realistic enough not to really have expected that in the first place. His dad focused on the food on his plate and his mom tried to engage them in shallow Smalltalk Steve didn't mind so much but his dad was picking apart whenever he felt like it. In the end, even his mom stayed mostly quiet apart from asking them, if they wanted seconds. When the phone rang, Steve immediately jumped up, happy for the rescue.

"If it's the office, I'm calling back first thing at the morning.", his dad called after him.

Steve was happy that he couldn't see when Steve rolled his eyes. Also, he hoped that it wouldn't be the office calling but maybe Billy had gotten the chance to get on the phone. So, when he picked up the phone, Steve was smiling. That smile slowly died, when it was a friend of his mom even though she looked pretty happy to now have the opportunity to excuse herself from the dinner table. Before Steve got back there, his father had wordlessly stood up and carried his half-emptied plate in front of the television so Steve made the bold guess, family dinner was officially over. He ate one last potato from his plate and then started to put some stuff into the dishwasher so his mom wouldn't have to do that later. But since she was still talking on the phone when he had the table and the kitchen cleaned up, he decided to just go upstairs.

He felt pretty exhausted actually and not only for the weird dinner part of the day. He was used to having weird sittings with his family though usually, they ordered dinner somewhere fancy without his

mom trying so hard to please his dad. Steve couldn't really say that he was acting any different though even though Steve was sure that in this story he was the one who had fucked up. Now Steve only wanted to take a shower and fall into bed. It would soon be Monday and that meant that this itch of wanting to talk to Billy again was something he could probably deal with a lot easier even though they definitely needed to be careful being out in public.

The fact that his mom was still talking on the phone was a bit of a bummer. Because if Billy decided to call now, there was just no way for Steve to receive it.

Steve showered for a bit longer than usual, most of the time just standing under the rain of water and thinking about the past day and what was potentially going on with his parents. Because there was like no way either of them would really put him in the picture. Hell, for that they, first of all, would need to talk to each other and that wasn't really a thing that was happening. At some point, he just hit the shower handle to turn off the spray and stepped on a towel, still dripping with water. He shook his head a few times to get some of it out of his hair before he used another towel to dry himself up completely. He then put the towel around his hips walking back into his room. On his way there, he could still hear the sound of the tv and his mom chatting from downstairs and he couldn't help but sigh.

Inside of his room and with his door closed, Steve headed towards his closet to find some clean clothes to sleep in, when he heard a weirdly loud tapping noise coming from the window.

Steve immediately turned around, both arms raised in a kind of defensive stance not sure what he was expecting. Maybe a crazy bird or some kind of rodent trying to get into his room. Instead, he saw Billy kind of balancing outside of his window and smirking at him, not that Steve had detected him.

Steve let out a sigh of relief and walked over to let his boyfriend inside before he would slip and fall all the way down.

"How long have you been sitting there?", Steve asked, making sure the towel was still sitting securely around his hips.

"Not long enough to get you naked, obviously.", Billy climbed in with a grin. "Couple of minutes.", he added when he noticed that Steve was still looking at him.

"Sorry 'bout that. Been taking a shower." Steve was scratching the back of his head and noticed that his hair was still pretty wet.

"Yeah, I can see.", Billy said, now crossing Steve's room to make sure the door was locked.

"What are you doing here?"

"You want me to leave?"

"I just spent the whole evening missing you, waiting for you to call. What do you think?", Steve tilted his head.

"Aw, you've been thinking of me?", Billy teased but Steve didn't miss how his smile got just a bit more honest here.

"Yeah, yeah, you make fun, but you're still the one who climbed up my window because he wanted to see me.", Steve pointed out. Billy's smugness froze a little but he seemed to recognize that there wasn't a reason to be ashamed of that. Because if anything, Steve was really fucking happy that Billy was here.

"Can I stay for a while?"

"You can stay the night if you want.", Steve offered, even though he was pretty sure Billy wouldn't take that chance on a school day. He still approached the other boy and got way closer, until the smile returned to Billy's lips and he caught Steve in his arms.

"You're cold.", Billy pointed out, running a hand up and down Steve's naked and slightly wet back.

"I'm basically naked."

"Not quite.", Billy complained. "God, how I wished that fucking parking lot had been a little less open. Would have kissed you there and then, not caring if the kids saw us."

Of course, this was just talking but Steve liked the idea of Billy barely being able to control himself.

"I think they start getting used to you. If they keep seeing us together, they'll soon be convinced that we're friends. And you weren't too bad with them."

"Oh, that's gonna fuck up my reputation.", Billy chuckled. "Hanging out with you and them. If Tommy had seen us there, eating pizza and playing family, I'm not sure what he would have said..."

"Tommy would have been heartbroken that you prefer me over him."

"Tommy can blow me.", Billy huffed.

"Oh, I prefer to take care of that myself, thank you very much.", Steve said, smirking now.

"Good answer." Billy hummed in agreement. But he continued by just holding Steve in his arms, not kissing or anything else.

"Are you alright?" Steve asked after a moment.

Steve only then realized how Billy had avoided answering why he had come here before. Thinking about it, this was kind of odd, especially after Billy had been the one saying, that they would see each other again in school. And when he saw the frown now displaying on Billy's forehead, Steve was pretty fucking sure he wasn't just here to see Steve.

"Don't worry about me.", Billy just said, shaking his head that was on Steve's shoulder now. Was he doing that so Steve couldn't see his face?

"What did you do all day?"

"Except for eating pizza with my boyfriend and his horde of children?", Billy snorted.

"They're not... I mean, yeah.", Steve said. "You said that your father would probably..."

"I know what I said.", Billy cut him off a little too harshly. Steve tensed up in the embrace and Billy immediately let go of him, taking a step back and running a hand through his hair. "I'm sorry, man, I... I'm trying, alright?", he looked at Steve with big eyes. "I'm no good at talking about this shit."

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to.", Steve said, crossing his arms over his chest because he still felt pretty naked and exposed there. Which was weird, because he had been just perfectly fine with Billy touching him a second before.

Billy studied his face cautiously.

"I won't be mad.", Steve said, softer now. "Promise."

Billy closed his eyes and then he nodded, his shoulders sinking down.

Steve hesitated for a moment but then he stepped closer again, running a hand over the side of Billy's face. The other boy was twitching at first, opening his eyes and looking pretty close to actually running away but he finally calmed under Steve's fingertips and leaned into the touch what brought a smile to Steve's lips. "It's alright.", Steve said quietly. "You just stay, okay? No need to talk."

Billy nodded and swallowed, keeping his eyes closed.

"You know what?", Steve asked, keeping his voice very low and quiet because he wouldn't want to startle Billy and also he wouldn't want for his parents to question him tomorrow on why he'd been talking to himself. It wasn't impossible for one of them to hear them even while being occupied downstairs.

"Hm?", Billy looked at him again.

"I was so fucking happy today when you showed up to bring Max. Even happier when you agreed to stay and with the kids it.. it was nice, made me really happy so, thanks for that."

"Anytime.", Billy said softly. "Told you, I wouldn't leave again when you asked me to stay."

"You don't have to do what I say, you know.", Steve reminded him.

"No, I don't have to. But I want to be with you and if sometimes that means hanging out with a bunch of nerdy kids including my bitch of a stepsister, so be it. As long as I'm with you."

Steve was pretty positive, his heart just melted then because Billy was so close to talking feelings right here, Steve felt like it lit his insides on fire in the most positive of ways.

"Cat got your tongue there?", Billy asked, tone a little rougher now.

Steve chuckled. "Just still can't believe that you agreed to be my boyfriend."

"I think it's actually me who should be surprised.", Billy said. "You deserve more than just someone who barely bears to be around your kids." He chuckled.

"It's not about them.", Steve decided. "I'm just glad, you want this, too."

"I'm pretty sure I've never wanted anything like I want this.", Billy said. "You totally ruined me, Harrington." He smirked, still hugging Steve tightly.

"Well... Sorry.", Steve said, without really meaning it. "You wanna just go to bed?"

He was aware that Billy still hadn't talked about what happened and it might be stupid to not talk everything out but right now, Steve just wanted to lay next to Billy or on top of him underneath him or anything like that because...Well, he didn't actually need a fucking reason for that, not with Billy being his boyfriend.

"Yeah, okay.", Billy agreed, taking one step back and looking on the ground hesitantly.

Steve reached out to carefully pull the hem of his shirt up, to get the two of them on the same level. He immediately stopped when he noticed the bruise on Billy's ribcage, that hasn't stopped blooming yet. Billy backed off so fast that Steve jerked back, too.

"It's nothing.", Billy immediately said, pulling his shirt back down.

"It's stupid."

Steve just looked at him, not saying a word because his mind was too busy filling out all the blanks.

"Has nothing to do with you, okay? Sometimes, he doesn't give me shit right away and waits it out or something. When Max and I got back, he started lecturing me about how I should have been doing that on Friday already and that I should have been in school to keep my grades up and...I haven't expected him to be mad tonight. Not with doing whatever he asked me for the whole day. I should have been more careful...", Billy shook his head. "But I really tried."

"That's not on you.", Steve said but Billy was grimacing immediately.

"Yeah? Well, I've been the one who didn't get Max to school, haven't I? Haven't been home at all for a couple of days. Probably deserve something..."

Steve swallowed but then he pushed Billy back until his calves were hitting the bed and then further so he was lying on his back now, Steve straddling his waist and looking down at him. "It's not on you. It's not okay.", he said a bit more eagerly now, forcing Billy to look up at him. Billy caught him by the hips, just holding him, grounding. He didn't really try to get away.

"Steve...", Billy said.

"Because if you say it's your fault, then it might as well be mine for having you here and I can't have that. Can't have you hurt over me.", Steve said, swallowing around the lump in his throat...

Billy kept looking at him like this for a moment longer, before he was sitting up with Steve still straddling him, holding him tight and kissing him. There was no tongue or teeth or force or anything, just Billy's lips lingering on Steve's as if he needed to just be close right now. So Steve hugged his arms around Billy's neck, staying close, keeping him like that. If that was what he needed, Steve could give him that.

"Okay. Okay." Even as the kiss stopped, Billy kept his forehead resting

against Steve's. "It's gonna suck if I stay here for the night, though. You probably don't want that.", Billy warned. "I need to be out before dawn so my father won't notice I'm gone."

"I can set an alarm, don't worry." Steve just kept holding onto him.

"You'll be tired tomorrow."

"I much rather not sleep because you're here than because you're not here.", Steve decided.

"Either way it's my fault you're not getting your beauty sleep, huh?"

"Gives you a chance to catch up.", Steve smirked even if it was only half-hearted.

Billy actually chuckled at that comment.

"Now, do you want to keep that shirt on? I promise I won't touch the bruise. Hell, I won't even look at it if you don't want me to."

"It's okay.", Billy said. And then he reached towards the back of his neck to grab the seem of his shirt and pull it off. "I trust you."

"You wanna borrow some shorts?", Steve asked while getting up. Hell, by now the towel was barely clinging to his hips anymore so he needed shorts way more than Billy did. He walked over to the closet again.

"Yeah."

He then threw a pair over at Billy while putting on shorts and a t-shirt himself, before walking over to the light switch to turn it off. Going back he could see that Billy was adjusting the alarm clock and it made Steve feel a little warmer because he would actually stay here for a while and they would sleep together and Steve would probably never get used to the idea of that.

He slipped underneath the blanket and curled up right there at Billy's side while Billy sneaked an arm underneath Steve's head, pulling him a little closer. But Steve kept being careful. The bruise looked like it really fucking hurt and he wouldn't want to hurt Billy further by

accidentally touching it the wrong way.

"You know... when I got here I was almost certain we would just fuck and I would go back home.", Billy mumbled.

Steve stayed quiet because he wasn't quite sure if Billy was thinking this was better or worse than his original idea of evening activities. Truth be told if Billy had made a move, even tired like this Steve would have probably gone along with it.

"But I'm actually just tired.", Billy admitted.

"Me too.", Steve said.

"You know what?", Billy said, quieter now. "Him hitting me wasn't as scary as it used to be."

Steve moved a little but he didn't look at Billy, though he could hear his heart beating a little faster.

"Because I knew I could come here to see you."

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm not even sure anyone's reading this anymore tbh but if you are, first of all, sorry this update took so long. Longer chapters just appear to take ages for me to write. Also, I wanted to let you know that we're slowly heading towards this stories ending. I think it'll take a few more, longer chapters like that, but then this story will be finished <3

Thanks for reading, as always.

99. Because it's you!

Summary for the Chapter:

It's school again and that means trouble.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Sleep didn't come easy for Steve that night. He got the feeling, it was the same for Billy. Though, it was more than a feeling when he felt Billy shifting. Changing positions as if it was that that kept him from falling asleep. It wasn't. Not for Steve at least.

This was something new completely.

And this was a thing with all new things, wasn't it? They could be either good or bad and this new found closeness could still turn out either way.

For now, it felt like Billy's heart was beating out of his chest and Steve's was mirroring. Steve wondered if Billy wanted to take back what he said. Taking back things was something they'd done a bunch of times after all, although never quite successfully. They'd taken back kisses, touches, lots of things. Only to fall back into the trap. To end up together after all.

And talking like that was an awfully big step for someone like Billy. For someone who shied away from the smallest hint of intimacy. Steve got that. He also wouldn't hold it against him. If anything, what Billy had said only made Steve want to be there for him more. He wanted to hold him like this, even if it felt strange. Even if they were both a little on edge. Steve was sure, Billy could hear his heart beat fast as well. But he hoped the other boy wouldn't end up drawing the wrong conclusions.

They ended up laying there for at least an hour or so, sharing both silence and darkness. Except for hurried breaths, shifts, heartbeats. There was also the occasional tighter hug that made Steve feel a little

more secure. On time, Billy turned his head towards him, asking: "You sleeping?"

Steve shook his head. This was a stupid question. Billy knew that he was awake. But Steve didn't mind the talking. He wished, he would have found the guts to say something, even something stupid.

"This was a stupid idea," Billy sighed. "You gonna hate me tomorrow."

"I won't," Steve said, turning more to his side now, too. It was hard to see the exact expression on Billy's face. The bit of light coming in from the window only showed some reflections in his eyes. "Promise," Steve added because it was true.

"Fuck, I don't even know why I can't sleep, it's stupid, it's-" Billy was turning onto his back, wiping his face with both hands now. He sounded exhausted. "Stupid," he sighed at the lack of more fitting words.

"It isn't. It's... Long day, long fucking weekend, it's... Even if we lie here all night, staring at my ceiling, it's- I'm fine with that, okay? Would still be a better night than usual."

Billy snorted but it sounded softer. "Yeah, if that doesn't sound like a great fucking time."

"Sleep's overrated anyway," Steve smirked.

"Wouldn't be getting any more rest at home, so..." Billy exhaled loudly. He moved his arm then, reaching over to interlace his fingers with Steve's. "Thanks. For giving up yours, I mean... it's stupid, but it's... nice."

"Always," Steve said, squeezing Billy's hand. This felt a lot better. Holding hands instead of clinging onto each other for dear life. Less desperate. Less lost. Steve could even feel his own tension wear off to some point. He ran a finger over the backside of Billy's hand, listening to the way Billy's breath was softening. Billy returned the gentle touch now and then until Steve wasn't sure anymore if they were asleep or awake.

It was the buzzing sound of an alarm clock that pulled Steve out of

his slumber while it was still dark outside. Way too early for his liking. He groaned and momentarily forgot all about what was going on. That's when he got smacked in the face by Billy, trying to reach the alarm.

"Ow!", Steve yelped, wincing away. Damn, he'd forgotten all about Billy, too.

"Turn that off!", Billy groaned, shifting in the bed, still trying to reach the noise. Even if that meant, crawling over Steve's sleep-numb body.

Sure, Steve was just about to do that before Billy had punched him. He rubbed his throbbing jaw and leaned up, turning off the alarm before Billy could do anything.

It was silent then. The whole house. Even Billy was quiet which caused this feeling of anticipation in Steve's chest. But he was aware that this could also only be the sharp contrast to his loud alarm.

"Fuck, that was for me, wasn't it?", Billy asked then, voice husky. He reached over to Steve again, this time all gentle, fingers running over the first bit of skin he felt. Steve's arm, it turned out. "It feels like I haven't slept at all." He sat up, too, now and Steve had already forgotten about the accidental smack. He was craving more of Billy's touches.

"You have to go though, right?", he tried. Maybe Billy could work his way around this, he thought. Because right now, the only thing he wanted to do was to pull the blanket right up to his chin. And also to cuddle against Billy's chest which was by far the most important part on his agenda.

"Mhm...", Billy groaned. He shifted then, getting closer to Steve until Steve felt an arm around his waist. Billy pulled him in, strong and rigid. "Sorry, man."

"Not your fault," Steve said. His voice was quiet and he allowed his head to sink to the side, to fall against Billy's. Billy always smelt so good in the morning. Or always. Steve could have stayed like this forever, no doubt about it.

"Yes, my fault," Billy said and then he was burying his face on top of Steve's head. It felt like he was also planting a kiss there. Steve wasn't too sure about that one though, but he liked the idea of it. "Can I head out the door or should I climb out?"

"You're only breaking your neck," Steve shook his head. "Wait a moment and I'll come down with you."

"I'm-" For a moment, Billy sounded as if he wanted to disagree but then he sighed and yielded. "Yeah, okay."

They both stood up and got reasonably dressed. Steve spied out onto the hallway but it was dark and quiet and that convinced him that the coast was clear. "Hurry," he said to Billy. And next thing they were both sneaking down the stairs, getting towards the front door trying not to wake Steve's parents. This was starting to become a habit, Steve thought. But he didn't mind it all that much. At least not, when Billy pulled him out in front of the house for a moment, only to kiss him. Steve had been a bit surprised but he settled soon enough, closing his arms around Billy's neck. Like that, he didn't mind the cold, damp morning air, either.

"Should really get going now," Billy mumbled against Steve's temple a moment later. They kissed again, couldn't let go yet. Steve parted his lips and Billy took everything he was giving. Pulling Steve so close. Another kiss after that. Another one to seal it. "See you in school," he said.

"Can't wait," Steve smiled. He stole himself another kiss before Billy had to go and rushed away. It was about time, Steve thought because it looked like they were only a few minutes away from dawn. Not that he minded. He would prefer for Billy not to have another encounter with his dad that soon but if Billy had kept kissing him. Steve wouldn't have stopped him. Not in a thousand years.

After the first rush of the morning started to settle in Steve's body, he felt the weight of an almost sleepless night heavy in his bones. He checked the clock. He decided, trying to get another good hour or two in would be smarter than fighting this tiredness with coffee. So, he headed back to bed. Without even thinking about it, he found the warm spot Billy had left in there, right in the center of the mattress.

It smelt like him, which was. Maddening perhaps. But also so fucking warm. And it made Steve felt grounded when he closed his eyes again. Almost like Billy was still there. Only not quite enough.

When he woke up the next time it was due to loud voices downstairs.

Steve sat up and wiped his eyes, feeling a nice tension headache forming up already. He tried to make out the individual voiced but even at that volume, it took him a hot minute.

His mom was the louder one. Which was usually the way when his father was throwing insults at her. "But I did, I...", his mom said, getting upset. Steve wondered if their fight had anything to do with them getting home early.

"Obviously, you didn't," Steve's father declared, even though he didn't sound convinced.

Steve was too tired for this but he felt like he should go down to give his mom some backup. After all, his father wasn't one for letting things go. He wasn't even out the door when his dad shouted: "Steven? Did you leave the front door open?"

Oops. He must have forgotten to close it when Billy left. Damn, that was no wonder. Steve was still so tired, it almost hurt him.

"Hm?", he asked weakly, as he tumbled down the stairs before stepping into the kitchen.

"The door? You leave it open?", his father repeated, talking to Steve as if he was an imbecile. He was standing up tall, hands crossed over his chest like a sheriff or something.

"I, uh-" Steve was still trying to shake off this overwhelming tiredness but the long pause didn't help. He almost forgot the question. He looked in the direction of the door, then his mom who looked pretty upset. He always avoided looking directly at his dad this early in the morning. That never ended too well. "I don't know," he said. He knew that was a stupid answer and that it would only upset his dad further. The problem was that his head was only getting around that knowledge after he said it.

"What, you don't know?", his father growled. "You've been outside or not?"

"Honey, he looks tired, I'm sure it was an accident," his mom intervened.

"An accident that could have allowed a burglar inside this house. Is this what you want, Steven? I can't believe how thoughtless you are. You want me to keep you in this house without guidance and then you act like a five-year-old?"

Steve couldn't say anything to that. Because he felt like a five-year-old right now, yelled at by his father, dead-tired.

"That's what I thought. I hoped being on your own for some time would help you learn some responsibility. But now it's very obvious, that I set the stakes too high. Get ready for school now, we talk about the consequences later."

Steve managed to nod at that without his face crumbling. If that wasn't a nice way to start his day. Steve felt his head spinning and his ears ringing from all the loud talking. Funny how not sleeping enough could almost make you feel like you were hungover. Steve could go for a drink now, honestly.

"You want coffee, Steven?" Not quite what Steve would have liked now but it wasn't like he was having many options there, wasn't it?

"Yes, please." He kept his voice quiet but he still earned himself judgmental looks from his father. As if he didn't deserve a coffee. Jesus, he let the door open for maybe an hour or two. It's not like he let the stove on high and left the house.

Steve didn't stay downstairs for breakfast for a lot of reasons. Carrying the mug full of hot coffee up the stairs turned out to be the hardest task so far that day. And it wasn't like he had an abundance of the time anyway. He should already be on his way to school now while he didn't even look close to being presentable. And that didn't even take his mental state into consideration, now did it?

It wasn't much better when he left the house. He avoided looking into

the rearview mirror of his BMW when he drove to school. That wouldn't help a whole lot. And actually looking at the dark circles under his eyes would only make him more aware of his tiredness. The parking lot was already crowded with students carrying books on their ways inside the building. Steve spotted the Camaro because of course, he did. But he didn't see any sign of Billy, not even when he allowed his gaze to browse around.

Even though Steve would have liked a moment or so, to smoke or talk, this was probably a smart and thought out and a kind of thing Billy did. To keep both of them out of trouble because Steve sure as hell wasn't any good at that.

And it felt like everyone was looking at him anyway.

Which, granted, might be because he looked like a truck rolled over him. His eyes were dark and bloodshot and he could barely hold them open. Also his hair, his hair was not behaving as it should today. And no amount of hairspray could change that. Steve felt terrible and that there was no time before he had to head to class didn't make it any better. It would have been nice to see Billy.

Steve immediately headed for the back row, unpacking his stuff and trying to look somewhat eager to learn. Or at least a little less eager to die. He didn't hold eye contact with anyone though because that would end badly anyway. With questions most likely. What happened to you? Why do you look so tired? Steve preferred not to talk to anyone right now. Or at least not to someone in this room.

How he managed not to fall asleep the second his teacher started lecturing them, he did not know. Maybe it was a power of will thing. Or Steve was too aware of the people staring to drift off in peace. They didn't ask him any questions though, which he counted as a win. Also, he must have looked terrible enough for the teacher not to ask him anything or try to make him participate in any way, shape or form. Which was nice too. He wasn't even sure what subject it was.

He didn't know how he ended up at his locker, taking out books. He must know his combination by heart and all, because it sure as hell wasn't a conscious decision to go there. If he had been thinking straight, he could have gotten the idea to stay off the main hallways

easier. To avoid certain types of encounters.

"What happened to you? Was it-? I swear, I'll kick his ass, if he fucked that up already!", Nancy growled. Steve could only I the coffee cup she was holding though. He should have drunk more or that earlier.

"No, he-. No," Steve shook his head. "It's-. I didn't get too much sleep last night, is all."

"Oh my god, Steve! That's way too much information, I..."

"Not like that, Geez," Steve raised both palms in defense. "He came over, we talked a bit, both couldn't really sleep, so... Uh- Are you drinking that?" He pointed at the coffee cup.

"Oh," Nancy looked more understanding now before a little confusion mixed in. She looked down at her coffee then. "Yes, but it looks like you need it more." With that, she held the steaming cup in front of Steve's face and Steve felt himself lighting up. "But everything's alright, is it? Billy did, what he wanted?"

"I guess," Steve raised his gaze at her again. Then he took a big sip from that coffee, feeling hot liquid running down his throat. "Wasn't there though. Think they talked. Most likely they did. For whatever that's worth."

"A lot, actually. Talking is important." Nancy looked like she felt Steve needed a reminder on that.

Steve wanted to comment on that. On how talking would have made their own little breakup a little faster and less confusing. All it would have taken was for this I don't love you talk to happen a bit sooner. Nancy should try to start listening to her own advice, he thought. He didn't say anything though. Instead, he nodded, feeling that this moody side of himself came down to the lack of sleep. It wasn't Nancy's fault. Also, she gave him her coffee. Which was the best thing to happen in school so far.

"You've seen him today?", Nancy asked then, very aware of how Steve's mind was going all over the place. "Billy?"

"Earlier this morning when he left. But not since I'm in school," Steve

was rubbing his forehead trying to fight that starting of a migraine. He could put some aspirin in his coffee, he thought. Because that sounded like the right fucking drink for him right now. "Why?"

"I saw him strutting through a hallway earlier," Nancy told him. "Looked a bit lost and also like he was looking for something. But he didn't even notice me walking by." She smiled. "As tired as you, I suppose. Should have given him my coffee."

"Nah, that's mine," Steve said. "Also... That's. Strange."

"Yeah, right?"

"You think, he was looking for me? I mean, I didn't look for him, cause I- cause I thought that we'd go low profile and shit," Steve mumbled. Then he took another big sip.

"You guys been hanging out with each other before. Especially after he dumped Allie. And before that bullshit started. Could be weird for you not to be seen together now, if you know what I mean. Also, you look like shit and it would actually help you to see him."

Steve put on a weak smile. "Yeah, that sounds like a thing. I'll try to find him. If you see him-"

"I know the drill. Send him your ways. See you later, Steve."

"Later," Steve said, already walking away. "And thanks again for the coffee!"

Now finding Billy turned out about as easy as finding a needle in the hay.

Steve had the feeling he'd seen about every student twice already but Billy was still nowhere to be found. Steve's last call was looking outside. He was strolling around in the parking lot, smoking a cigarette, looking. But Billy's car was empty and so was his usual smoking spot. So this time, Steve took a small break. He was standing there for a while, asking himself how Billy had managed to disappear like that. Perhaps this could result in a strategy of how to find him.

"Hey, asshole!"

Steve turned around and found Ally standing right there in front of him. She held her arms crossed over her chest and she was glaring at him. Even tired like that, Steve could see that she was pissed.

"Hm?" He turned around, still with no idea of what was going on. He still wasn't convinced she was even talking to him, even though looking over his shoulder he could see no one else around.

"Where do you hide him?", she asked, eyes narrowed and looking like she was supposed to jump him any second.

"Who- Listen," Steve took a deep breath. "I have no idea what you are talking about, so..."

"You want me to believe that you're not the reason, Hargrove broke up with me?! Nice fucking try! Why is it neither of you has some basic human decency, oh my fucking god! At least I thought he'd be man enough to be there today. So we could have an actual fucking conversation. But who was I kidding?! Of course, that bastard is hiding somewhere, couldn't find him all day. Pretty smart of him actually, so I can't kick him in the balls once he starts with his shit again." Her head was red in fury but Steve got the feeling it helped her to some degree, letting it all out. And better here at him than actually fighting Billy.

Steve's head was still going slow so it took a moment to process what she said to him though. "Didn't you guys talk yesterday?", he asked before he could think that that was a stupid idea.

"Aw, he came to you to cry after?", she mocked, wrinkling her nose. "That fucking asshole! I mean, there sure was some talking involved. That dick showed up at my porch, then said his shit and left without listening to anything I had to say. Sure, call it talking but. I'm so not done with him. Not without any sensible explanation of why he acts like that all of the sudden..." He anger shifted into something more honest for a moment and Steve almost had some pity for her. That she kept on calling Billy an asshole helped to keep that at a minimum though. He knew she wasn't exactly wrong but it was very obvious to him that he did not like anyone talking bad about Billy. Nope.

Steve wanted to sigh. Very loudly. "Listen, I'm really tired right now

and you should probably be discussing this with him... Because I'm very much the wrong person to discuss you guys' breakup. What do you even want to hear? Didn't he like- tell you he doesn't want to be with you? Hell, I don't know, but I'm sure you'll find someone else, right? Someone better even." Not very likely. "Someone who doesn't hide and-." He yawned and sure this wasn't helping with his speech but Allie was glaring at him anyway, so. At least he wasn't making this any worse. But then, this talk was far from being over.

"You gotta be kidding me...", she snarled.

"I know being dumped sucks," Steve said. Sure, the whole school knew about this Nancy thing. And okay, this might be a very low reach. To try and use that for some empathy points here. But he wasn't in the mood to discuss Billy's relationship or ex-relationship right now. Especially not with his ex-girlfriend. Who was very pissed and not great to talk with. Billy could very well do that himself or Allie could get the fuck over it. Because they were in school and Steve was so tired and he couldn't help her anyway, okay?

"So, you know how shitty it is being cheated on, Steve Harrington?", she somehow made his name sound like an insult and Steve flinched at it. It reminded him of the way his father talked to him even though he rarely called him Steve.

"Why do you even think he cheated on you?" Steve shouldn't ask that. He should leave and let her find someone else to bother but somehow Steve felt like he deserved this. As some sort of cosmic punishment for this mess being his fault at least to some degree. So he should clear out at least some of this mess. Wasn't Billy trying to give her the story that he didn't love her? Steve couldn't remember what the official story was. He could only think that the I don't love you talk worked very well on himself. Steve had no idea how cheating fit in that scenario. In his case that came a few days after.

"We were happy and all of the sudden he acts like this means nothing to him!" At this point, her talk was all arms and angry stomps. "You explain that to me, Steve! Nancy was the same, wasn't she? And we all know in whose lap she ended up to be." Allie snorted and looked to the side, still glaring, still very fucking angry. Okay, so that was what she was getting at. Well, a good thing was, not every breakup

was like his.

"Well, if it's any help to you, I'm pretty sure, Billy isn't sleeping with Jonathan Byers," Steve said, trying for funny. "And she wasn't really cheating..."

"Ha fucking ha, asshole!"

It was funny. Steve had always thought of Ally as a sweet and rather quiet girl. Or at least he hadn't quite noticed much of her before that one party. He asked himself whether this was her being angry or if Billy's attitude had started to rub off on her. They sure spent a lot of time together with Billy not being in the best mood. Steve should ask him that later.

"What do you want from me then?", Steve asked, sighing. He wanted to get this over with, then find Billy. But if Allie continued with this questioning, the bell would ring before he could do anything. Before he could find him and Steve very much wanted to.

"He must have told you about it," Allie stated, quieter now. Her expression turned more open, into something vulnerable. Steve felt empathetic. This wasn't fair. It hadn't been fair, to begin with. To draw her into that. Billy knew that she was a means to an end, that being with her was pretending. And now she was hurt and neither Billy nor Steve could undo this. This was their fault.

"He-," Steve swallowed. He felt like the truth would be a way to dissolve this mess. Should he tell her? That this was... an accident of some sorts because they'd been too stupid to figure their shit out. That they wanted to be together now and there was no way, Billy would go back to her? She would be mad and then she would be okay with it. Right? Or... she would be mad and start telling people and. They couldn't have that.

And if the truth wasn't working, Steve had to craft some sort of lie, trying not to contradict any part of Billy's story. That he didn't even know. "He wasn't cheating on you," he said. "At least, I don't think he was. Think, he would have told me." He added the later for an easy way out. The glimpse of doubt. "He only said that it isn't working for him and that he... he doesn't want to do this half-hearted, you know?"

Wouldn't be fair to you. Because he likes you... as a friend." Far stretch, Steve was very well aware of that. But I Ally wanted to make this to Steve's and Nancy's breakup, the being friends afterward part was. Pretty much a given.

"Wow, you must really like this asshole, huh?", she stated, having a nasty expression on her face. "Make it almost sound like he actually cares about someone other than himself. You wanna know what I start to think?" She tilted her head, glaring, dismissive.

Steve felt, that this was the moment he should leave. Right about now. Turn around, not listen to any other word. This feeling in his guts told him so but he was so tired and he froze at the spot, looking back into manic eyes.

"Maybe he isn't fucking Jonathan Byers," she huffed, dragging each word to the maximum. "Because it's you."

She wasn't believing that. She couldn't. She was trying to get a rise out of him to figure the truth out. But. Steve was definitely giving her some sort of reaction because she was looking at him now. Staring. With her eyes widened.

"That's- obviously that's not what's happening, I mean-", Steve swallowed, talking louder now. He wanted to curse. "He dated you and- He isn't gay, alright? We both know that." He added a chuckle, just to show her how ridiculous that accusation was.

And she just stared at him. Still. She wasn't glaring anymore. She didn't look mad. She looked like someone who began to wrap her head around something. Which was perhaps even worse. Steve felt that he fucked up somehow, only he couldn't pin it down to the exact thing that had given him away.

"Steve?"

Steve closed his eyes because. Worst timing ever! Sure that Billy was calling him with that soft voice wasn't helping. He hadn't seen Ally yet. But her eyebrows raised up. Like she knew. Because probably she did. Because Steve was so tired and so stupid and. He shouldn't have talked to her. Shouldn't have said anything. Shouldn't have given her

the chance to accuse him of that.

"Fuck, Steve, I was-" Billy arrived and only then noticed Ally. She was standing in front of them, arms crossed over her chest, still. Only that her expression had changed drastically. Her face looked paler and it looked like she was grinding her jaw. And Steve was trying very hard to make himself believe that she hadn't figured them out right about now.

"You gotta be fucking kidding me, Hargrove," she said, with a low voice.

"I-", he looked at her, looked at Steve and stopped saying a fucking word and then. Ally turned on her heels and walked away. Which was what Steve should have done about ten fucking minutes ago. And Steve felt like he was shaking because he probably was. And then Billy put a hand on his shoulder and it looked like he was hesitating because they were outside and that. That must have been weird for him. And Steve didn't know what to say but Allie running away like that? Not a good fucking sign! They shouldn't be standing together right now... Not with the possibility of some nasty but oh so true rumor being created in school at this very moment. Because Steve had fucked this up.

"What were you doing?", Billy asked. His voice was careful. Testing.

Steve browsed his mind, trying to come up with something to say. Because Billy looked like he was waiting for an explanation. "I don't... She asked about us and-" Steve breathed in too fast, it almost sounded like a sob. "I told her, there wasn't anything but. She looked like I fucking confirmed to her that we were fucking and. Fuck." This time it was a real sob. He wasn't crying as much as he completely lost control of his breathing. And Billy stood there next to him. Somewhere between breaking down and breaking someone's jaw and. Steve felt like it should be his. Because this? This was his fault.

The worst part was that Billy wasn't doing anything. He wasn't moving. He wasn't saying a fucking word. Hell, he wasn't even looking at Steve. And Steve let him have this moment, at his pace. Before he couldn't hold back anymore and nudged against Billy's chest to get his attention. To get some sort of reaction to this, even if

it turned out to be the punishment he deserved. "Hey," he mumbled.

And sure, now Billy looked at him but that wasn't any better because Steve could see his nostrils flaring. And he could see this dangerous glare that knocked him out once before so. Billy definitely wasn't happy with this turn of events. But Steve didn't expect him to say: "You look tired, pretty boy." And he didn't expect Billy's anger to disappear with the blink of an eye, bottled up somewhere deep inside him.

Steve thought he misheard something for a glimpse of a second, and then his jaw dropping open. "Yeah, uh-" It took him another moment to process what Billy had said. Also to form some sort of coherent response. "Didn't get much sleep," he tilted his head. He hesitated for a moment before saying: "Are you mad?" Because he needed Billy to acknowledge what happened. To know that this was real and happening. That his mind wasn't only making this up because Billy had knocked him out about thirty seconds ago. Which would have been a more likely turn of events. And Steve still wasn't convinced that wasn't what had happened.

"She doesn't know shit," Billy stated. Now that he was talking about Ally, he was less good in hiding the underlying anger in his voice. "If this blows up, we'll deal with it, alright? I'm not going to assume shit, because she stormed away and made some guesses." He turned and looked towards the school and Steve followed his gaze. Most students were on their way back to class now. "She was dumped, nobody will take her words seriously."

Steve wasn't so sure about that. But then, Billy had sounded like he was trying to convince himself rather than Steve so he let it stand like that. He only furrowed his brows. He didn't like the sound of Billy's words, because they made him assume the worst. It also sounded like whatever was happening now could get both of them in big trouble. Which would be what would blow up into their faces eventually, at least following Steve's train of thought.

"I-... It's not like she stated she's about to tell everyone you left her for me or that we're doing it or..." Steve paused for a moment when Billy threw him a tormented gaze. "What I'm trying to say is that we don't know if she even does anything with this... with this idea she thinks

she has." Steve's head heard. "I mean- yeah, well, it could just be that she needs this kind of closure, you know? To make her deal with this without thinking it's her fault. And if she needs me to be the bad guy, then, by all means, let's give her that."

"Nice try, playing the martyr for my ex, Harrington," Billy snorted. "I think in her agenda, the spot for the bad guy's still reserved for me. Now, do you know what she said exactly? We could be making this bigger than it is..."

"I- I don't know...", Steve scratched his head. He felt how flat his hair was and pulled a face, taking his hand away fast, before he could do it any more damage. "She said, that you must be cheating on her because you acted like that and... And she was talking about this whole Nancy thing. I don't even know if she was bringing that up or if I kept mentioning it, which would be... so stupid and. And maybe I said something along the lines that I was pretty sure you weren't sleeping with Jonathan." Steve didn't look at Billy because he was pretty sure right now, he was staring at Steve like he was some sort of lunatic. Steve continued. "And then she stared at me and... I kinda knew I'd fucked up then, even before she- before she implied that it was me. Me, you were cheating with and like... not Jonathan, obviously. And I said no," Steve felt the need to clarify this especially with Billy's eyes narrowing at him. "I said no right the second. But she- she wasn't having it, staring me down like she could read my mind or something. And then you showed up here and... here we are."

"Here we are, indeed," Billy said. "Well, shit," he said. "This is why I was avoiding her. Knew she was brooding, coming up with some bullshit." For a moment, he looked almost amused by that. That was before he was looking back at Steve and his face changed into something more serious. Steve wasn't sure, he liked that.

"Nancy saw you rambling around school. She told me to go find you but-... I'm pretty sure that wasn't the best idea."

"Yeah, you see, what I'm not getting is how looking for me turned into you discussing things with my angry ex-girlfriend. I mean... Why

did you even talk to her?"

"She came here, accusing me of ending her relationship. I kinda felt I at least owed her some sort of explanation," Steve mumbled, even though he knew that this was a weak excuse. He should blame it on being tired, not being able to think straight.

"Wow, you're the worst when it comes to breakups, huh?" Billy snorted.

And sure, granted, Steve remembered the time he showed up on Nancy's doorstep with roses after a fight that definitely wasn't his fault. So yeah, maybe he sucked at this. But that didn't mean that he didn't feel bad for Ally. Because somehow this was his fault, even if he didn't force Billy to do this. Or he kind of did. Because they were both pushing so hard at first. Not talking, of course. Until they'd backed up against a wall and Billy ran. It wasn't Steve's fault but it wasn't not his fault either. Because even if they were shit at breakups, they were both even shittier in relationship stuff. And that showed. Because not only did it affect their relationship together, it pulled other people in, too. Ally. To some degree Nancy. The kids.

"So what's the plan?", Steve asked instead of engaging with that statement. Not much to argue about when Billy was right.

"Go inside, I guess. I mean, it probably won't help if we both disappear at the same time, so..."

"Yeah, okay but, go in as in together or do I wait for a few minutes or..." Steve was trying very hard to come up with a smart plan here, which would have been hard on a good day. But this one?

Billy looked at him, one brow raised. Then he took a look behind himself and Steve thought that he was checking for the time. That was before Billy pushed him farther into that corner where they weren't that obvious. And he leaned in close. He wasn't kissing Steve but he was burying his face in the crook of Steve's neck, breathing in, both arms slung around him. Steve was taken by surprise because they were out in the open. But he was exhausted and Billy was warm and smelt so good so he let himself fall against this, melt into this homey feeling for as long as time allowed.

Billy mouthed at the skin on Steve's neck now, gentle, it wouldn't leave any bruises they couldn't afford. Steve tilted his head more, he felt Billy's teeth scrape over his ear, his jaw before Billy's face was so close to his. Steve could see how Billy's mouth curved into a smile before he leaned into a kiss. And if Steve hadn't been lost before, he sure would have been now. Because Billy was kissing him hard and demanding and. As always with kissing Billy, it ended way too soon for Steve's own liking. Billy kept looking at him as if staring into Steve's eyes like that held some sort of answer. Steve thought that if it did, he should be aware of that so.

"I'm sorry...", Steve said, now holding tightly onto Billy, breathing in the smell of his jacket. "I didn't mean to. Didn't mean to say anything. Fuck," Steve cursed, his hands fisting into the fabric of Billy's jacket, holding onto him. He wasn't even sure where that came from, but it felt like the kiss had split him right open.

"Hey, it's okay," Billy said, his voice gentle. "I got you. It's my fault, for hiding from her and then for not finding you sooner."

"She looked so mad."

"She'll get over it, eventually. Let's go in together," Billy said. "I mean, she knows we've been here together so. She would be looking right through that act. Just, let's get going and let's hope no-one is stupid enough to make a scene."

Steve let out a sigh that was more directed towards the lack of kissing than to the sour feeling in his guts he felt when he imagined going back into school.

They should have known that there was always at least someone who was stupid enough, to make a scene, no matter what.

Steve was tense when they walked into school. It was cloudy outside so most of them were crowding the hallway. Also, it was late. What would have sounded like generic chatter on any other day felt like gossip in his ears, now. He felt his face turn into a darker shade. His skin was itching and he was turning his head, trying to make out a threat. It wasn't helping that Billy next to him still had this look on his face. It's fight or flight, Steve thought. Only that the decision had

yet to be made. But Steve was still thankful they were walking in here together. Being close to Billy was somewhat grounding him.

At first, this walk down the hallway felt cruelly anticlimactic. There was no sign of Ally. No slur yelled in their direction and usually, most students liked to stay out of Billy's face so. This was working in Steve's favor. After all, they'd established being friends again by now. The only weird thing was that they both looked like shit. The same type of shit that could only lead to harmful estimations. Had they been fighting? Fucking? Steve wanted to know what the others were thinking when he and Billy passed by. He also wanted to yell at them. That this wasn't a big deal. Being tired. Happened to most people on all sorts of occasions. Didn't mean they were both tired because they spent their time together. Fucking tired from last night in which they weren't saying a word to each other. In which they've held each other because everything felt like too much. And Steve wanted to shout out a dumb excuse, no-one asked him for. But. Not only was there nothing to say. They were both too alert to talk. Listening to every noise, every word that was spoken in the hallway to notice what was going on.

Of course, they didn't miss when shit started to go down. How could they?

Steve hadn't quite noticed from where Ally was coming from but all of the sudden she showed up in front of Billy.

She looked similar to the way she had cornered Steve before. Her hands on her hips, her chin held up high. It was the stance of someone looking for a fight. Only that her expression wasn't pure anger anymore and that scared Steve more than this ridiculous posturing.

Billy, on the other hand, looked like he wasn't about to fight, which was new.

Contrary to Ally, he held his head low, his shoulders raised a bit. Steve was unsure what to do, so he stood there at the side, watching. His body was tensing up, he was clenching and unclenching his fist. And because all of this happened in the middle of the hallway, he wasn't the only one that started noticing. There were conversations

stopping mid-sentence. Heads were turned. People positioned themselves in a circle around them. Even those who usually didn't include in social gatherings. Soon, they were crowded. Everyone looked at Billy and Ally as if they were going to duel each other like they did in westerns. Steve could imagine a tumbleweed blowing through the hallways, high noon, the tension was that thick. Palpable.

He wouldn't have expected Billy to be the first one to say something though. So Steve almost flinched when he asked "What?". His voice was low, dark, a threat. But Ally didn't look as if this was intimidating her in any way.

Instead, a corner of her mouth twitched up into that mean smile, Steve had seen on her before. She definitely believed that she had the upper hand in this. Billy's presence didn't do anything to make her think otherwise which Steve could hardly believe. Damn, if she was a guy Billy would probably already have hit her so. Not even Steve had any idea of how to resolve this situation. It wasn't like any of those two had a talent for talking things out, as it seemed. Steve expected things to get dirty. He asked himself whether he should leave while he still got the chance.

But he got pulled into this soon enough.

"Had a nice time outside, Hargrove?", Ally asked, her voice calm and of course loud enough for everyone to hear. Steve let his gaze wander around. He saw a lot of curious faces waiting for something exciting to happen. After all, in Hawkins things like that didn't happen too often. Or in public. After his breakup with Nancy lots of people, he barely knew hit him up for the full story of it. It wasn't hard to believe that the rumors soon got way worse then the actual breakup had been. But with this? Everyone saw their chance to witness some real fucking drama here and they wouldn't miss it. "With your boyfriend, I mean." There was a smile planted on Ally's face now. "I hope you didn't mind that I left so soon, thought you might want some alone time, huh? After all, I know how you get to school. He's a good kisser, isn't he, Steve?" She tilted her head but she didn't quite look at Steve when she asked.

Steve was pretty sure he could hear the jaws of all their bystanders

drop open. That was a wild accusation. And by far the most interesting thing happening in these halls in months.

"You crazy bitch!", Billy snarled. He paused for a moment, collecting his thoughts. "You hear that, Harrington?" Billy half turned his head to face Steve. Steve only hoped that this act came out more convincing for everyone surrounding them. Because to him, Billy looked scared. "That stupid cow can't handle that I dumped her so she ends up making up bullshit rumors." He made sure everyone surrounding them heard that and okay, at least it got Ally to flinch. For a second, her confidence crumbled, like she wasn't too sure of this anymore. She looked regretful at least which was good. But Steve still felt bad for her.

There was still a bit of chatting coming from all the people surrounding them. But because Ally didn't continue with her talk they quickly lost their interest. Billy took a step back and made it seem as if he wanted to leave now. So Steve prepared to tag along. He didn't say anything though, even if it could have helped. He felt that whatever he could say would most likely only worsen this mess they were in.

They didn't leave.

And Billy swallowed when it got louder again and the hallway got more crowded, by now more and more familiar faces showing up.

There was some laughter that reminded Steve of hyenas.

That's when Tommy showed up, Carol and a bunch of assholes by his side. For a brief second, Steve caught Josh's gaze which was never good. That was exactly the kind of backup for Ally's story, he and Billy could go without. Steve noticed Billy's face, too, almost as dark as the first time's they had their little encounter with Josh. After practice. Calling them names before meeting Billy's fist.

"Not so fast," Tommy said, a twisted grin on his face. Steve knew that one too well. Knew it from when the three of them went after Jonathan Byers or actually any other guy they gave a hard time for whatever bullshit reason. Back then, Steve would have never dared to believe that one day his best friend would give him that look. But

things changed since then. They changed a lot.

The only person looking even tenser than Steve felt was Billy.

"Anyone else think, Ally might be having a point here?", he asked around and thereby regained everyone's attention. There were a few whistles, too and Steve felt sick to his stomach. Josh put a hand on Tommy's shoulder, curiously eyed by Carol as he took in the attention this was giving them.

Even Ally looked like she got more into this again, especially now that she got some backup. "I'm just asking," she said smugly. "He always told me how he needed more time for himself but now he spends all of it with Steve."

"Time for yourself, huh?", Josh asked, snorting. "Sounds like a fag-thing to say, if you ask me."

"You think, Hargrove's out looking for a boyfriend?", Tommy asked, grinning. "Or that he already found himself one?"

"The fuck did you just say?", Billy asked, his voice low and dangerous. Steve thought, that it definitely would have worked on all three of them if there hadn't been so many people by now. Like the crowd took away any threat, made it blurry. All they could do was to take it or to leave, or so it seemed to him. Or Billy could fight them, which Steve was scared he could actually consider doing. Because Tommy was a mean fighter and. Two against one was fucking unfair. And it wasn't like Steve could be of that much help. Not with fighting.

He watched Billy lean forward like he was about to actually tear those asshole-grins off of Tommy's and Josh's faces.

That's when Nancy and Jonathan showed up in the crowd, for now looking around, trying to assess the situation. It was pretty fucking obvious what was happening, Steve thought. He locked eyes with Nancy for a second and if anything it helped his insides calm for a moment. Nancy then stepped forward, putting a hand on Ally's shoulder.

Ally flinched, shaking her touch off, not knowing who was standing behind her yet.

"Come on, let's go to class, Ally," she said with a calm voice and then she tried to pull Ally back to where she came from. Nancy always had a talent for ignoring complaints coming from the crowd. She didn't react to anyone who was cheering for the drama here. Her memories of those questionings after their breakup was most likely as vivid as Steve's.

Steve thought that her move wasn't too bad either. Maybe confrontation wasn't the best solution for this. Or rather... it definitely wasn't. He should have thought of this earlier. But Nancy was quicker with her solutions. He could do the same thing, Steve thought. So he stepped in, reaching out and pulling on Billy's sleeve. Billy jerked away, too, looking at Steve with a weirded out expression. "Hargrove?", Steve said, testing. Calling him by his surname sounded wrong. It didn't help either, because it came out way too fucking intimate for Steve's liking. He looked around, testing whether any knowing gazes had found interest in that, but it didn't look like it.

Billy shrugged him off too soon. He was still glaring at Ally, not reacting to Steve. He also kept an eye on Tommy and the other guys surrounding them, which was never a bad idea.

"Ally?", Nancy repeated. Ally hadn't been reacting to her either. Steve hoped that this wouldn't turn out the first time, Nancy didn't know the right solution for every situation.

"Just tell me the truth, Billy," Ally begged and now her eyes teared up.

That almost upset Steve more than her accusations from earlier. Because she sounded hurt. She sounded like someone who was in love with Billy which Steve had hoped, she wasn't.

"Billy?", Steve tried again. This wasn't good, they should get themselves out of there, especially the more emotional this got.

"Just," Billy spat out, "Stay away from me!"

Ally looked at him for only moment longer before she pushed Nancy out of her way and stormed off. Steve felt like she was going to cry. Nancy looked at Steve for a moment, basically confirming that. She looked disappointed, shaking her head a bit. And then she was turning around, grabbing Jonathan by the shoulder, both following Ally.

Steve wanted to try to get Billy away once more but Billy made a step in Tommy's direction now. "You got something you wanna say or should I just kick your ass already?", Billy asked, voice low.

Steve wanted to roll his eyes because this still wasn't the right time to pick a fight with more than one guy. Only the tone of Billy's voice and the memory of his punch made Steve believe that he had the slightest chance in this.

Tommy raised both arms in defense obviously not looking to pick a fight with Billy. Steve frowned because he had expected otherwise. It was probably smart that Billy hadn't asked Josh directly or the answer would have been a different one.

Ally storming off had a whole other effect, too. It created a shift in the mood of the crowd that Steve could definitely feel. Some had even left already, no longer interested. To Steve's surprise, this time things turned out to actually change in their favor.

"I'm good, sorry man," Tommy said, not looking too sorry.

"Yeah, no hard feelings," Josh added with a mocking tone. "Don't wanna spread any false information about you and Harrington, don't we?"

This wasn't all of it.

Steve knew right when Josh said this, that this wasn't the last time for any of this to happen. But it was their way out and Steve was convinced, even if Billy wasn't having it, he would get them out of there now.

Gladly, Billy went with it though, not picking another fight.

"That's what I fucking thought," Billy rolled his eyes. He threw

another few angry glares and then he turned on his heel and ran off. Steve stood there frozen on the spot for a moment, now feeling even more eyes on himself. Josh even had the audacity to wink at him which was fucking gross. And there was a chance, Steve should have walked another way. That he should have walked down another hallway, head to a bathroom, find Nancy or do anything really. But he didn't even think before he started to move and followed Billy.

He found Billy pacing up and down another empty hallway, around a few corners. He could hear him breathing, trying to get his body down from how ready he had been, to fight someone. Maybe this was the wrong time to approach him and Steve would get himself in trouble.

Billy even stopped when he noticed Steve, standing still for a moment or two. When Steve stepped closer though, reaching out to touch Billy's arm, Billy was flinching away.

"Get off me, Harrington, Jesus!", Billy snapped at him. He was fuming, even though Steve knew that this wasn't about him. This was about what happened. Steve got that, but Billy coming after him wasn't helping with his own anxiety. Not at all.

Notes for the Chapter:

I wished that this update was longer and that it would have happened sooner. I have like another 10k already written for this, but I felt like it sucked and I need to rethink it. Also, I won't be home next weekend so I wouldn't have the time to work on it for like a whole day. I won't make any promises, but I want to fix the rest up as soon as possible, hopefully, while I work on the other fics, so there will be another update soon. There's going to be more tension after what happened in this chapter and I'm not quite sure how to work everything out just yet but we're heading closer towards the end of this story and it needed more tension.

But I promise I won't end this story with angst. I think we all suffered enough with these two idiots

for them not to have some sort of happily ever after.
I sure did.

comments/kudos are always appreciated. <3

Thanks for sticking along even when I take ages for
an update.

100. Tell me why (I don't like Mondays)

Summary for the Chapter:

After that Ally-incident earlier, Billy and Steve continue to have a shit day, not making it any easier on themselves.

Notes for the Chapter:

Unbetaed. All mistakes are my own.

Steve flinched and stumbled back a few steps. This could do the trick, giving Billy some space. "I'm... sorry," he said, trying to be considerate. "Didn't mean to... I- Fuck!" Steve turned his head to the side, letting out a huff, too much anger pent up inside him.

Billy let out a sharp exhale, too. Then, before Steve could intervene, he had his hand curled to a fist and banged it against a closed locker. His hand hit pretty close to where Steve was standing, pretty close to where Steve's head was.

Steve didn't even blink an eye at the impact, even if the sound alone had been enough to scare him half to death. His eyes were wide open still, staring at Billy. Taking in how he wasn't even looking at Steve, hand fixed next to Steve's head.

Billy's nostrils were flared and his jaw looked tense. He looked like he was about to kill someone, his fist still resting against that demolished metal.

For a second, Steve asked himself who's locker that was and what they'd say when they found it over the next break. Not that it mattered. What definitely mattered was that Billy had bruised up his knuckles. Steve didn't even need to look twice to notice. They didn't bleed but they looked shiny and reddened like they were starting to swell up.

But even though it looked like it hurt like a motherfucker, Billy's face softened a bit. It must have provided him with some sort of release

then. Steve could need one of those, too, if he was being honest, but he wasn't going to fuck up somebodies locker over it.

"Better?", Steve asked, instead. He had his brows raised, his forehead frowned. He was still trying to focus on Billy's anger rather than his own emotions. His position was still unchanged. Steve didn't dare to move an inch closer to Billy even if that was everything he wanted to do right now.

Billy gave a deadpan look. As if he only realized how he was frozen in his movement, he withdrew his hand. He moved his fingers kind of frantically, curling and uncurling his fist. It didn't appear to Steve like he broke a bone on that stunt. But it looked like they both agreed over the metal surface of a locker not being the best thing to punch into...

"You should leave," Billy stated. He was already sounding less rough, though. Less like he was about to punch something.

Steve couldn't do much but stare at Billy. "Not very likely."

Billy pulled a face. "For Christ's sake! Do you literally want this to be out, Harrington? For the whole fucking school to talk about us?", he snarled, careful not to raise his voice that much.

Steve took another half step back and raised both hands to get into a more defensive position. "Alright, alright...", he mumbled. "Why don't you try to calm down a whit? Of course, I don't want..." What Steve hadn't missed was how Billy called him by his last name again. But he couldn't be sure if that was only some sort of act in case someone was listening.

"Calm down?", Billy snorted. "After that?" He pointed his chin in the direction they both came from. "Fucking pointless..." He shook his head. It looked like he couldn't even focus his gaze on something, eyes browsing all over the place, restless.

"It's okay, it... Don't you think, it went kind of okay? I mean, you handled that pretty well, looked pretty calm and," Steve said, stopping when he ran out of things to say. It might be a weak attempt to brighten Billy's mood but he wanted to at least try.

But even before Billy said anything in return, Steve knew that he'd failed at that. Because Billy's mood? Didn't look too brightened.

"In what fucking Universe do you even live in?", Billy asked, looking mad. "Because every goddamn asshole in this place now has that idea planted in their head. That we're fucking or that I wanna fuck you... That's pretty much the worst case scenario right here if you ask me!"

"You don't think, it could get worse than that?" Steve felt his shoulders shrinking. It wasn't like Billy was wrong.

"Oh, if there's one thing I'm sure of, it's that there's always something worse to come. And it most likely will. Making this only the beginning...", Billy huffed.

"Come on," Steve argued, not sure anymore if there was even a point in trying to convince Billy. "Nobody came in to support her. They all noticed that she was desperate. There's no way they are taking her word for real..." Only that he didn't know that for sure.

"Yeah, but if they don't believe her now, they definitely will at some point. They'll see us standing next to each other in the hallway. Or sitting over on a freaking bench during lunch, an inch closer than usual. In the cafeteria. Or the fucking showers," Billy groaned now. He had also started taking steps here and there as if he couldn't stand still any longer. "And they'll remember what she said and it doesn't even matter if they believe her now. It'll be impossible to hide anything now that they're all gonna start looking our ways!"

"But...", Steve frowned. "You don't know that for sure." It was hard to argue against that. Billy made quite the point there. "And could you please stop pacing? You're freaking me out..."

Billy, who had been walking in circles before, immediately stopped once Steve asked him to. He looked at Steve, his gaze for once not shying away.

"No, I don't know that for fucking sure," Billy finally settled. "But it's sure as hell what I would do. Especially when I'm pissed at someone. And I don't know if you've noticed, Steve, but it feels like, one way or another, everyone's fucking pissed at me right now. Because I did that

shit to Ally. Or because I'm better at basketball. Or whatever bullshit reason they came up with!"

Steve bit on his tongue. "Yeah, okay, but not like... everyone... I mean, there's no way, everyone's mad at you."

"Fine. Whatever. Ugh!" Billy groaned, still looking like he'd rather wanted to pace up and down the hallway. "What do you want me to do then? Because right now? I'm pretty much open for suggestions," he grumbled.

Steve's expression softened as compassion rose up inside him. He wanted to reach over, to cup Billy's face or touch him another way. But Billy still looked like he was jumpy as hell and touching sure wouldn't help. Steve didn't think, Billy would even let him, right now. And he was smart not to. Not right here, in the middle of the hallway, even while there was no-one passing by. They were still in school after all and touching here was dangerous. Billy had said so himself.

But Steve was feeling bold. Careless enough to take a step forward still, decreasing the distance between them. "Stop running," Steve said, trying to sound as calm as he was able to. After all, he could still hear his own heart beating. "It's going to be alright, I- I'll make sure of it, okay?"

Billy did something that almost looked like a very unsure nod. But he also closed his eyes then, letting out a slow exhale. His whole body was still caught between fight and flight. He looked tense and heated and prepared to attack.

Steve felt the urge to wrap himself around Billy if that made any sense. To soothe him, cover up all these raw edges. At least until Billy felt safe again until school wasn't so fucking dangerous anymore. But he couldn't do anything like that, he couldn't...

Without thinking much, Steve took another step forward, taking him right in front of Billy. Slowly and carefully, he raised a hand and brought it up to Billy's chest. He flattened it out, felt the warm, soft fabric of his shirt. Felt his heart beating underneath. Then, Steve was guiding his hand higher, reaching for the neck to get more skin. He

was going at Billy's pace though, always making sure, Billy would let him. But Billy didn't even wince.

"We can't do this here," he muttered. His voice was trembling but it sounded a lot calmer than before.

"I know," Steve nodded. Right now, no-one was close though. So Steve didn't withdraw. Instead, he moved his thumb, caressing the soft skin of Billy's neck, the stubbly skin on his cheek. It wasn't even close to being enough and Steve knew that. But it was something they both could have right now, so he wouldn't miss out on that.

A risk nevertheless.

Steve didn't forget about that and after a moment of letting go, he nodded and pulled his hand away from Billy. He didn't step away though and kept standing right there in front of him.

"I tried, you know? I tried so hard...", Billy stuttered. "I thought, she got it- when I talked to her, I was so sure she got it, y'know? I don't... Didn't think, this was going to happen! Fuck... How was I supposed to know, she'd..." He squinted his eyes shut, face turning away from Steve and he looked almost broken in Steve's eyes.

"I know you didn't want this. It's okay," Steve said, trying to reassure him. After all, Steve was still pretty much certain that this was his own fault. For being stupid enough to talk to Ally. "It will be alright, you'll see. She'll get used to it. Give it some time. I'm sure, Nancy will also talk to her and, you know?, she's kind of a breakup expert, so..." Steve tried for a cheerful smile but Billy only rolled his eyes at him.

Next thing, Billy let out a loud sigh as he leaned back against the lockers, causing a dull, brassy sound. A moment later, he turned his head to look at Steve. There was exhaustion not only in his eyes but all over and Steve knew that this wasn't only due to their lack of sleep.

"Why do I get the feeling, everything between us is depending on your ex-girlfriend?", he asked. His voice had turned a shade darker again, his eyes dangerous and glaring.

Steve frowned. Getting Billy upset about something else was pretty much the opposite of what he'd wanted to archive with that joke. He wouldn't have mentioned Nancy otherwise. But he couldn't blame Billy either. Not for being jealous. If Steve hadn't insisted on this Ally stuff, their day would have turned out way different. But then, breaking up Billy's fake relationship also seemed kind of inevitable.

And Nancy kind of had a big influence on their relationship from the very beginning. Thinking closer now, Steve was pretty sure that he and Billy could only take credit for their big fuckups. That they could pin down to themselves. Hell, without Nancy, Steve wouldn't even have hung out with Billy in the first place. Nothing of this would have happened. Still, this wasn't the right time or place to discuss this further. "I mean, right now, it's your ex who's causing all the trouble," Steve said instead, trying for a light-hearted tone.

Billy's mouth twisted into something that looked like a smile. Then a bigger one. And finally, he was showing some teeth, chuckling at the realization. "Shit, you're right." He let out another sigh, shaking off the laughter. "Fuck, I so wanna leave right now, get some sleep, you know?"

Steve hesitated. Then he turned towards the hallway beside him and leaned against the locker right next to Billy. Their shoulders weren't touching but there wasn't missing much either. "I come with you if you want me to," Steve said, more a breath than real words.

Billy remained silent for a few seconds. "If I disappear now, it'll only look fucking shady. And disappearing together would be worse. It's bad enough already, with you following me here."

"You could punch me in the face, give us a good alibi," Steve more proposed than actually joked.

Billy huffed. "That would be a pretty good alibi," he admitted. "You'd probably even let me."

"Oh, I'd let you," Steve said, cause it was true.

"I'm not going to."

"I know."

For a moment, there was silence between both of them. Steve was the first to turn to look at Billy. The first to say something. "You wanna leave alone then?"

"You want me to."

"No, but if you need to, then..."

"I won't go anywhere."

"Okay." Steve wasn't so sure how he felt about the wave of relief rushing over him. As if he couldn't handle a day in school without Billy. But he was glad, he wouldn't have to prove it to himself. Not today at least.

"What happens after?"

"School?", Steve asked. A slow nod from Billy confirmed that. "My place, pretend we're doing homework or a project, could work. Or drive to the quarry, somewhere else..."

Billy looked down both sides of the hallway once more. Then he stayed motionless, listening for any nonexistent sounds. He waited until he was sure nobody was walking their way right now. Although, after the bell had rung and not even remotely close to the restrooms, that wasn't likely anyway. Everyone was already in class or on their way there.

Billy didn't seem to be in a rush though. Not now, that he turned over in one swift movement, shoving Steve firmer against the locker and pressing their bodies together. Steve was surprised when Billy actually came in to kiss him. He immediately opened his lips though, inviting everything and anything. Because to him, it didn't even matter where they were. He'd take whatever Billy was giving him. Always.

Billy leaned back, gaining back some distance, after a moment of losing himself in Steve's touch. He brought a hand to Steve's face. Cupping. Holding. Steve noticed how Billy was panting, how those big blue eyes were blown wide. But even like this, Billy looked more

settled and calm than he had been, pacing down the hallway before.

"Fuck, you're the only good thing in this shithole, you know?", Billy said, smiling. "Let's try your place," he then added. And Steve gave a nod to that and for a few more seconds they were staring at each other, breathing. Close but not touching. Then Billy turned on his heel and walked off.

It took Steve a moment to realize Billy was talking about their after-school destination. They wouldn't leave for Steve's place now, no matter how much Steve would love that. So he opted for staying and looking after Billy. Even after he had lost sight of him. It felt somewhat as if Billy was still pinning him in place. As if he was still kissing him, running restless fingers through Steve's hair, over his scalp. Then Steve did the same as Billy had done. He headed to class because after all, that's where he was supposed to go. He'd never been this glad for his teacher to always be late and not having to explain himself.

The classroom was loud, audible even from all the way down the hall. The door was wide open, too. No teacher inside.

And Steve felt like he was going to slaughter.

When Steve walked in, he was harshly reminded of the fact that rumors lasted longer than a minute. They weren't easily forgotten in a place like this. Not in High School.

"Look, who made it-"

He froze on the spot when he noticed Josh and Tommy sitting on desks and staring at him. They were waiting, sitting not even on their designated places but in a way they could block Steve. So Steve would have to get close to pass them. Carol looked at him too, turning to look over her shoulder. "King Steve!", Tommy bowed his head in a mocking manner.

Josh grinned and Steve felt a blush creeping up his own face. "You know what, Harrington? Tommy here's telling me all about your dirty little secret," Josh said. "But looks like you're not even going to argue anymore, huh? Bet he's late because he was sucking Hargrove off in a

closet or something." Josh snorted before making a disgusted face.

"Fuck off," Steve grunted under his breath. He wouldn't get involved in this bullshit. That's what you were supposed to do, right? Ignore the nagging and it'll stop. Unfortunately, Steve knew for a fact, that he'd always been shit at hiding his emotions. His full-on blushed face was proof of that.

So he at least tried to avoid making any eye-contact and wish away the rush of adrenalin washing through him. It almost felt dissociative, like when in a fight, your thinking-mind turned off and everything felt electric.

Time appeared to stand still or at least to pass slower than usual for a moment. Almost as if everything was happening in slow-motion all of the sudden. But that could also be to the fact that Steve's heart was beating so fast, it almost sprang out of his chest.

He could watch Tommy making obscene dick-sucking motions with his hand and tongue. They didn't become any better when he added slurping sounds to go along with it. What was even louder than that was Carol's laughter, a bell-like contrast to the nastiness. But Steve couldn't find it in himself, to seek comfort in that. At that moment, it didn't matter that they knew each other for ages and were friends for a majority of it.

"You know?", Josh started, looking at Tommy again. At least that way he made him stop with that act. Steve knew, uninterrupted, Tommy could have continued for hours, as long as it made Carol laugh. "I already suspected they had a thing going, weeks ago."

"You did?", Carol asked, interested.

Steve hated how they all made sure to talk loud enough for the whole class to hear. Hell, for anyone approaching their room from the hallway, too. Way to make a fucking scene, one that Steve would rather avoid right now.

Josh didn't pay Carol any attention and continued with his speech. "It's disgusting is what it is," he said with a repulsive smile.

Being on top it all became harder and harder for Steve with every minute passing. He knew he should avoid getting involved. "Fuck off, man," is what he mumbled instead. "You know this is bullshit." That word was always a little rough to say for Steve. More so now, that he needed to keep a straight face.

"Tell me, Harrington, are you the one who takes it?", Josh asked with a grin. "I mean, can't be Hargrove, right?"

Tommy cackled at that, but he was nodding, too. Fucking asshole!

Steve looked up at his seat and made a move, hoping that physical distance would do the trick of stopping this. Only that his way there led him even closer to these assholes. He tried so much to ignore their remarks, the laughter, the noises. This was stupid and shouldn't make him feel this vulnerable. Shouldn't feel like everyone was looking at him. Sure, most of his classmates probably did, but some didn't even care and that was a relief, right? After all, neither of them had an idea of what they were talking about. Neither knew the truth. So.

"Must be a real good lay then. I mean, to make him dump Ally over it? Hey Tommy, Steve ever tried a move on you? You guys used to hang out a lot, right?" Steve flinched when Josh raised his voice another notch.

"Hmmm...", Tommy scratched his chin acting like he was thinking hard about this. "I mean, Steve's always been pretty touchy when he drinks." He licked over dry lips, looking at Carol too now. "But I can't say, he did anything."

Even the thought of hitting on Tommy made Steve's stomach clench. Him not making up lies right now came as a surprise, though. Because at that point, Steve would had downright expected that. Tommy telling bullshit, only to get a good laugh out of Josh.

The worst part was that Steve even had the feeling, Tommy was holding some things back. Which was confusing because he had no idea if Tommy did so because he was still looking out for Steve. Or to hold it against him at a better time. Because there had definitely been moments that didn't look too good for Steve in retrospect. Eyes

lingering, hugs lasting too long, innocent stuff, at least until it wasn't anymore.

It had been a different kind of touching, at least compared to things with Billy. Different intent. A different spark to it. Steve always enjoyed hanging out with Tommy. They'd been best friends. The having sleepovers and hanging out all day everyday type. But looking back now, if Tommy had ever tried to kiss Steve then, Steve didn't know what would have happened. And that was some scary shit because a person knowing him as Tommy did... Maybe he got the clue at some point.

"Come on, he always had more eyes for you than he had for me!", Carol stated. Steve felt the urge to defend himself, wanted to yell that this was because they'd been friends. It was pointless though.

"Maybe you're not his type then," Josh shrugged. "Hey, didn't Hargrove like kick his ass not too long ago?"

Steve felt Josh's lingering gaze on himself again. It was disgusting, getting watched like that. Made him feel like an animal in the zoo.

"Uh, I almost forgot about that," Carol laughed and then she was twisting a strand of hair on her pointer finger.

Steve felt like, at this point, he would be fine to turn around and leave. It wouldn't affect their conversation whatsoever. This was beyond him and Billy now and these guys were talking shit for the hell of it. Maybe Billy had been right and now, with this idea planted in their brains, this was a topic to deal with. Didn't mean, they believed in it. But it also didn't mean that they didn't believe it either.

"I thought, Hargrove would get his ass kicked by Ally," Tommy said.

"I mean, yeah, obviously. What would you do if you found out Carol was banging another chick?"

The thing was, while Carol was blushing and pushing Josh's shoulder in weak defense, Tommy didn't look appalled whatsoever. "It's different when they're girls. It's not... it's kinda hot," Tommy decided. He was smirking at Carol, who had a blush creeping up her cheek,

almost like that was some sort of inside joke.

"You think Billy and Steve isn't hot?", Carol asked, now playing along as well. Steve was sure she only said that to get a rise out of the guys. It worked, too, because Tommy was pulling a face. Josh stared at her, looking rather curious.

"Do you think so?"

"Dunno," Carol looked to the side sheepishly, avoiding his gaze. "Maybe, I do."

They all laughed again and Steve wanted to find his seat and get this over with. That was until Josh caught his gaze, kind of holding him captive, even coming down from his desk. "Well, I don't," he said, still talking to Carol while he stared at Steve.

"I think, it's disgusting," he then spat in Steve's direction. "To think, that they're both in the team and... that's just fucking sick if you ask me." He was shaking his head, huffing.

Steve swallowed. "Didn't notice anyone asking you, to be fair," he mumbled because he was dumb like that.

"What did you just say to me, you fucking fag?", Josh snarled.

"Come on, leave it, man, let me get to my seat," Steve said, trying to keep his calm.

"Oh, now that Hargrove isn't here to protect your sorry ass, you know how to behave, huh? Not like in practice," Josh snorted. "Should we call him for you, Stevie? Tell him, his boyfriend's sad because everyone's making fun of him?"

The fact that Josh was downright standing in his way, blocking every line that led to his seat, drove Steve nuts! He wanted to get there and to be left the fuck alone. The only good thing was, that no-one else seemed to be getting into this. Even Tommy looked thrown off by Josh's aggression, which was surprising. Because usually, Tommy was a slut for all that posturing bullshit.

Josh noticed that too and was looking at Tommy now. "Someone

should talk to the coach, man. I mean-" Steve was already narrowing his gaze, as he listened to Josh's words. "They can't, in all honesty, expect us to shower in there together. Who knows? We might actually catch something." He snorted.

And sure, this was just bullying. And Josh probably didn't even believe that, that he would get sick from showering together. But in his voice, there was enough honesty and enough of actual fucking hate, that Steve couldn't contain himself anymore.

He was already giving himself a little pep-talk. After all, he didn't have the best reputation when it came to fights. But this time, at least the element of surprise would be on his side.

And damn, was he ready to throw a punch!

Steve was bracing himself for a fight. He pulled his shoulder back, when something weighed down his twitching arm, holding it. Locking it in place. Startled, he turned, to see Nancy at his sight. She looking at him with big eyes and a serious, warning face, very aware of what he was about to do.

"Uh, look who joined us," Josh said, looking down at them.

"I saw Mr. Sullivan coming down the hallway, so you all better get to your seats," Nancy said unfazed. She didn't even have their bullshit for a minute.

"Feisty," Josh mocked, although he was as much caving as everybody else.

Mr. Sullivan was known for losing his temper, more so than other teachers at their school. Especially when there was bullshit happening, while he was late.

"Are you out of your mind, Steve Harrington?", Nancy hissed, as she walked with him to their seats. "What did you expect would happen?!"

"I didn't think a lot further than... You weren't even here to see what happened before!", he argued.

"Oh, believe me, I have a vivid imagination and I am sure, either of them deserves a punch in the face. But a classroom isn't quite the right place to do so, don't you think? And also, you shouldn't act too defensive about everything, or they'll never stop."

"I'm pretty sure they won't anyway," Steve mumbled, thinking about what Billy had said before.

Nancy pulled out her books. By the time she was finished, it became pretty obvious that she had been bluffing about Mr. Sullivan approaching. Somehow that made Steve smile because nobody had been able to call her bluff.

"You'll have to wait it out." Nancy let out a sigh. "So, I talked to Ally."

"You did?", Steve's voice hitched a little. "Course you did. You guys went after her." He remembered both Jonathan and Nancy walking off to follow Ally.

"Jonathan had to wait in front of the girl's restroom. Because Ally was inside, crying her eyes out," Nancy said, pretty calm.

Steve had no idea whether this was her intention or not but she made him feel this overwhelming sense of guilt. And he hadn't even done anything to pull Ally into this drama!

"She didn't have to-"

"Of course, she didn't," Nancy rolled her eyes. "That's beside the point. You know what Billy did."

Steve looked around. Neither of their classmates seemed to be listening to their quiet conversation. Luckily Josh and Tommy and even Carol were seated in quite the distance. They still shouldn't talk about anything private in here. Steve made a mental note to keep everything he said as vague as possible.

"I think, what's more important right now is how to fix it..."

"I couldn't agree more," Nancy huffed, looking over at Tommy, too. That guy was cackling at something Josh had said. Steve was glad that he was involved in something else now. Because without Nancy,

he'd be listening to every stupid word leaving their mouths. "But it looks like you're in quite the mess."

"What did you tell Ally?"

"You want an honest answer? Not much," Nancy said. "Tried to talk some sense into her. But you of all people should know that some people don't want to listen to anything that makes sense. Well, since she was very upset, she went home after."

"She did?", Steve asked, surprised about that piece of information. When Ally had started talking about them, she'd appeared so... just overall mean, that he couldn't even imagine her with feelings like sadness or remorse. They should have talked it out outside somewhere else. Steve had no idea how they could have fixed the situation then, especially with Billy there. But it would have been a lot better than this public mess, they'd created.

"Has Billy gone home, too?"

Steve jerked a little, nervous at the mention of his name because it felt risky in their current company. He shook his head. "No. At least, I don't think so."

"Didn't you follow him?"

"I know, it was stupid... I-"

"No, I mean, I don't know if it was, but... I thought he'd leave. I mean, he looked like he wanted to punch something even more than you just did."

"It would have been very counterproductive to disappear. At the same time."

"You're right, I think. I'm just... I hope for his sake, that he's not doing anything stupid right now. Good thing, we've got the asshole class," she snorted and Steve chuckled at that.

"Oh my god, we do," Steve said and Nancy was laughing, as well.

This was when Mr. Sullivan indeed walking in. He kicked the door

shut behind him and glared at anyone who dared to make a noise. Steve took that as a call to get a bit more distance between him and Nance. This way he wouldn't be tempted to talk with her again, until the end of class.

He didn't end up focusing much on class though. Nancy did have a point, worrying if Billy would manage to stay out of trouble. Even if Steve could have sworn, that Billy was less edgy when they parted, that could have changed. A lot can happen in ten minutes. And it wasn't out of option for someone to make some mean comment about the current situation. For Billy to then break someone's nose over it. Or worse.

Steve pulled a face, his forehead covered in deep frown-lines.

Even if he didn't mean to do it, thinking about Billy in a fight always brought back the memory of their fight. Of the throbbing, dulling pain Billy's punches had left. But the memory wasn't enough for Steve to stop worrying over Billy.

After all, Billy was kind of alone there and had no Nancy to protect him from making dumb decisions. Steve wondered if he might be in the same class as Jonathan. But he had no idea whether Jonathan would be the kind of person to intervene when things got bad. Even though Steve knew that Jonathan was quite the fighter if he allowed himself to be.

"Stop worrying, it's going to be alright," Nancy whispered. Judging by her look, she had noticed the frown on Steve's face.

"Miss Wheeler, do you want to actually contribute to my class?", Mr. Sullivan called her out. Both Steve and Nancy looked up at him with wide eyes. A blush crept over Nancy's face and she shook her head, unable to look at the teacher.

"Then please, stop disturbing my lecture. And I think, we all agree that Mr. Harrington should use every opportunity he gets, to pay attention in class."

Steve wanted to sigh, wanted to leave, too, but now he at least forced himself to scribble down some notes.

Not that he managed to keep his focus for too long without his mind wandering off to a certain boy. In the end, his notes, if you could even call them that, didn't even deliver him with something to study with.

Mr. Sullivan left the classroom a few minutes before the bell would ring, as per usual. Steve stared after him with a frown. When he looked over at Nancy's sheet, it looked so goddamn organized, Steve doubted, she did this in class.

"Did you miss something?", Nancy asked, surprised by his attention to her paper.

Steve snorted and put on a lopsided smile. "Well, I bet, I did. But I was just wondering how you managed to do that," he pointed on her notes. "He was literally complaining about shit for half an hour. And then he left. I can't even remember what the whole point was..."

"I mean, you're not wrong," Nancy smiled, continuing to pack up her pens into a well-organized pencil case. "You ought to listen between the bullshit, add stuff from the book if possible. Well, of course, you need to read up on the topics in the book and." Nancy stopped mid-sentence when she noticed that she had lost Steve.

Steve was staring at her in a mixture of confusion and disbelief. After all, there wasn't much of a chance for Steve to become a grade A student now.

"Huh." He forced a surprised look on his face as if Nancy had just shared the secret to academical success with him. He wondered if that's how Billy did it, as well, or if he was smart in general, no matter what notes he took in class.

"You want me to walk with you?", Nancy asked, changing the subject.

It was the concerned tone in her voice that had Steve alert. He looked up and noticed how Josh was kind of glaring. He was packing up his stuff at a slow pace, to wait for Steve. Mutherfucker.

"You offer to be my bodyguard?", Steve asked, voice going weak.

"At least, I'll help you stay out of trouble for the day and it looks like

you could use that. And maybe it'd be good for you to hang around people and not..." She left the end open. "You know? To get their minds off of things."

Steve's frown deepened. That was fucking unfair! He shouldn't have to hide or act all different just because... But Nancy was smart and all he had done today was turn things to shit, so he agreed and nodded.

Nancy smiled a caring smile that managed to make Steve feel a little better. This day would have been a hell of a lot worse if it wasn't for her and their friendship. No matter how broken she once left him, he was very grateful that he had her in his life.

She waited up for Steve to pack up his stuff as well before they made their way towards the exit. Of course, Josh was there, Tommy and Carol not standing far from him. At least they were too busy engaging with each other to appear as a threat. Nancy was urging Steve forward, but when they passed these guys, Josh was jostling against him. Right then, Steve was very glad for Nancy to drag him away, even though he still believed a good punch would calm down the anger boiling beneath his skin. They kept up a quick walking pace. Even Josh and Tommy weren't desperate enough to hang onto Steve's tail, only to harass him.

Nancy did her best to engage him in conversation, even when Jonathan showed up for their short break. And Steve did his best not to start looking for Billy. He still was though. Eyes browsing everywhere, but not succeeding in finding that one familiar face.

The only thing keeping him from worrying was the lack of talk in the hallways. If Billy had done so much as getting into a fight, there would be talking. So he couldn't have. But then, he wasn't here to prove that theory, so there was still this hint of doubt in the back of Steve's mind.

"It's gonna be alright, Steve," Nancy said out of the blue, getting his attention back. "Worrying isn't going to help you right now."

She wasn't wrong.

"I know," Steve admitted. "Fuck, I just want to go home. I'm so

tired..."

"Who do you have class with now?"

Steve had to think on that one for a second, feeling some sort of relief spreading then. "Not Josh. Tommy's in my class but I can handle him on his own."

"Okay," Nancy nodded, agreeing that Tommy was the lesser of two evils in this case. "Do you want to talk before you head home after?"

"I think, I'll pass," Steve decided. "Thank you though. I should just get myself into a bed and..." Nancy's eyes widened a bit and Steve knew that she was biting her tongue about Billy. "...sleep it off."

The thing was, Steve didn't even know if they would see each other after school. Sure, they kind of agreed on that earlier, but that felt like ages ago now and so much could have happened.

Nancy and Jonathan ended up escorting Steve to his next class. It felt a little awkward but at least they were talking. Jonathan explained his new photo project and it even sounded somewhat interesting. So it wasn't that obvious what their true intentions were. And in any case, this was better than getting cornered because he couldn't stay out of trouble.

The only thing was, that he was sitting right next to Tommy in his last class. Something Steve only thought of when Nancy and Jonathan waved him off and left.

"Hey Steve," Tommy greeted him with a shit-eating grin. "Didn't see you in a while. How's my old buddy Hargrove?"

"Could we skip that for now?", Steve asked, tired. "I'm not in the mood and-"

"Hey, I'm just asking," Tommy said, still sounding like he was mocking Steve.

"Well, ask Billy then, when you're so obsessed with him, Jesus..." Steve rolled his eyes.

"Looks like someone's got their panties in a bunch."

Steve glared at him. "Yeah? Well, how am I supposed to act after what happened today? Ally's making up a few bullshit accusations, and guess what? All the sudden I'm in the middle of some stupid-ass breakup drama again!" Steve couldn't help his own voice spiking up a bit. "So, do me a favor and leave me alone, alright? I get it that it's different when- But this is us, okay, so please?" He couldn't sound hopeful saying that, not with how he felt but.

Tommy's smirk faded over the pass of a few seconds and there was actually a frown line appearing on his forehead. Instead of nodding or adding to the drama, he mumbled a "Whatever man," and started flipping a pen on his table. Even though that flipping and spinning made annoying sounds, knowing Tommy, this was about as quiet as it could get.

Steve was more surprised than glad about that. He mumbled a quiet "Thanks," which was all he could say before class started.

It was more of a surprise when Tommy didn't say a word after class, either.

Tommy looked at Steve for what seemed too long of a moment. Steve looked at him too. There was this short glimpse in which Tommy tilted his head to his side, an inch away from smiling. And then he walked off and was gone.

And Steve had no idea what to do with that. Well, perhaps that was what a few years of being best friends came down to in the end. The granting of a favor asked in desperation.

Steve still felt desperate when he headed out of school. Everyone was going that way, heading towards the busses, the parking lot. And every mumbling, each whisper sounded like mocking to Steve. Sounded like they were mumbling his name, hissing at him, calling slurs. He hoped it was different for Billy. Getting in terms with things had been easier for Steve from the very beginning. It was unfair for Billy to have to suffer outside judgment, yet. Nobody should.

He walked out of the building and gazed over at the parking lot. He

noticed Nancy and Jonathan standing there and looking in his direction. A frown came over his face without much thinking. On one hand, that was a nice thing to do, of course. That they cared enough to make sure he was safe. But Steve didn't so much care about himself right now. He fought with himself to at least send some sort of smile in their direction, waving them off. He then passed them with fast steps not stopping, even when he heard Nancy calling his name. He wasn't in the mood to be pitied right now. There were more important matters to deal with. Meaning, first and foremost, figuring out where Billy was.

So Steve slowed his walk immediately once he was out of earshot. He came to stand in the middle of the parking lot. It was crowded, still, but at least everyone looked like they'd much rather be somewhere else. Home preferably. Steve wasn't even sure anyone paid attention him. Or he was too distracted to notice. That was before he stopped walking right then and there. He felt dumbstruck when he looked at the spot where the Camaro had been parked before and it was empty.

Someone ran into Steve, shoving him to the side with a cuss.

"Jesus, fucking keep walking, fag!", some guy growled.

Steve turned, ready to defend himself but the other guy kept walking like he was in a rush. Steve's breath was hitched, although he wasn't quite sure what caused it. He stared after that asshole. He wasn't sure whether he'd used that slur because of what happened today or as a general way of talking. Whether he was supposed to defend himself or ignore it as everyone else did.

He should go home. Like... right now or at least before Nancy showed up and wanted to talk to him.

Steve turned on his heel and headed towards his own car. He got inside, somehow quieting everything for a moment. He was holding onto the steering wheel hard enough for his knuckles to turn white, thoughts dissociating.

So what? Billy had driven away without saying anything. This was fair. They'd talked about that. That they'd meet up after school, so. Maybe he was already waiting for Steve and Steve was only acting

stupid right now. Yeah, that was likely...

Steve started the car and headed off. Headed home.

His thoughts had calmed himself to some degree. But Steve couldn't help but be very fucking sure that Billy's car would be nowhere near his place.

It was still disappointing when Steve found his driveway empty.

Not even his dad's car was there, which was to be expected since he was at work. Steve got out of the car, like a sleepwalker, getting into the house based purely on muscle memory. He stepped into the kitchen and found a small note on the counter telling him that his mom was at the salon. She and his dad would be having dinner at a friends house tonight.

Steve let out a huff. Great. Because Steve fucking loved to have the house to himself... On the other hand, he was glad that his parents weren't inviting him to stuff like that anymore. That had stopped along with Steve's academic success at some point. Almost as if he wasn't of use for his parents anymore when they couldn't brag with him.

Steve threw his backpack in some corner and dropped down on the couch, not even bothering to take off his shoes. Sure, he probably should be doing his homework or eat, but he didn't find it in himself. He could try calling Billy, too, but... He felt like they had this agreement, so if Billy wasn't keeping up on his half, that must be for a reason. And if he wanted to talk to Steve, he could call.

It wasn't like Steve wasn't used to this.

It was around six p.m. when Steve's mom came home to get ready. Meaning, she got into a more expensive dress, since she had hair and makeup all done already. It made her look like someone from those magazines she was always reading.

"And?", she asked, stepping in front of Steve with her sparkly dress. She was wearing an excessive amount of jewelry.

"Hm?"

"Shoes off my couch!", she called him out and he acted immediately.

He wouldn't have thought, she'd pay enough attention to him to even notice. Must be the attention she paid to the couch, then. Steve put his feet down.

"Looking good," he mumbled, more to himself.

"Your dad bought me that dress. Isn't it nice?"

It must be, to make for a good apology. To make for a bribe. Steve nodded half-heartedly and his mom still beamed. "I hope, they still have the wine, we gave to them last time. We all know, Harold can't tell a five dollar bottle from a five hundred dollar one." She laughed and Steve smiled, too, because he was sure she wanted him to. She then left, after mentioning some leftovers in the fridge for Steve to eat. Steve didn't think he would eat today, though. Nah. Not likely.

But the wine thing sounded kind of good. Although wine wasn't the poison Steve would pick. Not to get him shitfaced enough to find some good sleep without thinking about Billy.

He was already diving head first into his father's liquor cabinet when he heard a knocking on the door. Which was weird at first, because they had a bell. It was weirder when Steve noticed that the sound hadn't come from the general direction of the front door. Back into the living room, he could make out a figure in front of the glass door there. The figure was lit from behind by the dim lights of the pool. For a moment, Steve's heart skipped a beat because he was alone and not quite in the mental and physical state to fight off an intruder.

Then he recognized Billy.

Steve was at the door, in a moment, pulling it open and then standing there with wide eyes.

Billy was staring at him, too, then down at the bottle, Steve was still holding in his hand.

"And here I was, thinking, I'd miss the party," Billy said, voice too quiet to sound real smug.

Was he even for real? Showing up like that now that Steve had already spent hours waiting. Worrying.

"You know what? Fuck you," Steve said, but it sounded too affectionate to have any bite.

"Parents?", Billy asked, looking over Steve's shoulder.

"Out for the night."

Billy's posture softened after that was said. He was still staring at Steve.

And Steve kept standing there, closing his eyes because he didn't quite know what to think. He had been worried about Billy, mad about him but now he was there and Steve felt... relieved more than he felt anything else really.

"Go upstairs?", Billy suggested. He sounded closer than before and when Steve blinked his eyes open, Billy was standing closer, too. Almost close enough for them to be touching.

Steve didn't nod or say anything. He turned around, leaving the door and Billy there, heading away, heading upstairs. He could hear that Billy didn't follow immediately. But honestly? Billy had it fucking coming that Steve was upset. They both had a shitty day so Billy better came up with a fucking good excuse for turning Steve's even worse!

"Hey, Harrington," Billy called after him from downstairs. "Would you fucking wait?"

Steve sighed, hesitating for a second and looking down at Billy. He stood there, all wide-eyed, his body a little hunched. Almost as if he wasn't sure whether he was allowed to stay. Steve couldn't bring himself to pity him for long though. He continued to walk in his room. But he was listening, scared that Billy would actually walk away. All he could hear was a cussed "Motherfucker," and then Billy followed him upstairs.

He had caught up with Steve right after he'd walked through the door. Billy was grabbing Steve's upper arm and holding him tight.

Stingingly tight, to be exact. Steve squirmed, trying to shake him off but Billy was keeping his hand right there. Right up until Steve turned around, facing him now.

"Let. Go," Steve demanded.

"Would you listen to me for a second?", Billy said, voice calm but not up for discussion.

Steve tried to get his arm free again, pulling against Billy's grip. But Billy just stared at him with big eyes, trying to read Steve. Steve didn't mind the grip, didn't mind the pain of it. He wanted Billy to do something because he felt like he was going a little crazy here.

"Fine," Steve snarled, and then he stood more upright, not moving anymore.

"I'm here, ain't I?"

"Wow. Must be a pretty big accomplishment on your side. Actually showing up when you said you would. Count me fucking impressed," Steve said between gritted teeth.

Billy watched him carefully, but then there was a growing smile on his face. Kind of mean actually. Steve would have loved to punch him right then but Billy was still holding onto his right arm.

"You're mad at me," Billy concluded as if that weren't fucking clear.

"Actually," Steve spat out, using his left arm to push firmly against Billy's chest, trying to make him back off. "I was worried about you, but yeah, my fucking bad."

"You're swearing a lot tonight."

It's like Billy expected some sort of award for making obvious observations. But Steve also didn't miss the way his eyes darkened when Steve had pushed him. The way, his grip went impossibly tighter.

"Jesus, would you let go of me?!", Steve pulled away then, getting rid of Billy's touch with that. Billy's brows were rising up, making him

look actually surprised.

It didn't take five seconds until Steve found himself pinned against the nearest wall. Billy was pinning him there and glaring at him with flared nostrils and darkened eyes. "What if I don't want to?"

And for a second, Steve was actually mad, was furious. Because Billy was not at all in the position to be making demands or say anything for that matter. But he was also really fucking close now, right up in Steve's space. Billy's breath was hot against Steve's face and he was holding Steve against the wall with the weight of his body.

So, Steve pressed against him, not yielding but not fighting him either. He was leaning his head forward, threatening at first, to find Billy's mouth for a kiss. It was a mean one, too. Steve didn't feel nice. He was biting Billy's lips, pressing too hard and getting back right the same amount of force.

"Still want me to let go, pretty boy?", Billy purred, disgustingly soft and nibbling on the side of Steve's jaw.

"Shut up," Steve said, panting because Billy was guiding a knee between his legs. Creating pressure, creating friction. Steve was moaning in return. "I'm so mad at you right now."

"Yeah?", Billy asked, nuzzling his face against the crook of Steve's neck. "Doesn't feel like you are," he mocked. He also didn't wait for Steve to come up with a reply, brought a hand down to palm Steve through his khakis. Steve couldn't help but buck against him, even though he'd much rather punch him right now. Or wrestle him down onto his mattress. Or.

Steve brought his hands to Billy's torso then, clawing into his skin even through the fabric of his shirt.

It didn't take long then before Steve started to push his shirt up. Billy did everything to help, raising his arms so Steve could pull it off. Steve's shirt went next and they were already on their way, stumbling over to the bed.

It was still forceful though. Hard bodies, shoving, pulling and then

Billy pushed Steve back down onto his bed. His hands found Steve's pants, pulling until they came down between his knees. Billy followed on top dumping his weight down on Steve, which made the mattress sing.

He brought his hand up to Steve's neck, not pulling or choking him. Instead, he was angling Steve's face in a way, it was easy for them to kiss. Steve fisted his hands into Billy's hair, to pull him even closer and because he could use some leverage.

This was so stupid.

They shouldn't be doing this.

Unless maybe, it helped to get this out of their system. There would still be time to fight after when they were both softer, more pliant.

Steve couldn't help that Billy manhandling him and being rough did something for him. It made him incredibly hard, no matter how fucking mad he was right now.

He pulled Billy's hair a little harder until he let out a grunt until he was rocking against Steve. Their bodies grinding against each other without giving much of a relief.

"You're so hot when you're mad," Billy panted, straining against Steve pulling his hair. "Fuck..."

And him saying that? Also did something to Steve. Made him wanna fight Billy, get him closer, all at the same time, wanted him...

"Stop squirming," Billy dictated, although Steve was pretty sure he meant the opposite. Hell, Billy looked like he got off on Steve struggling underneath him. Good thing, it was kind of the same for Steve, so.

Steve reached for Billy's head, pulling him into another too hard, borderline-bruising kiss. He could taste the coppery taste of blood on his tongue, unsure of whom it belonged to. "I waited," Steve grunted when Billy pulled back.

"Well," Billy huffed, now scrambling through Steve's nightstand

drawer. He was still pinning him down with most of his weight. "Maybe, I had a rough fucking day. Maybe I had to take care of stuff and I thought you'd manage a few hours on your own."

He wasn't saying that in a nice way. No, he said it in an insulting way, although, to be fair, Steve had no idea how that could be said without the insult part.

"You thought, huh?", Steve asked, getting up onto his elbows, up into Billy's face. Billy looked at him out of the corner of his eye and then used his left hand to push him back down onto the mattress.

"That's what I fucking said," Billy snarled. He was finally finding the bottle, he'd been looking for, able to bring his attention back to Steve.

"I thought this was kind of the point of us. Being together."

"Just so I'm clear," Billy said casually while squirting some of the translucent liquid onto his fingers with a terrifying lack of emotion. "I'm supposed to babysit your ass even if I have an absolute shit day AND things to do?" He started spreading the lube between his fingers, now looking down at Steve again.

"My day wasn't any better!", Steve said, overcoming Billy's hold and sitting up, so they were kind of on eye level. "Not that you ever cared about that," he added with a huff, rolling his eyes because if Billy was going for deep hits, so was he!

Billy stared at him for a moment, lubed up hand still almost comically raised. His brows furrowed before he was on Steve again, kissing him, pushing him back down onto the bed. Steve could feel the lubed up hand leaving wet spots on the side of his face, in his hair. But that moment had something so fragile and desperate to it, that he couldn't find it in him to care about the mess.

"Turn around," Billy ordered, talking against Steve's mouth.

And Steve felt that spark of a fight lighting up again. He felt like talking back and making Billy work for this. But then he looked into Billy's eyes. He couldn't do anything else than meeting his lips for a shorter kiss right then. One that was undeniably sweeter than any

they'd shared before. And then he attempted to turn on his belly, what only worked since Billy took some of his weight off. He managed to kick his pants down a little more, too, still not freeing his legs completely though.

They were both breathing faster when Billy put a hand between Steve's shoulder blades. He was pressing him down into the mattress. Steve grunted, unable to hold himself up, while Billy's other hand found his ass. The rush of it, the meanness of it, had Steve clawing into the sheets underneath him.

"Could have stayed at home, you know?", Billy mumbled behind him. Without much preparation, he was urging one finger inside Steve, right up to the knuckle. He wasn't nice about it, didn't give Steve much time to adapt before he started to fuck the finger in and out of him.

Steve let out a strained "Fuck!", arching his back and pulling at the sheets. It stung a little, felt unpleasant at first. But Billy knew how to angle his fingers, to make it feel good. He granted Steve at least that, while he was laying there underneath him.

"Why the fuck didn't you then?", Steve asked, sounding muffled because he had a bunch of sheets in front of his mouth. Some of them having translucent spots right where he'd been biting them a moment before.

Billy didn't answer as much as he pulled his first finger out, now coming in with two. And Steve felt how tight he was around them, already fearing Billy could go for more. He tried to focus on giving in, on easing himself up. He didn't think about telling Billy to stop though. Not before he gave him everything.

"Talking so much, how about you shut the fuck up for a change?" And Billy brought his fingers in deeper, pulling out slowly and pushing back in with a force.

"Fuck you, Billy..." Steve turned to look at him over his shoulder. He saw that Billy had this mean smile on his face. Especially when he was looking back down to where his fingers were pressing inside Steve's ass.

"Close. How about you get up on your knees so you stop ruining the sheets with how much you get off on my fingers?"

And Steve? Shouldn't have listened to this.

But then, it felt like Billy wasn't meaning to be this cruel and Steve didn't either. It felt like they knew that. But right now they both had this pent up energy from all the bullshit in school. And if holding up this act was the only way to let loose, that wasn't so bad, was it?

So, Steve tried to push up which wasn't fucking easy when Billy kept going with his fingers. He angled him in a way he knew it'd turn Steve into a moaning mess. When Steve arrived though and Billy was on his knees behind him. His dick was hard against one of Steve's cheeks. Steve felt a shiver going through his whole body, making his dick leak even more. "How about you do something to really get me off then?", he challenged Billy. And sure, he'd barely fitted three fingers inside but Steve felt hungry. Felt starving and he wanted to feel Billy closer, no matter what.

Billy's free hand was running over Steve's ass-cheek then. Caressing at first, then massaging, pulling so he could watch his fingers even better. "Hm, you'd like that, wouldn't you? Fucking desperate to get fucked..."

"You should be talking. You're the one that came over," Steve gritted.

When Billy pulled his fingers out in one swift motion, Steve worried for a second that he'd overdone it. That this was it and Billy would leave now. But the mattress only shifted ever so slightly when Billy positioned himself behind Steve. When he lined himself up and then pushing in almost like he meant for it to hurt.

Steve grunted under the stretch, the roughness. Billy had actually managed to open him up more than Steve would have guessed seconds ago. But there was more friction than he was used to, because Billy'd used less lube this time. His whole body was above Steve now, his face in Steve's neck while he kept still.

"That what you wanted, pretty boy?", he asked, not being mean as much as just asking.

"Jesus, fuck me and stop talking already," Steve moaned when Billy started to grind into him.

Billy growled and then he bit at that spot where Steve's neck met his shoulders. He also brought his hand up to reach for Steve's hair, pulling it back as he pushed in faster. Pushed in deeper.

Steve rolled his eyes back, trying his best to keep holding up his weight. Even though Billy's touches started to make him a little delirious. He let out a hiss when Billy's teeth dragged over the sensitive skin, pulled against the grip on his hair.

The slap of their skin together was obscene. It all felt incredible to Steve, like hands down the best sex he'd ever had. Even though he was still pissed. Maybe because of it, too. Because this way, neither of them was holding back anything. And Steve didn't feel bad about urging his hips back, about taking what he wanted from Billy. About reaching behind himself to claw at Billy's ass and thigh.

And Billy, Billy didn't even seem to care about Steve getting off. He didn't pay any attention to Steve's dick, that was bobbing hard and heavy between his thighs. To be fair, it was probably making as much of a mess of the sheets underneath him, than when he would be laying down.

It wasn't that Steve needed a hand. Not even his own. Not while Billy kept pounding him like that, kept up that mind-numbing pace. That turned Steve's whole thought-process off and left him a moaning mess. They both got close pretty fast, especially considering that they'd been tired all day. They were both giving this their all, both chasing release, chasing to get off.

For a while, Billy had been upright behind him, both hands on Steve's ass. He was either holding him in place or pulling him harder onto his cock as he was fucking him. But now that they were both this fucking close, Billy was draped over him again. His face was so close that Steve could feel his breath hitting his jaw and cheek and ear. It almost felt too close, felt as if Billy was getting too far up in his space. And that was fucking stupid because, besides that, Steve almost felt him all the way up into his throat. There was still this urge to shout at Billy, to push his buttons, to fight, but right now

Billy turned a bit softer. Not much and not letting go of any of that pace he'd build. But he was nuzzling his face against Steve's neck, licking over the skin he'd broken before. He was even kissing it and Steve wasn't quite sure how to handle that, considering the rough way they were still fucking.

And before he could help it, he moaned "Billy," like a mantra. And for a second, Billy stopped moving, only to take it up again right after. Like he was surprised to hear it but not upset about it.

"Yeah," he purred into Steve's ear. "Right here. Feels so good."

"Ngh," Steve was biting his lips, feeling Billy hitting his prostate over and over again.

And then with all that buildup, Steve almost trembled down onto the mattress when he came. He was spurting all over himself and the sheets underneath, Billy sending fiery sparks through his body with each move.

Steve moaning through his orgasm was enough to push Billy over the edge as well. He followed right after, both of them riding out their orgasm for as long as they could. Longer even, right up until it became too much and Steve hissed starting to get oversensitive. If they kept going like this, Steve was pretty sure, he'd be hard again in less than ten minutes. Even though he'd have to switch positions because his arms felt like jelly.

But for now, they were both spend.

And with Billy's weight coming down on top of him, Steve allowed himself to sink down onto the mattress. He turning his face to the side to breath, while he could feel the stubble of Billy's chin and cheeks right there above his shoulder blades.

Steve wasn't sure what to do about this because his body kept sending him a whole lot of mixed signals. For one, he'd love to curl up right beside Billy now, relishing in the warmth of his body. On the other hand, even Billy's breath on Steve's skin felt fucking gross to him right now and he still wasn't sure if he'd prefer to fight or run.

"Think we should talk about what happened?", Billy asked, voice low and husky.

He slipped out of Steve and let himself sink down by Steve's side in a way that allowed him to look at Steve. And somehow that felt almost too intimate. Steve still felt his eyes being teary, cause of the way Billy had been fucking him. Also, his lips were swollen from all the biting.

He wanted to pull back, get some more distance between them when Billy put a hand behind his neck and pulled Steve closer. He was on him then, kissing him soft and slow and lazy considering what they had done before, savoring him almost.

"You think we should?", Steve asked, a little dumbstruck when Billy let go, for them both to catch their breaths.

"Did I hurt you?", Billy asked then, rubbing a thumb over Steve's bottom lip.

"Not in a bad way," Steve looked to the side, unsure what to say. "I'm still pissed though if that's what you're asking." He should be. He should fucking care about how Steve felt!

"It's not," Billy said, and then there was a widening smirk on his face. "That's not what I expected to happen when I showed up."

"Let's be fair, it's not that you exactly planned on showing up, didn't you?"

"Stop with the bitching, alright?", Billy asked of him, but he was missing his earlier bite. "I needed to figure stuff out and I was feeling mean and I... Didn't want to put that all onto you."

Steve snorted, looking at him in disbelief, because... Well, what Billy described was exactly what they were just doing.

"I mean, I really didn't think that... Well, shit," he cursed, huffing. "Okay, yeah, I'm stupid." Billy rolled his eyes. Then he looked at Steve and for a moment it was all so surreal, that they both started smirking, started laughing then. And Steve rolled onto his back, holding his belly, almost unable to stop because they both were so

stupid. "Fuck, you believe me, when I say, this wasn't the plan?" Billy was having a hard time talking reasonably while they were still giggling.

"I mean, I would say don't do shit like that again but...", Steve turned his face to the side, looking at Billy. It felt good to let go of that anger, talking and being comfortable next to each other like that.

"So it was as good for you, as it was for me?", Billy asked, amused, curious.

"Are you kidding me?", Steve shook his head. "Fuck, that was so good. I mean, I obviously hate myself a little but that was... wow."

Billy grunted and then he turned over enough to put his arm over Steve's chest, heavy and grounding. "Don't hate yourself. If anything, hate me for being an idiot. Again," he said, talking against the skin on Steve's side. "You didn't have to engage with me in any way but you still did so... thank you. I probably would have run around, bashing in someone's face. Or even worse if you didn't...", Billy frowned as if his words turned dark enough even for himself to think about it.

"Almost did that, too, today," Steve said. That caused Billy to look up at him. "I mean, Josh and Tommy kinda waited for me in class after we split, so..."

"Fucking assholes," Billy growled.

"Yeah, if Nancy hadn't shown up, holding my arm down so I wouldn't punch them, I don't even know what would have happened."

"Why'd she stop you?"

"I don't know if you remember, but I'm not necessarily good in fights," Steve rolled his eyes. "It would have ended badly in one way or the other. And I didn't have backup."

"Sorry about that," Billy mumbled.

"It wasn't even your class...", Steve said. Then he brought his hand down and guided his fingers through Billy's hair.

"Was my ex-girlfriend though," Billy said, with an added sigh.

"Now that is true," Steve smiled.

"Damn, Steve, I- I was convinced it would be fine for you as long as we wouldn't be seen together. Really thought that that's why I didn't wait after class or come looking or... And I was so fucking pissed because someone put a note at my car and I just needed to blow off some steam and didn't want to put you through... well, essentially this. Didn't want to hurt you."

Steve looked at him. He knew that they were both very aware of the fact that not too long ago, Billy would have been okay with hurting Steve. And Steve would have let him. More even than they did moments ago. But it felt like a thing that shouldn't be said out loud. Instead, Steve let go of Billy's hair and touched the spot where Billy had bit him. He was surprised to find the wound stinging at the touch. When he let out a hiss, Billy's eyes widened as noticed what Steve was doing. They darkened, too.

He leaned up and batted Steve's hand to the side, bringing his head down to kiss the abused area again. To breath against Steve's neck, to lick over the wound, careful, slow, kind of pampering Steve. Steve meanwhile didn't feel like he could do much more than to hold onto Billy's shoulders. It felt like he'd end up floating if he didn't.

"Are you okay?", Billy asked, voice low and careful.

Steve nodded when Billy looked at him.

"I mean, really okay? I kind of rushed and I..." He looked down at Steve's body to where the expensive white linen sheets were tangled around his legs.

"I'm good," Steve reassured him, pulling Billy to his side then. "Sorry for being angry before. I was just worried you'd do something stupid and dangerous and I didn't expect you to show up... fine."

"I feel like I've done something stupid and dangerous," Billy admitted. He was laying down next to Steve again, pulling him close. "When will your parents be home?"

"Depends on what wine they'll be serving at their friends' place," Steve snorted. "No idea. You gotta leave?"

"Not right now," Billy said.

"Good." Steve let out a sigh, too. He turned more to his side, to get closer to Billy, feeling sore in more than one place when he shifted his body. He tried not to keep quiet though to not upset Billy more. He didn't like the idea of being handled with kid gloves now.

"What are we gonna do then? About school, I mean... didn't seem very likely that they'll stop anytime soon."

"I thought about talking to Ally again," Billy said then. "But then I thought, it'll probably just turn things worse..."

"She went home early today. Nancy told me."

"Hm?"

"After she ran off earlier? Nancy said she locked herself up in a bathroom stall. Then went home."

"Okay," Billy's frown grew deeper. "Not sure what to do with that though..."

"Yeah, me neither. I think Josh and the other assholes will be the biggest problem. Tommy was actually... when we had class together earlier, it was kind of like he agreed to go easy on me, at least while there was no-one around."

Billy snorted. "Yeah, maybe he didn't want to put in any effort without someone being there to appreciate it."

"I don't know. Kind of felt like he remembered we were friends once," Steve shrugged.

"Yeah, I have no idea how you two ended up best friends in any scenario."

"We grew up together. Back then his dad and my dad kind of worked together. I can't even recall. Made us hang out a lot. We simply

continued even after our parents stopped. It wasn't bad. Even when he started dating Carol. Of course, it went south when things with Nancy started. And when you showed up and he noticed, it's smart to keep with the popular guys."

"You miss him sometimes?", Billy asked and it didn't sound jealous so Steve didn't mind answering.

"Sometimes I miss how it was before. How there's someone standing up for you no matter what happened. You know? like in public, too."

Billy was chewing on his bottom lip. Steve was sure he wanted to do that. Be the one standing up for Steve. But their situation changed a lot in one day. It wasn't like being best friends in school was much of an option now. Especially when they wanted the rumors to stop.

"I mean," Steve continued to take the edge out of their conversation. "I kind of still have Nancy and Jonathan. They made sure I stayed out of trouble and they would have helped if something had happened, so it's not like I desperately need that again, it's..."

"No, yeah, I mean... I get it," and like... Billy sounded like he did. He also pulled Steve a little closer. "It'll be different at some point. I don't know how, but it'll work out, okay?"

Steve flipped in a way that allowed him to look at Billy, to kind of move on top of him but not in a straddling kind of way. Only bringing himself closer. "I'm sure it will. Stop worrying about me now that things are good and we don't have to pretend and all."

"Yeah, you're right. Maybe I'm trying to be better in this relationship thing," Billy smiled.

"Better than in your pretend-relationship with the girl whose heart you broke?", Steve asked with a raised brow.

And when Billy looked to the side and nodded, Steve said, "Yeah, just wanted to make sure."

"I'm trying, alright? Just... don't give up on me yet, " Billy said and then he nuzzled his face in Steve's hair.

"I won't," Steve promised. "Took us enough to get where we are to quit it now, don't you think?"

"Something like that," Billy smirked. "Jesus, I didn't think, I could be in a good mood today but here I am, smiling like an idiot because of you." He rolled his eyes.

"I like it when you smile." Steve turned his head to look at Billy.

"I like you," Billy said and then he made use of that awkward angle to plant a kiss on Steve's face. "How about we make some use of that shower of yours before we get all sticky or your parents are back?"

Steve pouted, not quite in the mood to trade the bed and his comfy position on Billy's chest for anything yet. But the come on his belly and also between his thighs wasn't something he could ignore for that much longer. It would soon start to feel really nasty.

"Yeah, fine, let's go shower," he agreed, letting out a sigh.

They walked over into the bathroom naked, Billy holding Steve's hand. He was pulling him after himself because Steve had a stalling nature. Which might have been slightly increased due to the sight of Billy's naked ass. That never failed to do something for Steve

"Quit staring," Billy mocked. "I wanna make use of that big-ass shower of yours."

"It's not even the first time you'll be in there."

"Yeah, but I feel like today I really deserve a hot shower. It was a shitty fucking day before we got all filthy in your bedroom," he winked at Steve.

Steve nodded at that, smile fading a little. "Didn't feel like doing anything before you showed up. Barely ate something either."

"Fuck- You want me to feel guilty about this, huh?"

"Maybe," Steve licked his lips, walking past Billy and stepping into the shower first. "Or I'm sick of lying and pretending."

"Yeah?", Billy asked, following on the spot. He was stepping closer into Steve's space than a shower this size would have called for. Not that Steve was complaining of course. He enjoyed the feeling of Billy's chest, warm and firm against his back. "Because I feel like, that's exactly what we'll have to do for a while..."

Steve turned the shower on, ignoring what Billy said for a hot minute. He felt Billy pushing his hair to the side, getting his mouth on Steve's neck. High enough where any rough treatment would definitely leave a visible bruise. But Billy stayed soft, tender, not biting as much as his lips were just moving over Steve's skin in a caressing way.

"Not here though," Steve finally said. He had his eyes closed and focused on Billy's touch and the hot water raining down on them.

"No, not here," Billy agreed.

"That's okay then," Steve decided. And even though he could have let Billy continue forever, he turned around then. He wanted to look at him so Billy would know that he wasn't lying.

"You sure?", Billy still kind of looked unsure. Kind of looked regretful, too which wasn't Steve's idea of a hot shower together.

"Could you stop looking for problems now?", Steve asked, voice calm and collected. He wasn't mad at Billy, he was just a little annoyed.

Billy breathed in, still looking like he took a beating. And from what Steve knew, that wouldn't be a new look on him.

"I'm not mad at you. Don't think, I really was in the first place... I was mad in general and disappointed because this isn't as easy as I would like it to be. But none of that is your fault. I'm glad you showed up and..." he leaned in to press a kiss onto Billy's half-parted lips. "This was like the best sex, I've ever had, so... I'm definitely not complaining about that." He followed up his words with another kiss. "Feels like that was exactly what we both needed right then, huh?"

"Mhmmm," Billy hummed, lips searching for Steve's again, like he needed that, right now. "Yeah, needed that," he agreed then.

"Shouldn't be you to give it to me, though."

Steve let out a snort, only redrawing his mouth ever so slightly. Enough to give Billy a look. "You better not tell me, you want to do that with someone else."

"What? No...", Billy mumbled, shaking his head. "Could have picked a fight with someone who deserved a beating up or I don't know..."

"Yeah, and get yourself hurt doing that," Steve rolled his eyes. "I much rather prefer it like that. Having you on my own when you're like that. And when I'm like that."

"Could have hurt you though," Billy clenched his jaw. "More than I did," he looked at Steve's neck.

"I'm not going to break, just because you get a little rough," Steve shook his head. "And I know, you'll stop, when I ask you to."

Billy went a little paler than before. "Course, I'd stop. Fucking hell, it's not... I'm not gonna beat you up like that one time, I fucking promise you that."

"I know," Steve smiled, then pulled Billy's face into a kiss again, even though Billy felt a little squirmish. "I trust you."

"I don't know about that... I'd feel better if you didn't," Billy mumbled, but there was a smile growing on his face. "Also, just for the record, if you want that, I would like... rough you up sometime but, you know... without me feeling like I need to kill someone." He brought a hand up to scratch his head, looking down at his feet.

Steve couldn't help but chuckle at that. "Rough me up, huh?", he asked, not able to not tease Billy. "Like roleplaying or what?"

Billy was grumbling something and before Steve was able to stop laughing, Billy had him pinned against the wall, playfully glaring at him. "Once dated a girl who was kind of into that, you know?"

And Steve couldn't quite fight the spike of jealousy that sent through his guts.

"Into what exactly?", he asked because he was curious or to distract himself.

"I don't know. The whole bad boy thing. Probably watched way too many movies," Billy snorted.

Steve's grin widened. "Nah, I don't like you pretending to be someone you're not. But that goes both ways, you know. Also...", and he bit his lip admitting to this one. "I'm not against the whole hair pulling thing, you know?"

Steve forced himself to look up then, even if he felt sheepish. But this way he didn't miss the way Billy's eyes darkened.

Billy reached up, his thumb drawing a line over Steve's jaw before his fingers found Steve's hair. And even though he wasn't even pulling yet, Steve let out a hiss, body straining. "You like that, huh?"

"Yeah, like that," Steve nodded, feeling dumb. He closed his eyes as Billy pulled his hair to make him angle his head a certain way. That allowed Billy to lean in and find Steve's parted lips.

Steve opened up more, allowing Billy to kiss him deeper. He even put some pressure against the pull of Billy's hand, unsure yet of what exactly that meant. But it wasn't like he would stop now to find out about that.

"We better don't take too long in here," Steve finally made himself say. "I mean, my parents could return any second. Also, not sure how long the hot water will actually last us." He put on a crooked smile, at least showing Billy how much he enjoyed what they were doing.

"Mhm," Billy agreed. "I like to pretend time stands still when I'm with you, so..." Billy pulled on Steve's bottom lip with his teeth, causing Steve to let out a small moan. He couldn't help but push his body more against Billy's.

"Let's pretend when we're back in bed then," Steve suggested. Because getting outed in front of Steve's parents? That would be a shit ending to an already very shitty day and Steve was not in the mood for any of that. "You can stay a while longer, right?"

"Yeah," Billy nodded. "Don't worry, I could already bite my own ass because I missed out on this earlier. But... We shouldn't try the same stunt we did last night."

"So, no early morning goodbyes?", Steve asked, but he definitely wouldn't argue with Billy on that one. The last night had exhausted them both.

"You looked so tired today," Billy said, kissing Steve's temple then.

"You still do," Steve said, catching Billy's mouth again. "Another thing a bed definitely helps with."

Steve hooked an arm around Billy's torso, pulling him closer. He wanted the weight of his body to pin him firmer against the cold and wet tiles behind him.

"You're still filthy," Billy said. As proof, he started running his rough fingers up Steve's belly. Then he splayed them out on Steve's chest. And Steve? Was already a goner for Billy's hand on him and started to curve his spine, trying to get more of that. He downright let out a purr when Billy's fingers dragged over his sensitive nipples. How was Steve supposed to make them hurry when Billy did that?

"Yeah, look what you did to me," he said instead, swallowing when Billy looked him straight into the eyes.

When Billy pulled back, Steve at first thought he'd done something wrong, said too much. But Billy was only taking a step back, bowing down to get some soap before he was back right in front of Steve.

"Should take care of you then, shouldn't I?" Billy tilted his head.

And Steve? He couldn't say no to that, could he?

So he leaned back against the wet tiles, letting his hands hang down motionless beside him. He wanted to give in to whatever Billy wanted to do to him. Defenseless. His eyes closed without him thinking about it since his whole body was itching to be touched.

Billy started out on Steve's upper chest. He was foaming up the soap on his skin, so he could spread it with his fingers, rubbing Steve

clean. At first, this led him up further. His hands found the dips above Steve's collarbone, massaged his shoulders, his neck.

Steve was squinting his eyes when some of the soap got into the small wound there. But as if Billy noticed, he made sure everything got cleared out by the spray of warm water.

Billy was soaping up Steve's ribcage next, getting close to his upper belly. His hands were reaching around, to get some soap on Steve's back, too. Of course, he didn't need the cleaning there but Steve wasn't one to complain about it. Not with Billy's hands kneading sore muscles until Steve was wax in his hands.

When Billy's hands wandered southwards, Steve's breath hitched. At first, he felt Billy's fingers right there on the dimples on his lower back. On the dips above his hips bones next, also caressing over the sides of Steve's thighs. It was maddening how Billy kept sparing out parts like he wanted to be a tease. Steve wasn't hard yet, but he had long stopped being soft and Billy's hands made him squirm. He also felt his dick giving interested twitches whenever Billy got close to it. He didn't need to look at Billy to know that he was well aware of that.

But Billy kept taking his time. He took care of Steve's backside first. Steve could feel Billy getting closer because he felt the warmth of his body even before his chest met Steve's. That was when it became even harder for Steve to keep his eyes closed and his fingers were itching.

Billy ran his hands up and down the curve of Steve's butt, his touch too light for Steve's taste. It was tempting to rock his hips back but Steve felt like he wanted to prove something to himself here. Billy didn't let him wait for long though. Soon his touches started to get firmer, rougher in a way and he was kneading the fleshy part of Steve's ass. It was enough to get more than a small moan out of Steve. He kept going like this for a while longer before allowing one hand to make its way in between the cheeks.

Steve's hips bucked when he felt Billy's finger still undemanding at his ass. He wasn't pushing in but circled a finger around the entrance. It almost felt like a massage and could have Steve begging in minutes

if he continued.

Steve could feel himself still being quite loose back there. He could still feel the remains of Billy's seed inside him and between his thighs. Some bits, the shower hadn't yet washed away.

When Billy pushed one finger inside Steve, it was lazy and slow but still took Steve by surprise. He couldn't help but say "Billy!" a hint louder than he'd been expecting.

"Shh," Billy hushed him. Steve could hear him smirking. Steve had no intention of actually making Billy stop. He leaned his head back, lips slack and relaxed around Billy's finger. It felt amazing how Steve's body was still so open for anything Billy'd give him, taking him so easy.

They both knew that it wasn't for cleaning how Billy nudged against Steve's prostate a few times. It was as if Billy meant for Steve to make some noise and Steve was eager to deliver. To be fair, he couldn't hold back any moans with how Billy had him at his mercy.

It became a lot harder though, to not urge Billy to do more or for Steve to do the touching himself but. It felt like Billy needed to do some pampering now and to be honest? Steve could only call himself lucky.

Billy brought his free hand up Steve's front, wrapping it around his dick without warning. Steve could no longer keep his eyes closed then and took a big inhale. He was staring Billy right at the eyes who kept motionless the whole time. He wasn't even jerking him or anything. He just held his dick, keeping a firm grip around it, as a finger from his other hand was still pushing into Steve.

That was the moment, Steve couldn't keep still any longer. He moaned as he tilted his hips forward, fucking into Billy's fist. Right after he was pushing back on Billy's finger again. The smile growing on his face was encouraging as hell for Steve as if that was exactly what he wanted. But Steve hardly needed the encouragement and kept up the movement of his hips.

"I think, you're pretty clean now," Billy said, a wicked smirk on his

lips.

Steve almost panicked when Billy said that. He wanted to keep Billy from stopping when he felt Billy's grip loosening already. Before Steve could say anything, Billy backed off from all the places they were touching.

"Fuck- Billy, please!", Steve squealed, hands no longer at his side but kind of clawing at Billy's hips.

"Thought you mentioned to hurry," Billy said, dragging out each word. "Plus it's getting pretty chilly in here, don't you think?" As if he needed that to proof, he put out a hand, collecting some of that pretty chilly water in his palm.

It worked. Once Steve had enough blood in his brain again, there was this shiver going through his whole body. "Jesus, it's freezing!", he complained, jumping to the side to get away.

Billy chuckled and of the spray of water before getting a towel to wrap Steve up in it. Steve could hear his own jaw chattering, lips probably blue by now. They felt icy when Billy pressed his warm mouth on top. Lingering to get Steve warmed up.

"Sorry, got carried away in there. Should have told me, it was getting so cold. You were standing right underneath."

"Didn't notice," Steve said, apologetic smile.

"How about, I'll take you to bed, finish with that, before I head off? How's that sound?"

Not bad at all, at least in Steve's opinion. But right now he was too busy standing there wrapped up in a towel like a human burrito. All, of course, while watching Billy drying himself off and staying very naked in the meantime. All Steve could reply was a furious nod because he was still riled up. He wouldn't deny Billy that if he was literally offering. Also, his gaze was pretty much held captive by Billy's dick, bobbing red and hard between his legs. The sight made Steve's mouth water.

"C-could maybe b-blow you after," Steve offered, still shivering when

they made their way back to his room. Billy held his arm around Steve's waist, which felt nice. He was the one making sure they kept careful and quiet when they passed the hallway. But the house was still dark and there was no sign Steve's parents had returned.

"Yeah, you're not getting your freezing-ass mouth near my dick," Billy decided, once they were back in Steve's room.

Steve frowned, feeling a little insulted.

"Hey, come one!" Billy smirked, getting the towel off of Steve, now that the door fell shut behind them. Getting him closer towards the bed. "That's not the face I want you making when I'm gonna make you feel real good, alright?"

Steve swallowed and nodded then. After all, he wanted to make this good for Billy. That's why he took back another step until his calves were hitting the bed.

"Good boy," Billy praised. And then he pushed against Steve's shoulders, until he sat back, bed bouncing under the weight.

Steve noticed how Billy's gaze wandered to the alarm very quick, a hint of concern coming over his face. Steve let out a sigh and caught one of Billy's hands with his own. "Don't have to do this. If you're late or have to leave or...", Steve looked down, cheeks kind of blushing but he was still smiling. "I mean, I can take care of this myself and we'll still see each other tomorrow, so..."

He didn't expect the impact of Billy, being on him the next second. He was straddling Steve, pushing him back into the mattress. He was cupping Steve's face with both hands, kissing him like he needed it to survive. Then he pulled away, gasping for air, leaving Steve a little dumbstruck. "Yeah, like I'm gonna miss out on this, you dork." Billy rolled his eyes. "But I do like the image of you taking care of yourself. Next time," he purred into Steve's ear then, before kissing him again.

And Steve felt himself blushing even harder. The image of touching himself while Billy watched hungry-eyed felt intimate as fuck. He wasn't even sure how long they'd be able to make that before one of them gave up and jumped the other.

"Think, you could keep your fingers to yourself?", Steve asked, getting cockier.

"Mhm... Could try," Billy thought, kissing Steve again. "God, I need to watch you though. When it's just you, making yourself come. Bet, you're so fucking hot like that."

"What would you like to see more? When I tease myself, go at it real slow? Or when I can't keep it slow anymore, when I..."

Billy growled, cutting Steve off like that. He was reaching down between them, getting a hand on Steve. Billy was hard, too, pressed against his hip where Steve could feel him.

"We're gonna make a mess again," Steve moaned against Billy's mouth. It wasn't as much a complaint as it was an observation. Steve was fine with any mess as long as Billy kept touching him.

"Nah, you'll catch a cold if you take another shower like that," Billy argued. He was already pushing himself down on Steve's body, leaving a trail of rushed kisses. Steve felt the urge to reach for him, hold him in place to keep him warm and heavy on top. But that wouldn't work out anyway, not with that look of determination in Billy's eyes. He settled on the ground between Steve's calves, got his hands on Steve's thighs and pulled him closer. Steve had his head raised, staring at Billy who was glaring at his leaking dick with hungry eyes. A moan escaped Steve's lips even before Billy touched him, like the sight of it was enough. "Fuck, Billy, please," Steve begged.

"On it," Billy smirked, a smug grin on his lips. And then he was swallowing Steve down, not even pretending to hold back. And Steve felt himself hitting the back of Billy's throat. He could feel the suction Billy was building up, as he was looking up and staring at Steve. It was a mind-blowing image still. Having Billy doing that to him. Having Billy here even.

Steve couldn't help but sit up, so he could get his hands on Billy's head. He wanted to stroke his hair and massage his jaw while Billy was really pushing himself. He struggling and choking around Steve's dick. He didn't even need to go this hard because he had Steve so

fucking close already. But Billy looked like he was enjoying himself, too. Steve noticed how he had only one hand clawed into Steve's thigh, holding himself up. The other one he had down on himself, unable to not touch while he brought Steve closer and closer.

Steve tapped against Billy's chin as a warning that he was about to come. He felt heat pooling up in his guts and sending sparks through his body already. But Billy was insistent, kept Steve deep and swallowed around him. He was taking each and every drop, even as spit started to run down his chin. He kept Steve inside until he was getting flaccid on Billy's tongue. Until each touch, each small suction was almost painful. Billy let go with a lewd pop then, looking pretty pleased with himself. He leaned his head back with a smug and satisfied grin.

For a moment, Steve couldn't do anything other than stare at Billy in absolute awe. His fingers still were still tangled in the other boy's hair.

"Better?", Billy asked, half-teasing.

Steve though, was definitely way too blissed out to even notice the mockery. "Way better. Thank you." He let out a content sigh, wiping a bit of spit off the corner of Billy's mouth.

"God, you're so hot, I can't believe we've wasted so much time," Billy snorted. Slowly, he took his hand off Steve's thigh, to get up. "Should have dropped to my knees for you forever ago, stopped with all the bullshit, sooner."

"Well," Steve smirked. "I'm free to let you whenever you feel like it, so." He was still grinning at Billy, as he stood up. "Also, what about you?"

Now that Billy was standing up, Steve got a good sight. He could see that Billy dropped the towel that he had wrapped around his hips before. The second thing Steve noticed was that Billy didn't need any of Steve's assistance. Steve looked up at him then, a question in his eyes. He could see how Billy blushed, shying away from Steve's gaze. Almost as if he was feeling guilty about it, he held up his other hand then, that had his milky release all over it. "Told ya, you don't owe

me shit," Billy mumbled, still looking almost embarrassed.

Steve couldn't help but very much find joy in that image. The idea that Billy had liked that as much, he couldn't retain from touching himself. Perhaps he came right when Steve did, painting his hand while swallowing around Steve.

Billy still held his hand out there in shame and he flinched when Steve stood up. But Steve was faster, holding Billy's wrist with a firm grip.

Steve didn't know what exactly he'd intended to do in the first place. But he brought Billy's stained hand up to his mouth and started licking over Billy's palm with a flat tongue. Sure, it didn't taste like candy. But the way Billy was looking at him, the way he couldn't help but look at Steve made Steve enjoy himself way too much. He wouldn't be discouraged by a bit of bitter aftertaste.

"Fuck-", was the only strangled noise leaving Billy's mouth. "Don't have to..."

"No, I don't," Steve shook his head, licking some of Billy off his lips before swallowing, still smiling at Billy. "You still let me?"

"Mhmm...", Billy hummed, closing his eyes for a second before deciding that he didn't want to miss any of that sight.

Steve didn't rush, though. He kept cleaning Billy's hand up with his tongue and lips slowly but thoroughly. He closed his lips around each finger, no matter if they were coated a lot or barely. Kept suckling on them until it made Billy moan.

"God, Jesus, you're gonna make me all hard again, if you keep that up!"

For a moment, Steve was a little worried because time was still an issue. But Billy looked about as spent as Steve felt. His dick was giving some interested twitches, but not filling up yet.

For Steve, this wasn't so much sexual anyway. Well, of course, it was to some degree and he wasn't stupid like that. But the way Billy was looking at him, a mixture of adoration and disbelief had something

else to it. Something Steve immediately got addicted to.

When he was finished, he tilted Billy's hand in one direction and then the other to double check that it was clean now. Steve was content about it, smiled and then brought Billy's palm up to his face, nuzzling his cheek against it.

Billy took the hint, cupping Steve's face like that, running the soft pad of his thumb over the skin of Steve's face.

"Thank you," Billy mumbled. He was so quiet, Steve didn't believe he'd actually heard him at first.

"You're welcome." Steve closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of Billy's warm palm for a second. But soon he was letting out a more frustrated sound. "That's the time you should get going, right?"

"Would be stupid, not to," Billy tilted his head. "At least I can take the front door like this time. No need to be sneaky yet."

"Yeah, I know," Steve turned his gaze away. "Alright, let's get dressed, get it over with. Can't believe it's still Monday."

"Tell me about it," Billy snorted, browsing the floor to find his pants and shirt. "I feel like I'm stressed out enough for it to be the weekend already."

"Yeah, let's hope that changes quickly. I'll end up kicking Josh's ass if it doesn't."

"I think, it's probably good that Ally went home. Right?", Billy looked at him. "Makes her not appear like she's that reliable. Kinda unstable."

"Perhaps," Steve frowned. "I don't think, she'll do many sick days though. Whose parents let you stay home over heartbreak?"

"Girls'?", Billy tried. "Also, I mean, it's not that hard to fake a cold or something."

"That's true. But she doesn't seem to be the type to miss class if she doesn't have a good reason."

"Letting me live in peace should be reason enough," Billy grumbled.
"Or us."

Steve smirked, pulling a shirt over his head. "Try telling her that."

"Yeah, I'll pass. Don't even wanna know what she'll make up then." Billy was squatting down now, starting to tie up his shoelaces. "Also, you should try to keep a distance from Josh and Tommy and likeminded. You'll only get your ass handed to yourself if you're trying to fight it. And I doubt it'll look good if I and Wheeler start throwing fists to defend you, you know?" He winked at Steve but Steve was well aware that he meant it like that.

"It'll be fucking tempting though," he mumbled, rolling his eyes.

"Yeah. Let's stick to kicking their asses on the court, alright?"

"Fuck, I didn't even think about practice. Josh said something about the showers earlier. Like they should throw us out of the team because nobody can't be expected to shower there. Talked about catching something or whatever bullshit, hell- I don't even remember."

Steve regretted talking about that when he noticed how tensed Billy looked, once he stood up. "Fucking asshole!", Billy growled. "I'm not getting kicked out of my team, I'll kill that son of a bitch if I have to!"

Steve sighed. "I don't think, this would resolve any of the issues we're currently having."

"Well, I'd feel much better," Billy decided. "Come on, now, I wanna see you eat something before I leave."

Notes for the Chapter:

I wish this would have been up earlier. I wanted to read over it once more for good measure but then I went traveling and birthday stuff happened and life came in the way and yada yada yada. I hope you enjoy the chapter. I had a bit of a hard time with it, but I think I like how it turned out in the end. Sorry, I made you wait for so long and thank you, for still

caring about this story. <3

Author's Note:

If you have any thoughts on this story or ideas how it should continue, feel free to comment. I'd love to hear everyone's thoughts on this ship. I feel it has already caused some controversy.

You can also find me on Tumblr (confettibites).